

Samuel

THE SELECT

WORKS

OF

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Mr. JOHN DENNIS.

VOL. II.



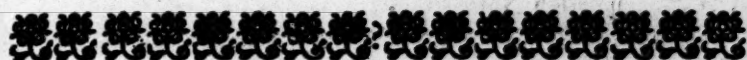
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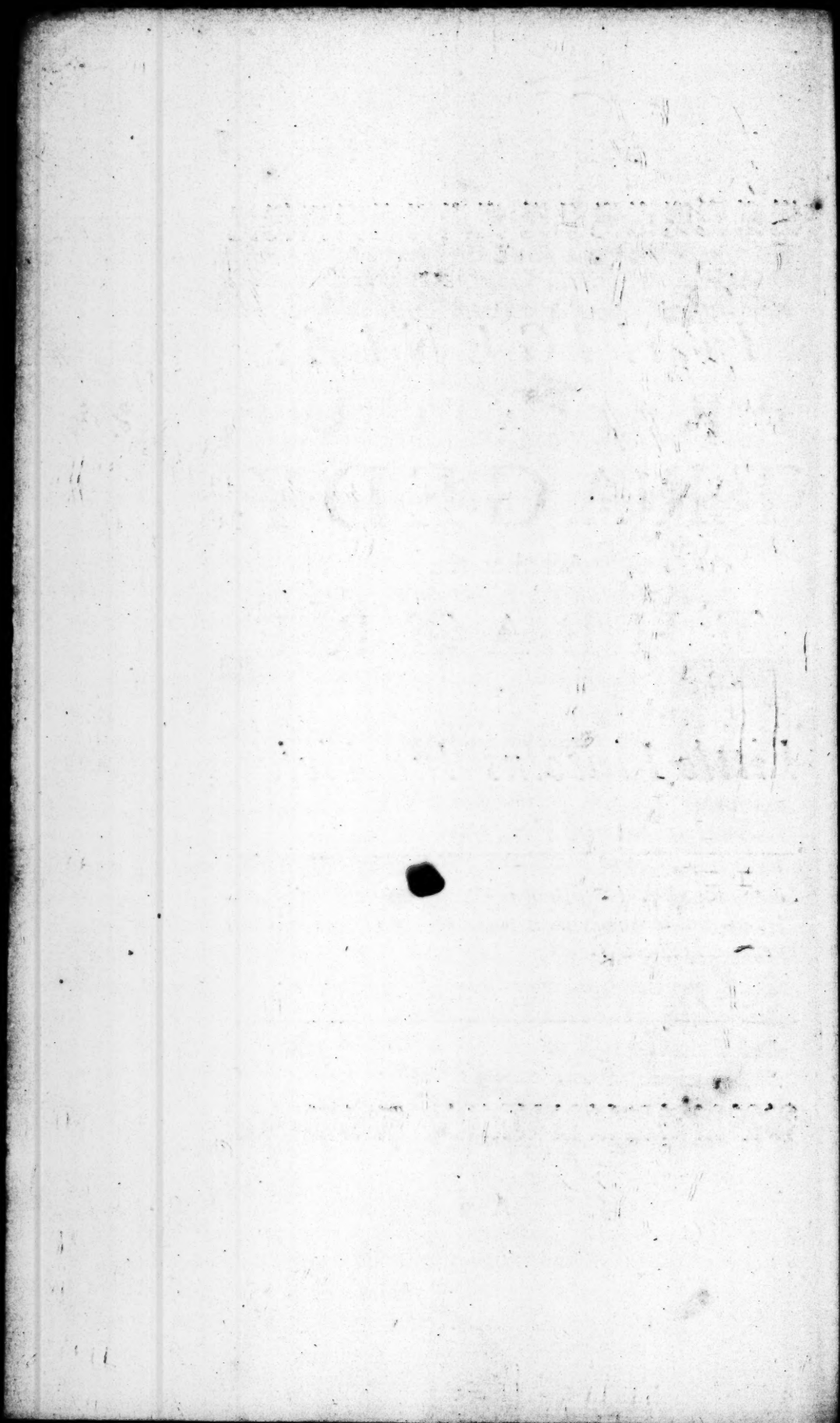


IPHIGENIA:
A
TRAGEDY,
Acted at the
THEATRE
IN
Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

*Si quando aliquod Officium existit amici in periculis ad-
undis aut communicandis, quis est qui id non maximis
efferat laudibus ?*

Cic. de Amic.





PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. *Verbruggen*.

[The Genius of *England* rises to a Warlike
Symphony.]



E E, Britons, see, before your ravish'd
Eyes,
See England's lofty Guardian Genius
rise:

Admiring see that formidable Mein,
That is by Gods with Veneration seen;
That from Great Neptune due Respect can draw,
And keep the watry trembling World in awe.
I, who your Souls with all that's great inspire,
With soaring Thoughts, and each sublime Desire;
'Tis I, my Britons, who vouchsafe t' appear,
And view my Godlike Sons assembled here:
And I am charm'd to see you assembled all,
At the known Sound of my Majestick Call.
Hither in Pomp the Tragick Mase I've led,
Who had twenty rolling Moons been from you fled,

*Forlorn, forsaken, the Celestial Maid
 In Solitudes disconsolately stray'd:
 Wild as a Bacchanal I saw her rove,
 This buskin'd Child of Memory and Jove.
 Her once victorious Eye now look'd Despair,
 With miserable Cries she rent the Air,
 Beat her immortal Breasts, and tore her golden
 Hair.*

*Am I by all forsaken then ! said she,
 Oh is my Britain faln to that Degree,
 As for effeminate Arts t' abandon me ?
 I left the enslav'd Italian with Disdain,
 And servile Gallia, and dejected Spain :
 Grew proud to be confin'd to Britain's Shore,
 Where Godlike Liberty had fix'd before ;
 Where Liberty thrives most, I most can soar.
 Once more I thought t' inspire Athenian Flights,
 And once more tow'r to Sophoclean Heights.
 But, Oh ! she cry'd, I feel a ruder Care,
 And I have chang'd Ambition for Despair.
 Here Song and Dance, and every Trifle reigns,
 And leaves no room for my exalted Strains.
 Those Arts now rule that soften'd foreign Braves,
 And sunk the Southern Nations into Slaves.
 This said the Muse, my Britons, against you :
 Oh Supreme Jove ! And is th' Indictment true ?
 It is ; so wanton are your Stages grown,
 That my degenerate Sons I have not known,
 Or what is worse, ye Gods, have blusht to own.
 Oh what would my magnanimous Henry say,
 Or Edward's Soul returning to the Day ;
 To see a Bearded more than Female Throng
 Dissolv'd, and dying by an Eunuch's Song ?*

To

PROLOGUE.

7

To give you wholesome true severe Delight,
 With me the Tragick Muse returns to-night.
 To your soft Neighbours Sound and Show resign,
 But listen you to her great Voice and mine.
 'Tis true, the Organ's weak we now inspire,
 But what can weaken our Celestial Fire?
 Where cannot we exert our boundless Pow'rs?
 Yet from his mortal Voice distinguish ours.
 Whatever in the following Scenes is low,
 Whate'er may from corrupted Customs flow,
 That's his, from that your generous Breasts defend;
 But to what's ours with silent Dread attend;
 And ours is all that's brave and truly great,
 And which can, raising you, exalt the State.
 Friendship's the Virtue which we recommend,
 He makes a Patriot too who makes a Friend:
 Who freely for his Friend resigns his Breath,
 Would for his Country meet a glorious Death.
 With silent Awe, my Britons, then attend,
 View the great Action of a Grecian Friend,
 And learn degenerate selfish Thoughts to amend.
 From Grecian Fire let English Hearts take flame,
 And grow deserving of that noble Name:
 For not the boundless Main which I controul,
 Can so delight my Eyes, or charm my Soul,
 As I am pleas'd when my brave Sons I see
 Worthy of Godlike Liberty and Me.

[He sinks to the same Symphony that he rose.]

Dramatis Personæ.

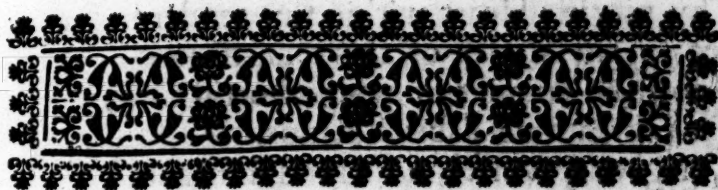
M E N.

Orestes, King of *Mycenæ*. Mr. Betterton.
Pilades, a Grecian Prince, } Mr. Williams.
his Friend. }
Helymus, } Two Grecians, attendant on the
Diores, } Princes.
Two *Scythian* Captains.
Messengers.

W O M E N.

Queen of the *Scythians*. Mrs. Barry.
Iphigenia, High Priestess of } Mrs. Bracegirdle.
Diana. }
Euphrosine, a Grecian Lady, } Mrs. Martin.
Confident to *Iphigenia*. }
Delia, another Grecian Lady, }
likewise Priestess of *Dia-* }
na Taurica. }
Priests and Priestesses.

SCENE, *A Wild Country on the Top of a
Mountain before the Temple of
Diana Taurica.*



IPHIGENIA.

ACT I. Storm.

Iphigenia. Euphrosine.

Iph.



DEFEND me, Great *Diana*!
 Defend thy *Iphigenia*, thou bright
 Goddess,
 The wretched Servant of whose
 cruel Rites

Before thy Sacred Temple here I stand!
 A Storm so dreadful my Eyes ne'er beheld,
 Not e'en in this accursed *Scythian* Climate,
 O'er which the furious God of War presiding,
 The restless Natives and the outrageous Elements
 All wage eternal War. (ture in it.

Euph. There's something surely above Na-

Iph. But if this Storm's so terrible to us,
 How must it look, alas, to those poor Souls,
 With conqu'ring Death conflicting on the Main!
 Look

10

Look there *Euphrosine's* a Sight will melt
Thy pitying Heart within thy tender Bosom;
See, in the Mouth of this tempestuous Bay,
Upon the Summit of whose horrid Cliffs
This threatening Fabrick stands,
Yongoodly Vessel, of a foreign Make,
No Pilot to conduct it but the Tempest,
Before the foaming Surges bounds along.

Euph. Bless me, ye Pow'rs! what God can
save them sinking?

Shou'd they 'scape foundring in the wild Abyſs,
Anon they run amain upon the Rocks
Of this inhospitable Shore.

Iph. Or if by wondrous chance they avoid
those Rocks, (Seas,

Something more dangerous than the Rocks or
And rougher than the rudest of the Winds,
Attends them on the Shore. (they die.

Euph. If they are caught on *Seythian* Ground,
And fall the Victims of these dreadful Altars.

Iph. They die, but by whose hands, *Eupbro-*
Ah miserable me! Tho' in this Place (*fine?*)
The Men are more relentless than the Rocks,
Yet here are always Women to be found
More savage than the cruelst of their Men.

Enter Messenger.

Whence art thou? And to whom?

Mess. From yon uncultivated *Eastern Plain*,
O'er which our roving *Scythians* drive
Their wandering Habitations,
Our warlike Queen has sent me to demand,
If all things are prepar'd to solemnize
Our Great *Diana's* annual Festival.

Iph.

The Tragedy of Iphigenia.

11

Iph. Tell her they are;
The Garlands are prepar'd, the Victims crown'd,
The Sacred Pomp of the Procession's ready,
And nothing but the Queen her self is wanting;
For now the Night, the fatal Hour approaches.

Mess. I fly to let her know it. *Exit.*

Iph. Ah woe, *Euphrosine*! But yesterday
This fatal Office was conferr'd upon me,
Which to refuse had brought me certain Death,
And yet this Night already I must—Heav'n's!
My Blood runs chill within me, at the Thought
Of executing this most horrid Office.

Euph. Yes, you're to plunge your Knife in
human Blood;
But 'tis the Blood of Strangers.
Were you to offer up your darling Child,
Or to embrue your Hands in the dear Blood
Of one who lov'd you, and who was belov'd by
you, (recoil
How then would your poor trembling Heart
At the bare Thought of such a dreadful Office!
Yet, *Iphigenia* from a Race descends,
To which from *Tantalus* to *Agamemnon*,
Those dismal Deeds have been but too familiar;
You sacrifice a Stranger to *Diana*,
Remember that your Father *Agamemnon*
A Daughter would have sacrific'd.

Iph. O dire Original of all my Woe!
Why, my *Euphrosine*, would'st thou remind me
To that Intention of a cruel Father (of it?
I owe a tedious twelve Years Misery;
I owe a tedious twelve Years Residence
In this sad Clime, where Heav'n's Inclemency
Frowns

Frowns all the Year upon the horrid Natives;
 Where I must linger out a wretched Life,
 Far from my Country, and my dear Relations,
 Far from the sweet Society of Ladies,
 Whose Souls with ev'ry Grace and Virtue
 fraught,

Alone can by their Conversation give
 Insipid Life a Relish.

'Tis now five years since the last wretched *Grecian*
 Was thrown upon this Coast, and I alas
 Am utterly a Stranger to whate'er
 Has happen'd to my Country and my Friends;
 Only last Night, last fearful Night, *Orestes*,
 My only Brother, and the second Hope
 Of Royal *Agamemnon's* high-born Race,
 Broke my distracted Slumbers with dire Visions,
 That quite dismay'd my Soul; my very Dreams
 All in this place, are like the Natives, dreadful.

Euph. However you exclaim against those
 Natives, (*Grecians*,

To you they are less barbarous than your *Gre-*
 And far more gentle than a cruel Father.

To them you owe your Liberty, your Honour,
 To them too, next the Gods, you owe the Pu-
 nishment

Of a curst Slave's Design upon them both.

When for the space of three revolving Moons
 The *Grecian* Fleet had windbound lain at *Aulis*,
 And great *Achilles* longing lay, impatient
 To urge the *Trojan* Fate;

Calchas aloud proclaim'd throughout the Army,
 That the offended Gods deny'd the Winds,
 Till that the King of Kings, who stood oblig'd

By

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 13

By an old Vow to offer to *Lucina*
The loveliest Product of the fertile Year,
Should sacrifice his beauteous *Iphigenia*.

Iph. Why wilt thou old Calamities renew?

Euph. To reconcile you more to your Mis-
fortune, (done for you,
And shew you what great things the Gods have
Tho you ungratefully repine: the King,
By damnable Ambition urg'd, consented
To what the Camp with one accord demanded,
And made your Marriage with the great *Achilles*,
The subtle Lure to draw you down from *Argos*.

Iph. The Fraud of *Calchas* and of dire *Ulysses*!
False fatal Marriage!

Euph. And tho true, untimely, (Cheek,
Scarce had ten Springs then bloom'd upon your
And yet your tender Mother *Clytemnestra*,
Betray'd and flatter'd by the hope of seeing
Your Destiny united to a Hero's,
And such a Hero from a Goddess sprung,
Too soon consented to the fatal Journey.

Iph. I would not hear the rest.

Euph. You must: At *Aulis*
The subtle *Clytemnestra* found the Cheat;
Then like a raging Lioness, whose Young
Some desperate Hunter in the Toils entangles,
Your raving Mother soon dismay'd your Father,
Flew to his Tent with Fury in her Soul,
And Terror in her Eyes; storm'd, wept, pray'd,
shriek'd,

Till she at last prevail'd on his hard Heart;
So far she shook his fainting Resolution.

Iph.

14 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

Iph. What canst thou mean by this sad Re-
Of what I would not hear? (petition

Euph. Once more, I tell you,
To reconcile you to your *Scythian* Fate :
For to that strange degree you were undone,
That only *Scythia's* Shore could have preserv'd
you (fled :

From a worse Fate than that from which you
For after that your Mother had prevail'd
Upon your Father to retract your Destiny,
It was determin'd at the dead of night
You shou'd by stealth from *Aulis* be convey'd
To *Thracian Polymnestor's* Court,
There to remain conceal'd till the Event
Of that fam'd Expedition ;
And that a *Lesbian* Slave in Shape, and Size,
And Age resembling yours,
In a long Veil should die for *Iphigenia* :
So you escap'd, and so all *Greece* was cheated.

Iph. Unfortunate Escape ! for that which
follows (mention'd,
Was ten times worse than Death, and barely
Strikes to my Heart like Fate, and shakes my
Nature.

Euph. Yet I must on ; your Peace of Mind
depends on it.
That day it happen'd that there came to *Aulis*
A Master of a Vessel in his Boat,
Whose Ship lay out some Leagues at Sea,
Being bound for the *Propontis* :
The Master was by Birth of *Tomos*,
The Country where the *Isther*
It self at all its seven wide Mouths

Dis-

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 15

Discharges in the *Euxine*.

To him you were deliver'd, with large Treasures,
And six small Virgins of your Train, of which
My wretched self was one,

To be convey'd to *Thracian Polymnestor*.

With him we at the Ship arriv'd, and sail'd:

But then that Beauty, which at Land had made
The most unfortunate of Women, (you
Had like to have prov'd more fatal on the Main;
For fir'd by that, and by the Treasure tempted,
The Captain pass'd by *Thrace* and the *Propontis*,
Designing to transport us all to *Tomos*.

Iph. Oh the Villain!

Euph. As soon as in the *Euxine*, all the World
Appear'd to be compos'd but of two Elements;
The desperate Caitiff made a damn'd Attempt;
We helpless Wretches shriek'd to Heaven for
Succour,

When strait upon the Wings of all the Winds
Th' avenging Gods flew down from Heav'n to
rescue us;

Jove gave th' Alarm to Nature, strait the Thunder
From different quarters roar'd, and the blue
Lightning

Thwarted the Lightning in its slanting Flight;
The Sea-Gods in a moment turn'd the Seas
Up from their deep Foundation:

They roaring out, in liquid Mountains roll'd,
With Intervals of horrid Vales between them,
While screaming Monsters echo'd to our Shrieks;
Death in a thousand Shapes at once appear'd,
And each of them amazing.

Iph. The very bare remembrance of that Storm
Still

16 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

Still strikes a thrilling Horror to my Heart,
The terriblest I ever saw
Before I saw this Ev'ning. (preserv'd us;

Euph. Yet 'twas by that that gracious Heav'n
For now the Vessel tumbling in the Abyss,
The King of Terrors in his dismal'st Shape
Star'd in the Villain's Face, and made him soon
Desist from his curst Enterprize.

A sharper Care now seiz'd his guilty Soul.
Three Days and Nights adrift before the Storm
We in the Deep lay rolling, on the fourth
The Tempest wrack'd us on this *Scythian* Shore;
We strait were by the Natives seiz'd, the Master
And all his Crew, the Crew of guilty Wretches,
Who would have sacrific'd our spotless Honours
To their infernal Lusts, that very night
Yielded their Throats at great *Diana's* Altars.
We were preserv'd, and constituted part
Of the bright Train attendant on the Goddess.

Iph. See, thou hast talk'd this Tempest over
But ah the goodly Ship is seen no more, (too;
And all the Wretches in its hollow Womb
Are perish'd in the Waves; and now alas
The Elements seem reconcil'd, and now
The angry Ocean sinks into a Calm,
As if it like a hungry Lion roar'd
But for its Prey, and were by that appeas'd,
But look, *Euphrosine*, what two are those
Who with such friendly Care assist each other
To climb the craggy Steepness of the Cliff,
While two at distance with unequal pace
Pursuing, pant behind them?

Euph. The wretched Remnants of the Wreck,
Who come to perish here. *Iph.*

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 17

Iph. Strangers they by their Garb appear,
and *Grecians* ;

With what laborious Toil they mount,
And ever and anon
They stop, and cast an eager eye
Tow'rds these tremendous Altars !

Euph. The foremost wears Affliction in his
Aspect,
And the black Cloud that lours upon his Brow,
Seems to declare strange Wretchedness of Sor-
row.

Iph. Yet Sorrow on his Brow Majestick sits,
And shows that from no common Cause it
springs :

His Mein seems earnest, and his Looks profound,
Like one upon important Business bent.

Ah Wretch ! if thou art by our *Scythians* seen,
Thy business is to die.

But let's retire, and let th' Attendants bar
These massy Gates, for lo they come, *Euphrosine.*

Enter Orestes, Pilades, Helymus, Diores.

Euph. Shall we alarm the Guards ?

Iph. Not for thy Life.

My first Request to great *Diana*, is,
That I may ne'er perform this cruel Function :
For that which Reason utterly abhors,
Can ne'er be acceptable to Divinity.

But if I am compell'd by these Barbarians
To do a Deed which most my Soul abhors,
Let the Slaves destin'd for the Altar bleed :
But spare your Images, ye Pow'rs above,
In those two Godlike Youths.

[*Exeunt Iph. & Euph.*

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Or.

18 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

Or. You *Helymus*, and you *Diores*,
Keep exact Watch upon your several Posts;
If we are caught on *Scythian* Ground, we die.

[*Exeunt Hel. & Di.*

I fear not for my self; why should a Wretch,
That groans beneath intolerable Woe,
Fear Death, his kind Redeemer?
But for my Friend, my *Pilades*,
I cannot chuse but fear.

Pil. I cannot fear with my *Orestes* near me,
Not even for *Orestes*.

Or. Alas, you need not fear for me,
I am so exquisitely miserable,
That Death will long avoid me;
A Wretch that labours with a world of Woe;
By all but by my *Pilades* forsaken,
By Gods and Men forsaken,
And by the formidable Furies haunted.

Pil. Now your long Miseries must cease, take
Comfort,
The *Delphick* God has said it.
This is the Temple of the dreadful Goddess,
Whose cruel Altars smoke with human Gore;
If we her Image can transport to *Athens*,
Your Woes are at an end:
So said Divine *Apollo*.

Or. See, where that Image sits, inthron'd in
Horror,
And on the bloody Battlements behold
The Spoils of murder'd *Grecians*!
The dreadful Gates are barr'd,
And the high Walls prohibit all Access:
May we not justly then suspect this Oracle?

For

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 19

For how can we approach this fatal Image,
Or how can we transport it?

Pil. When we despair,
Great Love shall crown our Action with Success,
And from the Dangers of the Place deliver us :
So said the God. Upon our Virtue then,
Upon our Friendship firmly let's depend,
Immortal Love ne'er stirs a moment from us.

Or. Above the World, I swear, I love my
Then let us to the Ship retire, (*Pilades.*
That lies among the Rocks conceal'd,
And with the Advantage of approaching Night,
Sally with all our Friends,
Surprize and force the Place.

Enter Helymus, and after him Diores.
How now? what means that ghastly Look!
Hast thou too seen the Furies? Why stand'st
thou speechless? (*does Despair*
What means that deep-ferch'd Groan? Why
Stare thro thy haggard Eyes?

Hel. My Lords defend your selves:
For from the Brow of yonder neighb'ring Hill
A Party of the *Scythians* have surpriz'd ~~me~~;
Their reinless Steeds come scouring down the
Mountain

As they had Wings, and seem'd to bend their
Directly tow'ards the Temple. (*Course*

Or. It is enough, my *Pilades* retire,
In the good Ship thy Refuge quickly take,
While I with *Helymus* and good *Diores*
Keep these inhuman Dogs that hunt for Blood
at bay.

Pil. Had I made that Request to my *Orestes*,
B 2 By

20 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

By Heav'n I ne'er should have forgiven my self,
 Because *Orestes* ne'er could have forgiven me.
 Should *Pilades* have ask'd his only Friend
 To be so false, so infinitely base
 As to desert him; one day I must die,
 That is most certain, and who knows how
 How like the base-born Vulgar? (poorly,
 Could I have ever wish'd to have fall'n more

nobly,
 Than fighting, dying for my dear *Orestes*?
 How should a Friend expire but with his Friend?
 And not when Death has seiz'd his nobler part,
 Drag a half wretched paralytick Life,
 His own forlorn Survivor.

Why wouldst thou then unkindly thus deprive
 Of such a Death as I should envy thee? (me

Or. Then as we have liv'd, let us embracing
 die. (only,

Now let them come. Had they attack'd me
 I wou'd have given up my wretched Breast to
 them,

That groans beneath th' intolerable Weight
 Of never-ceasing Woe.

But since thro mine they seek the Life of *Pilades*,
 By *Castor*, and the friendly God his Brother,
 They'll find they safer might have undertaken
 To have rous'd the hungry Monarch of the
 While slumbring o'er his Young. (Woods,

Enter Queen of the Scythians, and Train.

Queen. Give orders that the Horse remain at
 distance,

Let these on foot attend me to the Temple,
 There's something sad in my foreboding Mind
 That's

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 21

That's unbecoming of this pompous Festival.
Last night, when Death-like Sleep had seiz'd
on Mortals,

In the dread Hour to silent Horror sacred,
This in the Visions of the Dark I saw,
The Foldings of th' Apartment where I lay
Flew open with a Whirlwind's violent Blast,
And to my Eyes appear'd th' amazing Form
Of our tremendous Goddess:

With threatning Majesty her Head she shook,
Her severe Eyes with wrathful Frown she roll'd,
And then she cry'd, while me chill Horror froze,
Off'rings of human Blood I will no more,
I will no more with *Scythian* Horrors dwell.

The Sacrifice which thou prepar'st, I abhor;
Know to my Eyes 'tis impious, 'tis abominable;
T' a powerful God thou must thy self be Victim,
Thou must thy self to-morrow burn and bleed,
'Tis by the assembled Gods, and by the Fates
decreed. (Dreams,

She said, and disappear'd: but Dreams are
All Superstition is below great Souls,
And I will think no more of it.

[*Seeing the Grecians.*

Ha! what are you? that thus with Arms un-
And these Majestick Miens, (licens'd,
Appear on *Scythian* Ground, that calls me So-
vereign!

Or. Well may you wonder at us, we are Men,
And those are Creatures you ne'er saw before.

Queen. Yes, I'm a Woman, born to command
Men. (cians.

Pil. No, to command *Barbarians*, we are Gre-

Queen. By your exalted Speech, and tow'ring
I took you to be Gods; (Miens,
But if you're *Grecians*, we shall find you mortal:
For if you're *Grecians*, know that you must die.

Or. Then know that we resolve to die like
Grecians,
Like two who know that we were born to die.

Pil. That every brave Man's business is to die.

Or. Th' Employment of your *Scythians* is to
But the whole Business of a *Grecian's* Life (kill,
Is like himself to die.

Pil. For Death is only certain, all things else
Depend on Fortune's arbitrary Freak,
And may or may not happen; Death is Fate's,
And only sure and common to us all.

Queen. Gods, how they talk! I'll see what
Fall on. (they can do,

Or. Now the two friendly Brother Gods assist us. *[They beat off the Scythians.]*

Queen. Gods! what have I beheld? with
what a Fury (them,
They drove my Dastard *Scythians* all before
As Whirlwinds drive the Dust.

Protect me, great *Diana*!

Orestes, Pílates, Helymus, Diores *re-enter.*

Or. Now, Madam, you may see, that tho
we're mortal;

Grecians are yet as far above your *Scythians*,
As they're below the Gods: But you are mute,
Expecting we should use our Fortune basely,
Because your *Scythians* basely would have us'd it;
But we are able to forgive our Captives,
The high Prerogative of all the Brave.

Your

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 23

Your Subjects, as by Cruelty they're instigated,
In all their Combats conquer to destroy.

Greatness of Mind excites the *Greek* to Battel,
Who conquers only to preserve,
And to improve the Vanquish'd.

That you shall see, your Life, your Liberty, (us
Your Scepter's yours once more; now learn from
To shew more Mercy to unhappy Strangers.

Farewel.

[*Exeunt Grecians.*

Queen. Gods! have I liv'd to hear such words
as these?

'Tis not the easy Conquest they obtain'd
That mortifies my Pride; what's that to me?

I have a Greatness of my own, a Greatness
Immortal, like my Soul in which it dwells,
And ne'er can suffer by my Subjects Baseness.

But this is what torments me, I have heard,
Gods! I have heard them say such things, as
shows (to me

They who pronounc'd them thought they were
Superior Beings; but by Heav'n, once more
I'll have them in my power, and then I'll shew
them——

Re-enter Scythians.

Oh! are you then return'd at last? you Wretches!
What can you think your selves that you de-
serve? (ters,

When twenty of you, with true *Scythian* Scimi-
Fled from four *Grecian* Swords.

I *Scyth.* Pardon, great Queen, we fled not
from their Swords, (them;
Their Eyes had something more than mortal in
We could not bear their darting Beams, which
shot B 4 Per-

24 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

Pernicious Fire thro all our daring Souls,
That in a moment blasted all our Vigour.

Queen. Give order, that the Horse immediately

Fly down the Road that winds around the Cliff,
And intercept their Passage to the Sea;
And charge them ev'ry Man upon their Lives,
Neither to kill the *Grecians*, nor permit them
T' escape from out their hands, but bring them
bound

To great *Diana's* Shrine, where I'll expect them.
Fly instantly, ye Slaves, for if they escape,
I'll have new Ways invented to torment you,
Shall make you howling beg for Death,
Which ye so basely shun'd.

Scyth. We fly, O Queen, t' obey thee.

[*Exeunt Scythians.*]

Queen. If these are Men, they had reason to
declare

That Men were Creatures I ne'er saw before;
But sure this Action speaks them more: then
show them (temn'st

That thou art more than Woman, and con-
The *Grecian Leda's*, and their wanton *Helena's*,
As much as they despise thy *Scythian* Soldiers:

Shew them that thou too hast a magnanimous
A Soul of their Original; (Soul,

Which, kindled by th' informing Breath of *Jove*,
And made Immortal as himself, aspires

To all that's worthy of its great Extraction.

Shou'd they escape, they ne'er can know thy
Worth,

Nor can that haughty Stranger, who so proudly
Gave

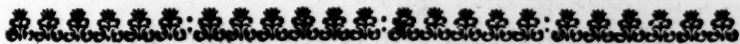
The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 25

Gave me my Life and Liberty, e'er know
That my disdainful Soul impatient longs
To pay the mighty Debt in kind. What then?
Thy Conscience knows it, and immortal *Jove*;
And the bright Eye of yon. refulgent Goddess,
That with one View sees all the World, bears
witness to it. (of me?)

Gods! must they then depart with little Thoughts
What if they should? why should that Fear
disturb thee?

'Tis a precarious Greatness that depends
On others Thoughts, my own sustain my Ex-
cellence.

Why dost thou wish then with such Eagerness
To have these *Grecians* in thy Eye once more!
What means this strange Disquiet, and the Fire
Of this so wild, untractable Desire?



A C T II.

Iphigenia, Euphrosine.

Iph. **H**OW strangely she seem'd mov'd in
the Relation!

Euph. But how differently!

Now quite transported with th' Heroick Action.

Iph. Then at their Victory as much enrag'd,
And at their Usage of her mortify'd.

Euph. But pleas'd.

(pleas'd.

Iph. Yet in the midst of Joy disdaining to be

†

Euph.

26 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

Euph. Sollicitous about th' Event,
Impatient till 'tis known.

Iph. So uncommanding of her self
Till now I ne'er observ'd her. (*Grecians,*

Euph. Should but her *Scythians* intercept the
You'll find her show a Passion still more impotent.

A distant Shout.

Iph. What dost thou mean? 'tis what her
Soul desires.

But the hoarse Echo of that distant Shout
Tells us that we too long defer Obedience
To what she now commanded, that while she
Her private Offerings paid to Great *Diana*,
We should advance tow'rd the Cliff's dreadful

Brow, (*pice,*

From which the fearful Downfal of the Preci-
And the wild Horrors of the rocky Beach
Lie subject to our view; from thence she thinks
We something may descry.

But ah! see there, see where the noble Strangers,
Prostrate and groveling on the stormy Beach,
Surrounded lie on ev'ry side by Fate.

The murd'ring *Scythian* shouting on the one side,
And the mad *Euxine* bellowing on the other,
And blanching with its flying Foam their Gar-
ments:

And now the savage Croud all pours upon them.

Shout at a distance.

And now they send up barbarous Shouts to
Heav'n. (*sine,*

Alas, they'll murder them; turn, turn, *Euphro-*
My Soul this cruel Prospect cannot bear.

Euph.

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 27

Euph. They dare not touch them, for perhaps the Queen,

The Queen can less endure this Sight than you.

Iph. What dost thou mean? Thou talk'st in Riddles.

Euph. Then to explain this Riddle, know

Iph. Whom? (she loves.

Euph. A Grecian.

Iph. One of the Strangers? at first sight? im-

Euph. Oh no! (possible!

I yet remember stranger things in Greece,

Young as I was, when I was torn from thence.

You have prepar'd her Heart for this fierce Pas-

Iph. I! (sion.

Euph. You.

Tho Nature has indu'd her with a Mind

Above her Climate, and above her Sex,

Still as a Woman, she was born to love,

Yet Love she never knew before this Hour.

For you still whisper'd to her listning Soul

So much of *Grecian* Worth, and *Grecian* Virtue,

That she has utterly contemn'd her *Scythians*.

All you have said these noble Youths make good,

These are the only Objects worthy her

That ever she beheld, and at the Sight

Her sympathizing Soul took speedy fire.

Iph. Thou rav'st: 'Tis mere Imagination all.

Euph. You were too much concern'd to ob-

serve her nicely, (tures,

Else you had plainly seen, her Words, her Gest-

Her Mien, her Eyes, and all her Soul declare it.

Shout aloud.

Iph.

Iph. But hark !

**Whence the rude Noise of this audacious Shout,
So near this hallow'd Place? [Enter Scythian.**

Scyth. Where is the Queen?

Ipſ. What would'ſt thou have? the Queen
is in a Place, (proach.

Where for thy Life thou must not dare t' ap-

Scyth. Of the four *Grecians* two are now her
Captives, (the Temple.

And with slow solemn march are guarded towards

***Iph.* What have I heard?**

Euph. What are they ?

Scyth. Grecians ; we know no more.

Euph. Then heard you not their Names ?

Scyth. Their Names by strictest Oaths they en-
Not to pronounce. (join'd each other

Euph. What Numbers of you took them?

Scyth. We took them not by Advantage of
our Numbers.

But by the powerful Influence of our Goddeſs :
Thrice had we now without Succeſs attack'd
them,

From supernatural Aid they drew their Safety.

Oft *Castor* and his Brother they invok'd,

And some affirm these two Auxiliar Gods

Apparently sustain'd them. (came pouring,

Our *Scythians* now from neighbouring Rocks

And we a fresh and fourth Attack prepar'd.

The *Grecians*, the two friendly Gods invok'd,

Th' avenging Pow'r of Great *Diana* we,

**That in the Clouds inthron'd with Silver Glory,
Illustrated the Horrors of the Combat.**

**When of the Grecians, one, to our Astonishment,
Starting**

Starting from out the rest in fearful manner,
 Fix'd on the empty Air his staring Eyes,
 He shook his Temples, and his Teeth he gnash'd,
 And then he fetch'd a Groan that seem'd to rend
 His vital Thred afunder ; then like a Lion
 He formidably roar'd, Dost thou not see,
 Dost thou not see th' abominable Fiend ?
 Dost thou not see th' inexorable Fury ?
 Look how her bloody Mouth spouts purple Foam,
 And her black Nostrils, Cataracts of Fire !
 Gods! how her cruel Eyes shoot Horrors thro
 my Soul !

Save me, y' eternal Pow'rs, for see she comes,
 The dreadful Goddess comes, and now she raves,
 And now her hissing curling Snakes erect
 Their coal-black Crests, and dart their forky
 Tongues. (them.

Do you see their odious Eyes ? I cannot bear
 Damnation ! how their fiery Glances sting me !
 But Oh what Shape, what dismal Shape is that,
 That staring wide with stony Eyes behind them,
 Appears more dreadful than ten thousand Furies !
 Oh 'tis my——

Euph. What follow'd ?

Scyth. The rest with hollow dying Sounds,
 Imperfectly pronouncing.

He foam'd, he inward roll'd his ghastly Eyes,
 And groaning, down he fell entranc'd before us.

Iph. Poor wretched Man ! how influenc'd
 this the rest ? (were fix'd

Scyth. While with Astonishment all Eyes
 On such a dreadful, such a wondrous Object ;
 Two of them took the advantage of the Occa-
 sion, And

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And sliding in between the craggy Piles
Of numerous Rocks invironing the Bay,
Were quickly in their winding Mazes lost.

Euph. What did the fourth in consequence of
this ? (mitted,

Scyth. He, neither fled nor fought, nor yet sub-
Another's Danger took up all his Soul,
Regardless of his own.

For now th' Entranc'd beginning to revive,
Lay strongly struggling on the Beach with Fate ;
At which our *Scythians* all their Rage recover'd,
And at him levell'd all their deadly Javelins ;
When he who stood before him shrieking out,
Threw himself backward on the prostrate
Wretch,

And made his Breast the Buckler of his Friend.

Euph. The noble Deed deserves eternal Fame.

Iph. 'Tis a true *Grecian* Action ;
An Action truly worthy of the Clime,
Fertile in Heroes and in Demi-Gods.

Euph. That Action sure might melt even *Scy-
thian* Hearts.

Scyth. It did not only melt, but ravish them.
The Godlike Deed with general Shout applaud-
ing,

Down we unanimously threw our Javelins,
And the Contention that remain'd,
Was who should save the *Grecians*. (Ground,
Running, we gently rear'd them from the
And cherish'd him who wanted most our Help ;
Till quickly we recall'd his fleeting Spirits,
Then into different Bands we all dividing,
Some ran among the Rocks to seek the Flyers,
And

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 31

And to the Temple some conduct the Captives.
But see, they now draw near!

Iph. *Euphrosine*, inform the Queen of this,
While I receive the *Grecians*.

Euph. Be wise, and come away. (you?
Why would you see a Sight that would distract

Iph. I would to Heaven it would, for that
Distraction (getfulness;
Would drown a World of Woe in sweet For-
'Tis better surely not to know, than knowing,
To know that we are infinitely miserable.

But if I cannot bear these Objects here,
How shall I then endure them at the Altar?
How shall I there approach them? how shall I
there—— (gers in it.

Let me not think of it, that Thought has Dag-

Euph. Be wise, and come away.

Iph. These noble Youths bring News from
Greece, Euphrosine.

'Tis now five years since I beheld a *Grecian* ;
Oh how I long to hear from my dear Country !
Besides, consider what I left in *Greece* ;
I left a Father there.

Euph. A cruel one.

Iph. Let him be cruel, still I am his Daughter ;
I left a Mother there, she was not cruel :
Her very Eyes were not so dear as I to her.
I owe my very Life, I owe my all,
To her exceeding Tenderness !
There too I left the Darling of my Soul,
The Darling of my Virgin Soul, a Brother,
On whose young Temples scarce the seventh
Had shed its golden Down. (Summer
Can

Can I be thought to have left all these behind,
 And to have left them all behind entirely ?
 Ah no ! their Images are here, *Euphrosine* ;
 And here remind me of the dear Originals,
 Incessantly remind me.
 There are no other Objects here of Tenderness,
 Or none, excepting thee.
 And I, thou know'st, am in my Nature soft.
 Then to indulge that Softness strait retire,
 And leave me here, to ask these noble Youths
 After my Country and my dear Relations.

Exit Euph.

Enter Orestes, Pilades, Guard.

Approach, ye most unfortunate of Men !
 Ill-fated Youths, the Sons of wretched Parents !
 Wretched your Brothers, and your Sisters miserable.

Or. Madam, we know we are your Victims,
 And come resolv'd to die.
 For Souls undaunted, why this vain Compassion ?
 By you we bleed, and you deplore our Destiny :
 If that you think, by softning our firm Minds
 To make Death dreadful to us, you mistake us.
 To Souls prepar'd, such little Arts are vain ;
 Not all your *Scythian* Javelins once could daunt
 us,

Nor can your Female Lamentations melt us.
 Your cruel Gods, when we approach their Altars,
 Shall blush, to see two Men, two dying Men
 Unshaken and undaunted as themselves,
 Amidst their high Security.

Iph. So high a Mind in such a low Condition !
 But from whence are you miserable Men !

How

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 33

How long have ye been Wanderers from your
Country? (to it.

A long, long time 'twill be, e'er you return

Or. Seek not to soften us by vain Inquiries,
Nor to disturb us in our Hour of Death.

Iph. *Grecians* you are, I see, but of what Province?

I must be answer'd; my Reasons are most urgent.

Or. How should our Answers possibly con-

Iph. Are you Brothers? (cern you?

Or. We are not so near as Brothers, and yet nearer.

Iph. Then you are Friends it seems:

What may we call you?

Or. Miserable!

Iph. That is the Name which Fortune has be-
I ask not after that. (stow'd upon you:

Or. The more we keep our Names conceal'd,
The more we keep this shameful Fate conceal'd;
This Fate so much unworthy of us:

Tho' our Hearts bleed, our Names shall never
suffer. (you Birth?

Iph. Say then, what State, what City gave

Or. Madam, we came resolv'd to die;

And Death is now our business!

Iph. There's time enough, alas, for Death,
And long you will enjoy him.

Answer me first: oblige me so far, *Grecian*.

Or. *Argos*, renown'd throughout the World,
is my Country.

Iph. Ha, *Argos*! Is it possible? O Heav'ns!

Tell me the truth, I here conjure thee, *Grecian*.

34 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

Or. Within *Mycena's* Walls I first saw Light,
Mycena, once the tow'ring Queen of Cities.

Iph. And yet you left it for this dismal Place?

Or. Ev'n so the Gods would have it.

Iph. They're welcome Guests to me who come
from *Argos*. (pect.

Or. And Death's the hearty Welcome we ex-

Iph. *Grecian*, you may inform me of some
things,

Which most my impatient Soul desires to know.

Or. You will be answer'd; speak.

Iph. You have heard of *Troy*, whose Fame
has fill'd the Universe?

Or. Oh, wou'd to *Jove* I ne'er had heard of
Not in my very Dreams! [*Troy*,

Iph. 'Tis said it now by Fate of War lies low.

Or. But oh severely have its heav'nly Founders
Upon its Conquerors reveng'd its Fall.

Iph. Is *Hellen* at the last return'd?

Or. As fatally to some of mine,
As ever she departed. (me too.

Iph. She once had like t' have fatal prov'd to

Or. My Obligations to her are well known.

Iph. The common Hatred of all *Grecians* she.
Say, are those *Grecians* yet come back?

Is *Calchas* yet return'd?

Or. The lying Prophet perish'd on th' *Aegean*.

Iph. And *Ulysses*?

Or. A Wanderer upon Earth and Sea,
The Outcast of the World.

Iph. At length then halting Vengeance has
o'ertaken them.

And proud *Achilles*! lives he?

Or.

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 35

Or. In Fields, where once *Troy* stood, his Head
lies low,

And he in vain at *Aulis* was contracted
To wretched *Iphigenia*.

Iph. False fatal Marriage!

The Fraud of *Calchas*, and of dire *Ulysses*! [*Aside.*
But run there any Rumours now in *Greece*,
Touching the Fate of that unhappy Princess?

Or. She who was sacrific'd at *Aulis*?

Iph. She.

Or. Alas!

They talk of her as of a pleasing Vision
Sent down from Heav'n to cheer our Eyes a
And then to re-ascend. (moment,

But, Madam, who are you, who here enquire
Thus circumstantially of *Grecian* Matters?

Iph. I too was born in *Greece*, and young was
torn from it.

Should I proceed, my Story is so strange,
That it could ne'er find Credit with you.
How bears the General his high Felicity?

Or. What General? I am grown an utter
Stranger

Ev'n to the very Names of all the Happy.

Iph. The King of Kings, Imperial *Agamemnon*.

Or. I cannot, will not speak, enquire no fur-
ther. (jure you,

Iph. Now by the Gods proceed, I here con-
'Tis a long time since last my Soul knew Com-
fort. (Clay.

Or. The King of Kings is now but common

Iph. Then are his Children wretched; say,
How died he?

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Or. Most miserably for himself and others.

Iph. Alas! but how?

Or. As *Troy* and *Priam* tumbled from their
As all the Race of *Tantalus* has fall'n, (height,
So perish'd *Agamemnon* by a Woman.

Iph. A wretched Creature sure, whoe'er she be.

Or. She weeps by Heav'n; from whence these
flowing Tears? (pinels,

Iph. I mourn, reflecting on his former Hap-
I mourn the sad Vicissitudes of Fate,
The Ills that every hour befall Mortality,
The common sad Condition of poor Man,
My own forlorn Estate. How bears the Queen?—

Or. Hold! by the Gods I here conjure you
hold,

By vain Enquiry plague my Soul no more.

Iph. Answer this once, and I have done for
ever:

How bears the Queen this terrible Disaster?

Or. The Queen still met a more tremendous
Destiny.

Iph. Dissolve me, Gods, into a Flood of Tears.

[*Aside.*

How fell she?

Or. Alas, 'tis terrible, it shakes my Nature;
She fell by——

Iph. Whom? (Being

Or. By the curst Wretch to whom she gave his

Iph. By her own Son! Astonishment of Woe!
Wherefore?

Or. His Royal Father he reveng'd,
Whom barbarously she murder'd.

Iph.

Iph. Murder'd!

O Horror upon Horror! Dismal Race,
The true Descent of *Tantalus*!

Deplorable the Crime, and dire the Vengeance!

Or. And direly have the Gods repaid him.

Iph. Resides he now at *Argos*?

Or. Every where, and no where,

Enter Euphrosine. *Iphigenia goes to her.*

Euph. Madam, the Queen approaches.

Or. Hast thou observ'd that Lady well, my
Friend,

That's so acquainted with th' Affairs of Greece?

Pil. I have.

Or. Methinks there's much of *Hellen* in her
Form. (so.

Pil. I was about t' inform you that I thought

Or. That very Air that set the World on fire.

Pil. As sweet, yet check'd by something
that's severe.

And see the very Motion of that Eye,
That went to all Beholders Hearts like Lightning,
That moves ev'n mine in this my lost Condition.

[*Aside.*

Or. She is not only fair, my Friend, she is
good too; (them.

She pities our Misfortunes, nay, she weeps for

Pil. Pity's the Harbinger of Love; suppose
That this should be the Object which the God
Foretold should be oblig'd by Love to assist us?

Or. I would to Heaven it were! O hopeless
Wish!

For at the sight of her my Soul dilates it self,
As at the View of a long absent Friend,

38 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

Unfatiated with gazing.

Enter Queen, Guard.

Queen. At length our *Scythians* have redeem'd
their Honour,

And, haughty Strangers, you are in our pow'r :
But to you, *Grecian*, we have Obligations,
Which we disdain to owe.

Guards, let him instantly be free ; for th' other,
Strait to the Temple let him be conducted,
And there expire the Victim of the Goddess.

Or. The very Mercy of a *Scythian's* Cruelty !
I gave you Life and Liberty, because (Present,
I thought them grateful Gifts, but Death's the
The only Present you can make to me. (you,
Would you requite the Gifts which I bestow'd on
With my Friend's Life and Liberty requite them,
And let my Blood appease your cruel Goddess?

Queen. Proud ! Hast thou then disdain'd my
proffer'd Mercy ? (stantly :
Know one of you is doom'd to die, and in-
Determine which between you.

Pil. Scythians, conduct your Prisoner.

[They are going.

Or. Hold, you Barbarians, hold.
By all that wondrous Pow'r of Sacred Friend-
ship, (Heart,
That but this moment charm'd your savage
I here conjure you, hold !

Consider how we from our earliest Years

[To Pilades.

Have liv'd, as if one Will, one Soul had acted
us ;

Is this a time to differ ? Why wouldst thou

†

Usurp

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 39

Usurp this wretched Death, that is my Right?
Who drew thee from the Clime of gentle *Greece*
To this inhuman Shore?

What but my Miseries seduc'd thee hither!
The Prop and the Support of my sad State?
What have I done t' induce you to believe
That I should prove so recreant to all Goodness,
To let you suffer here instead of me?

Pil. Would you not have me suffer?

Or. Would I not have thee suffer! canst thou
O my Friend! (ask it?)

Pil. And yet you urge me to survive you;
O Contradiction! (the Death,

Or. What hast thou done, which can deserve
Which fondly thus thou court'st?

Pil. What have I done, that I deserve to live
After the only Man of all the World
That's fit to be my Friend?

Or. Thou hast no loss in me, or if thou hadst,
Thou hast a Soul that is above thy Fortune.
Oh live, my Friend, and shew this curst Race
What *Grecians* can endure!

Pil. What live, to see you here expire
Before my very Face!

Live and stand tamely by, while these *Barba-*
rians (Blood.

Sheath their accursed Knives in your Heart's
Away, I always own'd my self a Man,
And own no Virtue of that barbarous nature,

Or. What will become of me?
If 'tis so hard to thee to lose thy Friend,
To thee whose Faculties are all entire,
Whose Soul's in its full Strength,

40 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

What must it be to me, who bow my Neck
Beneath the Burden which the Gods have laid
on me? (Pangs

Whose wounded Spirit swoons beneath the
Of Sorrow, which no Tongue of Man can utter.
O cursed Sting of Guilt that's insupportable!

Pil. Thou hast no Guilt, the Gods themselves
declar'd it.

Or. Oh I have done a Deed!

Pil. The Gods commanded thee.

Or. Nature forbad me. (Laws,

Pil. Nature is theirs, and theirs are all her
What their supreme Authority has made;
Their independent Pow'r can supersede:
Thou could'st not help performing their Com-
For what they will, is Fate. (mands,

Or. Then why at my last need have they for-
faken me,

Why has the baser World disown'd this Fact,
And branded my great Name with Infamy?
Why gapes the Earth with ghastly Yawns be-
fore me,

While Hell unwilling from the Center bursts,
To shew me Forms that fright my trembling
Genius,

Blast all my Faculties, unhinge my Reason,
And in a moment make me start to Madness?
Yet while I had thee by me, 'twas impossible
That I could be intirely miserable,

It was impossible that I could think
Upon thy wondrous Faith, thy wondrous Truth,
Upon thy wondrous self, and not be pleas'd.
That Thought, that only Thought prevail'd up-
on me, To

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 41

To bear the smarting Wounds of my own Spirit,
To bear the Loss of Peace, the Loss of Fame :
But must I lose my Friend, and must I bear it ?
Ye Gods I will not bear it, and my Plagues
Shall be your Sport no longer. Come ye Furies,
Ye formidable Goddeses ascend,
And threefold Madness to befriend me seize me.

Pil. What shall I do ?

His Fury wildly champs upon the Curb,
Anon it foams, and starting with a Bound,
Hurries him headlong, far from Reason's Road :
I shake, I tremble at the dismal Consequence ;
I can no longer bear this mortal Agony
In him, whom dearer than my self I love.
No more !

Compose the Tumult in thy raging Spirits,
Thy Friend has listen'd to thy Lamentation,
And with a bleeding Heart has heard
Thy miserable Plea.

Or. Is it not fitting then that I should bleed ?

Pil. Grant me but one Request, and thou shalt

Or. 'Tis thine, whate'er it be. (die.

Pil. But swear.

Or. Then by th' Almighty Pow'r of *Jove*,
By all our great Progenitors, his Offspring,
I swear !——

Pil. That thou wilt die as thou hast liv'd,
My Friend and my Companion.

Or. Couldst thou doubt that ? How willingly
I swear ! (vive thee.

Pil. Then hast thou sworn that I shall not sur-

Or. Nay, that my last Request——

Pil. Hold, by the Gods, to whom thou stand'st
oblig'd By

By dreadful Oaths ; hold, make not that Request,
And be not perjur'd in the hour of Death.

Or. Ha !

Now Death is arm'd, and with a fearful Sting,

Queen. Now, *Grecians*, who's the Victim?

Or. 'Tis I.

Pil. 'Tis I.

Or. Pil. 'Tis both.

(*solute* ;

Queen. But both it must not be, I here am ab-
But one shall fall a Victim to the Goddess.

Pil. To holy Friendship t'other falls a Sacrifice.

Queen aside. These are, ye Gods, the Works
of your own hands,

Your living Images.

To separate Apartments, Guards conduct them.

[*Exeunt Guards with Orestes and Pilades.*

Now to the Temple lead, let's there consult
The Goddess, she her self shall chuse her Victim.

[*Exeunt Queen and Attendants. Manet Iph. Euph.*

Iph. Stay, my *Euphrosine*, one moment stay,
Hast thou observ'd that Godlike Youth,
Who shew'd that noble Sorrow ?

Euph. I have.

(*pare for him ?*

Iph. Does he deserve the Death which we pre-
Does he not, say, deserve to be immortal ?

Euph. Yet he must die.

(*sine.*

Iph. Die Nature first ; he must not die, *Euphro-*

Euph. Yes, in the Arms of a young beauteous

Iph. Ha !

(*Queen.*

First let him bleed ; no, let him live, ye Pow'rs,
Let *Iphigenia* die.

Euph. Amazement ! What do I hear ?

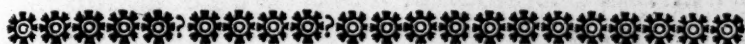
Iph. What wilt thou say when thou hast heard
the rest ?

Euph.

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 43

Euph. The rest, Oh Heav'ns!

Iph. To my Apartment instantly let's go,
There thou the Secret of my Soul shalt know,
But not the very Winds of Heav'n must on it
blow.



A C T III.

Iphigenia. Euphrosine.

Iph. **W**ILT thou betray me?

Euph. I'll rather die with you.

Iph. Dissuade me then no more; I am deter-
min'd,

And Fate cries out I must not lose a moment.

Begone then, fly, and send the unhappy *Grecian*
to me. *Enter Delia.*

Del. Madam, the Queen commands that both
the Strangers

Without delay be brought into her Presence.

Iph. Unfortunate Command that thus pre-
vents me!

I will not be prevented; inspire me thou,

Thou gentle God of Love, for whom I act.

Delia, inform the Queen, that of the Captives

The eldest is the Victim now

Of these most dreadful Altars;

For such, she says, is Great *Diana's* Will.

His Eyes are muffled, and his Arms are pinion'd;

His Temples are with holy Fillets bound,

Already

Already has the sacred Water cleans'd him,
 And to the infernal Gods he stands devoted :
 The other shall attend her instantly. [*Ex. Delia.
 Euphrosine !*]

To me convey the eldest of the Strangers,
 And to the cruel Queen dispatch the other.
 And thou, immortal Love, whose conqu'ring
 Pow'r

Can give the tender timorous Virgin Force,
 Thus to defy the Terrors of the Night :
 Immortal Love indulge my bold Design ;
 Preserve us, thou Preserver of the Universe !

Enter Orestes.

(why,

Or. Here all alone ! That pleases me : But
 Why I can gaze upon her unobserv'd,
 And none condemn my Weakness.
 I have not half an hour to view the Light ;
 And since I've felt the Extremity of Woe,
 'Tis fit I find some Pleasure e'er I die :
 Death's ghastly Image then I'll chase away
 With Love's transporting Thoughts. (*Life,*
 But if those Thoughts once make me fond of
 I'll think that I have reason to despair,
 And so contented die. [*Coming up to Iph.*
 It was your Pleasure that a dying Wretch
 Should come and take his leave of you.

Iph. Stranger, I sent for you to give you notice
 That th' Altar is adorn'd, the Steel prepar'd,
 And the next moment they expect the Victim.

Or. The Victim will attend them.
 But whose must be the executing Arm ?

Iph. Look how it trembles at the dreadful
 Deed !

Methinks

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Methinks with Horror, Stranger, you survey me.

Or. No, do but strike with that soft melting

Look, (on thee.

And my last Breath shall blessing pour my Soul

O Look, ill fated to this cursed Office,

That nought respire but Blood and horrid Mur-

How long have you possess'd it? (der!

Iph. Last night the *Scythians*, threatening hor-

Compell'd me to accept of it; (rid Tortures,

But a more cruel Wrack succeeds th'Acceptance,

The Fear of striking this accursed Blow

Has torn my Heart in pieces. (pale?

Or. What Object makes you start, and turn so

Iph. Hark! heard you not the Temple-doors
Upon their Hinges turning?

Or. No, 'twas the hollow Breath of the bleak
That grumbles on the Mountain. (North,

Iph. My Apprehension every moment mur-
ders me; (draws nigh.

Ah Gods! we must make haste, the fatal Time

Or. Yet something would I whisper to your
Wou'd you vouchsafe to hear me. (Soul,

Iph. Alas, 'tis now too late, we must be gone,

Or. To Death, at your Command, thus readi-
ly I run. [Going towards the Temple.

Iph. Ah Gods!

You run you know not whither, that's not the
way. (me

Suppose that now some pitying God persuades
Yet to preserve you from impending Fate.

Or. And my Friend too!

Iph. And him too.

Or.

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Or. To that propitious God my very self I'll sacrifice. (Flight?

Iph. Wou'd you take me the Partner of your

Or. The Partner! What a Whirl of Fate is
Surprize and Joy distract me. [*Aside.* (here!

Iph. Wou'd you?

Or. Or may I perish in it unlamented.

Iph. No more. Near yonder *Western* Point
there lies

A leaky, tempest-beaten, tatter'd Bark;
In which four Wretches slumber out the Night,
To fit them for the Labours of the Day;
That we must seize on, and must trust to that.

Or. Alas, we need not: Near yon *Eastern* Point
The stout, the strong-ribb'd *Argosie* attends us;
A hundred daring Souls inclos'd in its huge Bulk,
All waiting on my Nod.

Iph. Were you not wreck'd then? (ceal'd.

Or. Among the Rocks the Vessel rides con-

Iph. What do I hear! nay then, the Gods re-
Remove a little further to the Right, (gard us.
That no one from the Temple may discern you:
Thither I must return, and thence transport
The Image of the Goddess.

Or. That in my Rapture I had quite forgot.

[*Aside.*

Iph. So shall we still be under her Protection,
And shall avoid the Fierceness of her Anger.

Or. Alas! You've nam'd the very fatal Thing
For which we touch'd on this accursed Shore.

Iph. Then came you here by Choice?

Or. To fetch this fatal Image of the Goddess.

Iph. What mov'd you to it?

Or.

The Tragedy of Iphigenia.

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Or. The *Delphick* God ordain'd it.

Iph. Ha !

How every thing I hear gives me new Life,
And makes my Blood run dancing to my Heart !
Six *Grecian* Virgins, all of noble Birth,
Within yon Temple wait upon my Call,
Who all would offer up their Lives to serve me ;
They tell me of prodigious Apparitions
That have astonish'd them this fatal Night :
Two shall amuse the Queen with the Relation,
While the rest secretly transport the Goddess.
And thou, old Night, the Friend to Love and
Stealth, (pels me,
T'indulge this Stealth to which great Love com-
Redouble all thy Shades. [*Aside.*
Expect me in a moment back again ;
But on your Life remove not from the Place ;
Let me be sure to find you here,
So may you find the Happiness you wish for.

Exit Iph.

Or. Confirm that Wish, ye Heavens !

Hark ! Who comes there ? A Man ! Pray Heav'n
a Friend !

What Alteration can a moment make !
I, who this minute long'd to lay my Head
Down in the dark and peaceful Grave,
Am now grown fond of miserable Life.
What sudden Vigour Love receives from Hope !
For scarce an Hour is past since the soft God
Lay weak and languishing within my Breast ;
Now raging, there he all his Pow'r exerts.

Enter Pilades.

Now Fate, beware a Counter-Turn !
Who comes here ?

Pil.

48 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

Pil. A Friend.

Or. My *Pilades* !

Pil. The same.

Or. Speak lower. (Safety.

Pil. I cannot speak too loud, who bring thee

Or. Softly, I say : you know not what you
Nor to what Danger you expose us both. (do,

Pil. The Fear of Danger to the Winds deliver.
I bring thee Life, and Health, and Joy, my
Friend :

The *Scythian* Queen has sent all these by me ;
Yet on Conditions sent them.

But thou art cold, as if thou fear'dst the Terms.
Know, the Conditions will transport *Orestes* :

The Queen inclines to make another Choice
Of Victims for the Altar ; but declares,

That Custom, which is *Scythian* Law, requires,
That all those Strangers, whom the Sovereign
By their supreme Prerogative preserve, (Rulers
Must become *Scythians*, by espousing *Scythians* ;
Born so, or grown so here by long Continuance :
Or, by attending on those cruel Altars,
Appease the wrathful Goddess.

Or. Proceed.

Pil. The Mistress she design'd for me she
nam'd : (ded,

The Name of yours she omitted ; but she ad-
That both our Lives and Happiness depended
Upon your swift Compliance.

I, as your Friend, engag'd you should comply.

Or. Why did you so ?

Pil. Because I found by what she said,
And what she did not say,

Her

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 49

Her lovely Self's the Person she designs for thee!

Or. No matter. (gaze?)

Without my Knowledge, why shou'd you en-
Pil. Why!

Because I thought in this impending Danger
You were in Reason bound, for your own sake,
To make my Engagement good.

Or. For my own sake! I'll perish e'er comply.

Pil. Then, as a Friend, I frankly must inform
you,

You stand oblig'd to make it good for mine.

Or. A mere imaginary Obligation!

Pil. Imaginary! Will you force me then
T'upbraid you? What would I have done for
you? (for *Pilades.*

Or. You would have died: and I would bleed

Pil. Dissembler!

Or. How! (so very easy!

Pil. You talk of dying, and yet refuse me what's

Or. Is then the doing a base thing so easy?

Pil. Where is the Baseness in espousing her?

Or. Where is the Justice in espousing one,
. Whom I can never love?

Pil. Come, come, your Friend is the unhap-
Whom you cou'd never love. (py Person

Or. And yet you see I bear his bitterest Cen-

Pil. Why can you never love her? (sures.
From whence proceeds the Aversion?

Or. Aversion I have none; for I esteem her:
Nay, I admire her.

Pil. Marry her then, and Love will soon suc-

Or. Urge me no more. (ceed.

Pil. For your own sake, as well as mine, I must.

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Or.

Or. Have but a little Patience. (Patience :

Pil. Were but my Life at stake, I wou'd have
But what I value more, much more than Life,
My Love is lost, unless my Friend complies.

Or. Your Love ! What Love ?

Pil. I told you that the Queen declar'd the
Of her whom she design'd for me. (Name

Or. And do you love her ? (Peace ;

Pil. Dearer than Life, or what's more dear, than
Unless she brings it to this wretched Breast.

Or. When cou'd you see her ?

Pil. At our Arrival.

Or. Ha ! Where ?

Pil. Just on this very spot. (I tremble !

Or. Ha ! on this spot ! saw whom ! Gods, how

Pil. The Priestess, tho I ne'er approach'd the
Altar,

Has with her pointed Weapon reach'd my Heart.

Or. Damnation ! wonderful accursed Accident !
Now Fate prepares her Counter-turn. You a-
maze me !

Was that a time for Love to make Impressions ?

Pil. The Force of Destiny would surely have
And great *Apollo's* Oracle encourag'd me. (it so :
But yet the Thought of your approaching Dan-
ger,

At first restrain'd the growing Fire within me :
But when the Queen insur'd your precious Life,
And gave me charming Hope,
She blew it into such a Flame,
I must possess or die.

Or. How will relentless Heav'n dispose of me !

[*Aside.*

Pil.

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 51

Pil. By that dear Love, and all my Hope of
Happiness, (you.

Which lies in you, your faithful Friend intreats

Or. I'll hear no more, you know not what
you ask.

Pil. That you would do your Duty, that I ask.

Or. I am not to be taught my Duty here.

Pil. Let it appear ;

Was ever Man deceiv'd as I have been ?

Or. You deceive your self.

Pil. 'Tis one indeed deceives me,
Whom I have long mistaken for my self,
Unjust *Orestes* !

Is not the Altar deck'd, the Steel prepar'd
To rip this Breast that has so long receiv'd you,
And cherish'd you more dearly than my Blood,
Than my Heart's Blood which I'm about to lose ?

Or. You shall not lose a Drop.

Pil. Comply then, and prevent it instantly !
What, can *Orestes* with such Ease prevent it ?
With so much Safety too, with so much Honour ?
And yet deliberate ? Where is the Friend ?

Where is the celebrated Friend of *Pilades* ?
But see their Priestesses advancing tow'rds us,
Sent doubtlesly t' explore our Resolutions :
Can you resolve to see this faithful Breast
Rip'd up before your Eyes ?

Or. Come, I'll secure your Life !

Pil. Will you ?

Or. I will by Heaven !

Pil. And when ?

Or. This very moment.

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[*Enter two Priestesses cross the Stage, with the Image Delia following them.*]

Pil. Then art thou yet my Friend?

Del. Grecian, the Image is convey'd before,
Your Friends will follow strait, prepare t' attend
them. [To Or.

Or. I am prepar'd, (*to Pil.*) Observe you that
Procession? [Ex. *Del.*

Pil. What means that Image, and that nightly

Or. Behold it well! (Progress?)

That very fatal Image, Great *Apollo*
Ordain'd us to transport.

Pil. And whither do these Priestesses remove it?

Or. Where we without the least Delay must
follow; (ment.

Come, Come along; we must embark this mo-

Pil. By Heaven my Head turns round: Is
this a Miracle,

Or have you palpably design'd t' abuse me?

Or. Thou hast heard a wondrous Truth!

Pil. What God has wrought that Wonder?

Or. Time's wanting now to tell thee.

Pil. How basely I have censur'd thee! (thee.
Canst thou forgive me? 'Tis my last Request to

Or. Come, thou art still my best, my only
Friend.

Come, follow, by the glimmering of the Moon,
I see our Friends are coming.

Pil. Our Friends! Astonishment! What
Friends do you mean?

I'm more and more confounded.

Or. Come on.

Pil. Farewel.

Or.

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The Tragedy of Iphigenia.

53

Or. What can my *Pilades* design? Come on I

Pil. Never. (say.

Or. Canst thou desert me? (cured;

Pil. The great Design for which I came is executed
I've done my Duty, and behold you happy:

Your wretched Friend must never see you more.

Or. Why dost thou talk so?

Pil. My Life and Happiness are both confin'd
To this accursed Climate.

Or. The Priestess of *Diana* you will follow.

Pil. Till my last Groan sets free my afflicted
Soul. Enter *Euphrosine*.

Euph. *Grecian*, the Image is convey'd before us;
Prepare to follow. [To Or.

Yonder the Priestess of *Diana* comes,

Th' Associate of your Flight. I go before. [Ex.

Pil. What have I heard? Damnation!

It must be Illusion and Enchantment all;
By all that's good, her self, her lovely self,
That slowly advancing seems to give Directions
To some who are about her!

And for this Reason you refus'd Compliance
To what the Queen demanded?

Or. This was the very Reason.

Pil. You love this Priestess of *Diana* then?

Or. Thou art my self, my very self, my *Pilades*;
View thy own Heart, and see *Orestes* there.

Pil. A long and last Farewel.

Or. Wilt thou betray me?

Pil. Unkind t' insult thus o'er your dying

Or. To die is to betray me! (Friend.

Nay dying you betray both me and her.

She, she is in Distress, and wants your Help,

D 3

To

54 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

To free her from this barbarous Clime,
And this more barbarous Office.
Can you affirm you love, and yet forsake her
In this extreme Necessity?

Pil. Can I affirm I love, and yet behold her
Within another's Arms?

Or. Who shall possess her, lies in Fate conceal'd;
She has not yet declar'd her self.

Come, the Time presses, for she now approaches:
Our generous Friendship has prevail'd o'er Death,
Come, let it get the Conquest too of Love.

The fordid'st Wretch that breathes, can die for
'Tis a soft, wanton, universal Flame, (Love;
Great Nature's Art to propagate Mankind.

The Gods as many Lovers make as Men;
But they scarce make two Friends for many Ages.
Of all the Race of living Men,

Fame celebrates us two alone for Friendship,
And shall a Woman break the noble Bond?

Pil. Why! Would you then resign her?

Or. Why! Would you then against her Will
possess her?

Pil. I'll rather die, nay, rather be contented
To drag on Life deplorably without her,
And be my self a Wretch most miserable,
Than render her unhappy.

Or. 'Tis spoken like a true and generous Lover;
Wilt thou not shew thy self a generous Friend,
My *Pilades*, and judge my Thoughts by thine?
Vast is the watry Plain that we must plow,
E'er we discharge our sacred Load at *Athens*;
And we must labour all the dismal way
With many Difficulties, mighty Dangers.

‡

Those

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 55

Those let thy Love and Virtue make thy Friends,
Attend her, help her, save her, court her, gain her,
Incline her Heart, and I'll release my Claim.

Pil. What shall I answer? Love and Shame
distract me;

Must he surpass me thus in Godlike Proofs
Of unexampled Faith? He must not, shall not,
Tho he has surely prepossess'd her Soul.
I will not make my self so little to my self;

[*Aside.*

No, I'll live rather greatly miserable,
That with my self I may contented die.
Thou hast o'ercome, *Orestes*,
And noble Friendship has prevail'd o'er Love.
But Oh my Friend, if on these cursed Altars
I had split the Blood that's next my Heart to
It had been an easier Sacrifice. (save thee,

Enter Iphigenia.

Or. No more, she comes.

Iph. Who's that? The Stranger?

Or. The same.

Iph. Is that your Friend?

Or. It is.

Iph. Let us away,

Now all our Interruptions are remov'd;
For I pretending Orders from the Queen,
Have from their Posts, remov'd the neighbour-
ing Sentries. (ning?

But whither? Thro what Dangers am I run-
Look not my Soul, Oh, look not now before thee!
My Head grows giddy with th' amazing Prospect.
Look backward then, survey the dreadful Altar;
I do, I see, I see the bloody Knife there;

D 4

Ah

56 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

Ah Gods ! I feel it, with its cruel Point ;
It goads and stabs me forward, let's be gone ;
I can no longer bear the murd'ring Thought.

*[As they are going out, they are met by a Party
of Scythians, bringing back the four Priest-
esses, and the Image.]*

Iph. Ah !

Scyth. Here, here are their Accomplices, fall
Or. Hold, Savages, O hold ! (on.

Pil. Forbear, forbear.

Or. As for us two, we yield our selves your
Captives, (Limbs.

Touch not with impious Hands her sacred

Scyth. I had forgot, she is *Diana's* Priestess,
Keep off your Hands, but guard her with your
So ; (Eyes.

Be it your Care the Prisoners to confine,
I'll to the Queen relate their black Design. [*Ex.*

Iph. Ah wretched Men ! by cruel Gods be-
tray'd.

Pil. Pity thy self, alas, too lovely Maid.

Or. Death soon will put an end to all our Woe,
But Oh what Pangs art thou to undergo,
Who art condemn'd to strike th' inhuman Blow !



A C T IV.

Enter Queen and Scythian,

Queen. **W**HAT have I heard ! Arm'd Men
upon the Breach ! (Plumes

Scyth. Above an hundred, all with *Grecian*
And *Grecian* Shields. *Queen.*

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 57

Queen. Double the Guards around the Temple,
And strongly guard the Passes.
Who saw these *Grecians*?

Scyth. As we expecting lay for your Return,
Upon the Summit of yon shaggy Mountain,
That bending its black Brow, with dreadful
Scowl,
Over the gloomy Deep, affrights Great *Neptune*,
By the pale Moon's reflected Beams we spy'd
them:

And on the Sight, dismounting all my Men,
I brought them to defend your sacred Person.

Queen. And so, upon your March at this dead
Season,
You took these *Grecian* Fugitives: 'Tis well;
You have done important Service, and I thank
you.

But what's the Reason that the younger Captive
Is not already in my Presence?

My severe Charge how dare they disobey?

Scyth. Behold, dread Queen, he comes.

Queen. Then go and see my other Orders ex-
ecuted, [Exit *Scyth.*

Enter Pilades.

Whom wou'd not that Majestick Mein deceive?
And his Friend's Godlike Eyes that look Divi-
nity?

Why should the sacred Character of Virtue
Shine on a Villain's Countenance? Ye Pow'rs!
Why fix'd ye not a Brand on Treason's Front,
That we might know t' avoid perfidious Mor-
tals?

[*Aside.*

Look

58 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

Look if the Traitor once vouchsafes to blush!

[*To him,*

If still his Countenance be not assur'd!
His Eyes commanding, and his Aspect lordly!
How dost thou dare, with that audacious Look,
T' affront offended Majesty?

Pil. I know no Mortal whom I ought to fear.

Queen. An Hypocrite, and not afraid!
What makes Hypocrisy so very odious?
Unless because 'tis Cowardice.

Pil. Know, Queen, I scorn Hypocrisy, and
The basest of Hypocrisies is Slander. (know

Queen. And am I then defy'd, presumptuous
And dar'd to prove my Charge? (*Grecian,*

Pil. I dare ev'n *Jove*, who knows all Hearts,
to prove it. (*convicted,*

Queen. Then past Reply thou soon shalt stand
When I in Mercy gave you Life and Liberty,
Did you not own your self oblig'd?

Pil. I own it. (*on you,*

Queen. But when *Diana's* Priestess I bestow'd
Did not you seem transported? Answer me:
Was not your Joy extravagant and loud?
Did you not swear, that I, of all the World,
Was she who nearest had oblig'd your Soul?

Pil. I said it, and I thought it. (*this,*

Queen. Did you not promise to reside in *Scy-*
And to engage your Friend to do the like?
That with the Service of your Life you might
Return me Thanks for the rich Present made
you.

Were not these very Words your own?

Pil. They were.

Queen.

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 59

Queen. Then think of thy base Flight, if
thou dar'st think of it,
And say, thou art not a Hypocrite :

What canst thou answer to thy just Accuser ?

Pil. That which will make my Accuser say,
she wrongs me.

You accuse me that I wou'd have fled : Indeed
I attempted to regain that Liberty,
Of which your Pow'r unjustly had depriv'd me.
What Reason could you find, insulting Queen,
To make them Captives whom the Gods made
And gave them Souls deserving Liberty ? (free,
As against Nature's Laws we are your Victims,
Against the Right of Nations we're your Cap-
And any way was lawful to fair Liberty, (tives ;
Which we were born for, and for which we'll die.

Queen. That very moment I restor'd your Li-
berty.

Pil. Indeed you did restore it, but on Terms
Impossible to be perform'd by us.

Queen. Why did you then approve them ?

Pil. I never knew them well till I had left
you. (known ?

Queen. A mere Pretence ! Is *Grecian* Faith so
Had not you giv'n that Faith to remain here ?

Pil. But then that Faith was on Conditions
giv'n,
Which soon I found you never could perform.

Queen. Wherefore ?

Pil. Because the Gift you offer'd was no Gift.

Queen. What was no Gift ? The Present
which you priz'd so !

Pil.

60 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

Pil. Had it been real, it had been inestimable.
You only gave me Words, and the vain Promise
Of what the Gods had taken from your Pow'r.

Queen. Surely thou ravest,
Is not *Diana's* Priestess in my pow'r?

Pil. Her Body is ; but tho it be a glorious one
Without her Soul, I would refuse the Treasure :
But Love alone can of her Soul dispose ;
And, without leave obtain'd of you,
The God had frankly done it.

Queen. Ha ! To whom !

Pil. How fain you would extort this Secret
from me ? (extort it.

Queen. How fain I would ! by Heav'n I will

Pil. You never shall ; I know I am to bleed,
And with me too the fatal Truth shall die.

Queen. Then 'tis no Truth, and thou wilt die
a Villain :

Die with the Brand of an ungrateful Traitor,
An odious Hypocrite. (Wrongs,

Pil. To be reveng'd for these opprobrious
I need but tell you what you ask, proud Princess.

Queen. Do it then.

Pil. Will you persist to urge me ?

Queen. I will. The Priestess ! Who has
touch'd her Heart ? (lodg'd.

Pil. In your own Breast the fatal Secret's

Queen. Lodg'd in my Breast !

Pil. Ask, ask your self the Question, who is he
Who finds the way of touching *Scythian* Hearts ?

Queen. Ha ! Gods ! That stings :
Here Guards, withdraw your Pris'ner,

And

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 61

And bring *Diana's* Priestess hither instantly.

[*Exeunt with Pil.*

By yon bright Goddess, he's come off with Ho-
But Oh, the exalted Virtue of his Friend! (nour.
Who freely for his Friend can Life resign,
And for his Mistress can condemn a Crown!
This raises him still more in my Esteem.
It wou'd do, had he made a better Choice.
And is the Priestess then preferr'd to me?
Have I, who have had the Ambition to behold
Admiring Monarchs at my Feet adoring,
Liv'd to reflect, with mortifying Soul,
That I my self, to one unknown, have offer'd,
And been, O Gods! by one unknown refus'd?
And for *Diana's* Priestess too refus'd!
Refus'd! scorn'd! loath'd! Oh how that tears
my Heart!

But if thou hast a Soul, with treble Scorn
Return it: Suffer him to take this Priestess;
And let his despicable Choice revenge thee.
What! must he gain her by the odious Boast,
That he has sacrific'd me to my Creature?
And can I suffer it? I cannot think of it
Without Distraction. But the Priestess comes.

Enter Iphigenia.

So; from whence come you? Ha! whence
these Disorders? (you dumb?

What makes you tremble? And what strikes

Iph. To such a haughty and insulting Look
I have not learnt to answer.

Queen. I look, as it becomes me, on my Slave.

Iph. The Sight of such a Slave should make
you humble,

By

62 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

By shewing you to what Excess of Wretchedness
The Daughter of a mighty King may fall.

Queen. Say, from whence come you? I command you answer.

Iph. I have no pow'r to speak.

Queen. So hasty was your Flight?

Iph. Who must not fly from acting Cruelties,
At which Barbarity it self can melt?

Queen. Oh, how those meek and melting Words
Become the soft and tender Race of *Tantalus*!

Iph. The Race of *Tantalus* has been revengeful:
But yet it ne'er was bloody, unprovok'd.
What have these *Grecians* done to me?

Queen. What had'st thou done t' assembled
Greece at *Aulis*?

What had'st thou done to thy own Father there?
Who to thy Ruin, unprovok'd, consented;
Nay, press'd it, urg'd it.

Iph. My Mother urg'd it not.
I from the Heroines of our Race have learnt
To shew soft Pity. (hast learnt,

Queen. Thou from the Heroines of thy Race
Thou hast, fond Maid, to shew a guiltier Passion.
Oh, how their kind Reception of their Guests
Has made their Names throughout the World
renown'd!

Iph. For an Example of such kind Reception,
Perhaps I need not fly to *Greece*.

Queen. I understand thee well.
Plagu'd by the Terrors of impending Wrath,
Thou would'st provoke and hasten Death, thou
would'st,

And have him swifter that he may be gentler ;
But

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 63

But know, fond Maid, thou shalt not die so easily ;

Think of thy Gratitude to thy Preserver,
And think what that deserves.

Iph. My Preserver !

Queen. Was ever such audacious Insolence ?
Who was it sav'd thee from immediate Death,
At thy Arrival on this Shore of *Tauris* ?

Iph. Would I had been a Man at that Arrival,
For then my Blood had stain'd your cruel Altars !

Queen. O Wretch, ungrateful to that black degree,

As to disown the mighty Obligation,
By which thou liv'st to say thou art not oblig'd !
Wouldst thou insinuate that thy Sex preserv'd thee ?

Iph. Men are the Victims that your Goddess

Queen. Not always. (claims !

Iph. Tradition says so, and your bloody Rites
Are founded on Tradition.

Queen. When she her self declares her awful
Tradition's of no Force. (Will,

But not the feeble Voice of faint Tradition ;
No, the loud Call of the descending Goddess,
Claim'd thee at *Aulis* her devoted Victim,
At least so *Calchas* said.

Iph. The Fraud of *Calchas* plainly she detected,
By suffering me to evade th' inhuman Altar.

Queen. 'Twas *Clytemnestra's* Sacrilege pre-
And not the Goddess ; (serv'd thee,
Who wracking thee on this her sacred Shore,
Strongly appears to re-demand her Fugitive.

Iph. Before these *Grecians* came, you had no
such Thoughts. *Queen.*

Queen. No, thy soft graceful Look, and seeming Innocence,

Inclin'd me to suspect the crafty *Calchas*.

But thy black Guilt appearing with thy Ingrati-
Makes me repent of my mistaken Pity. (*rude,*

Iph. O fatal Pity! rightly term'd mistaken.

True Pity would have suffer'd me to bleed ;

Then I had been at rest in the dark Grave,

With my unhappy Parents !

Not have convers'd with everlasting Woe,

In yon dire Tabernacle of Despair !

For there no smiling Beam of Joy is seen ;

No gladfom Sound is ever heard,

But all is always rueful Lamentation.

Queen. If thou'rt so sensible of this,

Then know that there's a Punishment preparing
for thee,

A Punishment that's worthy thy Perfidiousness.

If 'tis so terrible to see these Sights,

So woeful but to hear these Sounds of Sorrow,

What must it be to act the bloody Office ?

What must it be to one who has a Soul

As soft as thine, as melting ev'n as Mercy ?

Iph. Ah miserable me ! (*cian?*

Queen. To act it, nay, and act it on a *Gre-*

One who himself has only tender Thoughts,

Or only tender Thoughts at least towards thee :

One who perhaps could die for thee, for whom

Perhaps ev'n thou could'st die.

Iph. Ah Gods !

Queen. See how her Soul declares its Weakness,

And now unable to contain its Grief,

Pours forth a Deluge of impetuous Sorrow !

What

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 65

What must it be to think the dreadful Time
Of doing this accursed Deed approaches!
That the next moment thou must stain thy
By going to his Heart a cursed way? (Hands,
While thy Soul hears th' intolerable Sound
Of his last dying Groans, and sees his Eyes;
His trembling dying Eyes, that in Death's cru-
el'st Pangs (rer?

Look kindly up, as if they blest their Murde-
Go bring the eldest of the Captives hither;

[To some of the Guards, who go out.]

Priestess, alone I leave thee with thy Lover,
But know, thy Conference with him must be
short; (him.

And know, that yet 'tis in thy power to save
But let not pass the irrevocable Moment;
Think that the next comes hurrying on, and then
Unless thou first persuad'st him to abandon thee,
Thou shalt behold him to the Altar dragg'd,
Where by thy Hand he dies; and when that's
done,

Thou, Thou shalt by the sacred Steel expire,
Thou the devoted Victim of the Goddess.
Guards! On your Lives, observe them at a dis-
tance. *[Ex. with Train.]*

Iph. Inhuman Queen! Must I not only lose
But must I urge him to forsake me? No, (him,
Alas thou need'st not urge him, that assure thy
For what would'st thou persuade him to? (self;
To avoid Death, and to embrace a Crown?

A little Argument will there prevail.

But the Queen says he loves me, is that true?

No, 'tis the Vision of a jealous Woman.

But say it should be true, forbid it Gods !
Oh should he love me, I must taste of Misery,
Which ev'n in this Extremity I tremble at ;
For I could die for him, and should he love me,
How can I plead against my self successfully ?
How can I e'er find Words that can persuade him
To make another happy ! Curfed Thought !
To make another happy, and me miserable ?
I cannot, I can see him perish first.
Perish ! By whom ! Ah Wretch ! Inhuman
Wretch ! (him ?

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 67

Iph. There is an easier way, at least to you.

Or. Name it.

Iph. I cannot.

Or. Why?

Iph. *Grecians* abhor

That Virgins of Affairs like this should speak;
You have beheld the Queen.

Or. O mention not the Queen, I must not

Iph. Wherefore? (hear you!

Or. Too well, alas, I understand you,
And would not have you name the only thing,
Which I can never grant.

Iph. Then I am lost, for thou art surely lost :
But why should you so cruelly refuse it?

Or. Reason and Justice equally refuse it,
I love another.

Iph. Ha! Then his fatal Moment must deter-
mine, [Aside:

What ground the Queen had for her strange Sus-
You love another? (picion :

Or. O more than Life, you see I love another!

Iph. Whom? (Pow'rs!

Or. That let me hide e'en from her self, ye

Iph. Ha! Why should you conceal it from her?

Or. Ask me no more.

Iph. I must, and you must answer.

Or. She is my mortal Enemy.

Iph. Can any Woman prove a mortal Enemy,
To one who loves like you?

Your Passion known, perhaps had made her kind.

Or. 'Tis to avoid her Kindness I conceal it.

Iph. T' avoid it?

Or. More than ten thousand Deaths I dread
her Kindness. (ness?)

Iph. You love your Enemy, and dread her Kind-

Or. She is by Force, and not by Choice my
Enemy.

She pities me, e'en from her Soul she pities me;
Yet my hard Fate compels her to be cruel to me.
But ye Gods!

How much I suffer from her Pity more,
Than from her Cruelty I e'er can feel!

Iph. O Heaven and Earth! I tremble lest the
Queen

Had but too just a ground for her Suspicion.

[*Aside.*

Or. Who can see her he loves in Grief,
And bear an equal Mind? (Sorrow?)

How might my Passion known, augment her

Iph. But what can force her, since she is so ten-
T'appear your mortal Enemy? (der,

Or. Why should you ask? Your Questions
but disturb me!

Iph. I ask to save you, and I must be answer'd;
Speak, what can force her, since she is so tender,
T'appear your mortal Enemy?

Or. A cruel God! and a more cruel Woman!

Iph. O all ye immortal Pow'rs! [*Aside.*] But
one thing more;

When did you see her last? (must answer.

Or. Ha! Enquire no more, for I no more

Iph. You must, you shall, by Love, and ev'ry
God,

Tell me, I charge you, when you saw her last.

Or.

The Tragedy of Iphigenia, 69

Or. The Man who loves with Violence like
mine,

Always beholds the Object of his Wishes;
She now, e'en now, is present to my Sight.

Iph. Enough; his Tongue has said enough,
too much:

Let me consult his Eyes. Ah, cruel Sight!

[*Aside.*

What hast thou done?

(in me,

Thou hast awak'd ten thousand tender Thoughts
That add fresh Horrors to the dismal Deed.

Or. Confusion! (dream'st not of.

Iph. Oh! thou hast rais'd a Fury that thou
Appease the Queen.

Or. Never, (loves me!

Iph. Gods! Am I doom'd to kill the Man who

Or. Why should a Stranger's Fate cause these
Convulsions? (were forc'd

Iph. Why! Can you ask? Suppose that you
T'embrue your Hands in Blood, wou'd it not

Or. Ha! (shake you?

Iph. Were you compell'd to act a barbarous
Murder,

Wou'd not the very Thought beforehand, say,
Wou'd it not, like a Vulture, gnaw your Heart?

Or. Yours is a Sacrifice, and not a Murder;
And one of the immortal Pow'rs commands it.

Iph. What if a God had laid Commands on
you (obey?

To stain your Hands with Blood, wou'd you
Wou'd Nature suffer you? or if it wou'd,

Cou'd you expect one moment's quiet after-
wards?

70 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

Or. Cruel Remembrance! [*Aside.*

Iph. Would not your Conscience haunt you
Fly ev'ry moment in your Face, (like a Fury?
And plague you into Madness?

Or. Oh, how that stings me! [*Aside.*

Iph. Ha! what, you start, and tremble, and
turn pale!

When the bare mention works on you so terribly,
Can I endure the thing? (mands it,

Or. The Pow'r that you adore, and that com-
Will calm, and will support you. (Deed;

Iph. What if one God commands the dreadful
Perhaps another mightier Pow'r forbids it;
And if I do it, threatens me with Plagues
Not to be borne; no, not to be conceiv'd
Without Despair and Madness:
Which then shall I obey?

Or. Which of the Gods forbids you?

Iph. Thou ask'st me that, to which I dare not
His awful Name's inutterable. (answer;

Or. When came his great Command to you?

Iph. Ev'n now: Attend, and hear his potent

Or. Where? (Voice!

Iph. Here, where amidst Confusion he gives

Or. Here! (Law,

Iph. Here, look and tremble at his Pow'r Di-

Or. Ha! (vine!

Iph. Is he not manifest? Is he not terrible?

Or. Oh Astonishment! (see him,

Iph. If thou art blind, like him, and canst not
Know, that thou feel'st him, wretched Man,
And own'st his dreadful Sway.

Or.

Or. Amazement!

And canst thou be so infinitely miserable,
To love this Object of Divine Displeasure?
Oh this pathetick Silence, how it moves me!
How this Disorder in thy Beauty melts me!
And quite destroys my manlier Resolution?

Iph. Could you see all the Ravage that's
within me!

Could you behold my Heart!—

Or. I have been shewn it; I have seen my
self there;

And in that Sight I saw a World of Woe.

Iph. Think what's to come, imagine me at th'
Altar,

Or. I do, I do, my Soul's entirely there,

Iph. Reflect upon my Looks, reflect upon
my Cries there.

Or. Damnation! What art thou to undergo!
And what must I endure!

Iph. Have mercy then upon your self and me.

Or. O for a Dagger!

That plunging it in my Heart's Blood,
I might to both shew Mercy.

Iph. That Thought's a Dagger; there's ano-

Or. No! (ther way.

My Heart, my Life, my very Soul is yours;
My Honour and my Virtue are the Gods:
They are Depositums entrusted with me;
And I'll, untouch'd, with my last Breath restore
them.

Iph. Help me, support me, for, alas, I die,

[Flat Trumpets.

72 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

Or. From whence that Start ! and these convulsive Tremblings !

Iph. O those accurs'd abominable Sounds !

Or. What mean they ? (gunning ;

Iph. Now, now the impious Rites are just begun
And yon hoarse Cornets, with their dreadful Clangors,

Summon th' Assistants to the dismal Ceremony.

Ah ! See the bloody Messengers of Fate !

See where they come ! Pity my lost Condition,
And be not obstinate in so much Cruelty.

Or. The Gods and Fate are obstinate.

Iph. Instant Destruction seize me, for they

Or. Alas ! you faint. (come !

Iph. Horror has curdled all my Blood within me ;

And my Heart dies within my wretched Bosom.

Or. O Words, that rend my vital Strings asunder !

O Sight not to be borne by one who loves ! (dear !

Let me support thee in these dying Arms,

Come, thou most wretched Maid that seest the Light,

To the cold Arms of the most lost of Men,

[Embraces.

Nay shrink not from me ; yet thou hast no Dagon

O Sweetness in Despair till now unknown ! (dear ;

Thus from ill Fate I force one happier Moment,

Than ever Fortune in her Smiles bestow'd on me ;

But dearly is the short-liv'd Pleasure purchas'd,

For the next Moment, how must we embrace ?

Iph. Oh, Oh, Oh !

Enter Scythians.

Or. She faints, she dies ;

And

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 73

And yet I live and breathe like one insensible.

[He sees the Scythians coming up to him.]
O would but Jove let loose the Hand that plagues
me !

And now, now dash me at one bounteous Blow.

1 Scyth. Grecian, the Queen has sent us to in-
form thee,

That thy Delay has mortally offended her ;
And Death and Vengeance chase thee now in
view,

Here, you must to the Temple guard the Priestess.

[To some of the Guards.]

And you in Iron Bonds must bind the Pris'ner :

[To others.]

Then lead him where the Ministers expect him,
To bind his Temples, and to veil his Eyes.

Or. Stay but one Moment, when a Wretch re-
The only happy Moment I e'er knew. (*quires it,*

1 Scyth. We dare not ; for severely we're for-
bidden.

The *Grecians* who were seen upon the Beach,
With their drawn Weapons now ascend the
Mountain ; *(hands,*

And if thou shouldst be snatch'd from out our
The Queen has sworn by yonder dreadful Altar,
That we shall all of us expire in Torments.

D' y' hear ? We must dispatch ; a second time

[Flat Trumpets,

The Cornets with their mournful Clangors sum-
mon us. *(mand,*

Bind him, you Slaves, when 'tis the Queen's Com-
How dare you stand insensible ?

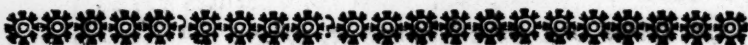
[Iph. throws her Veil over her Eyes.]

Or.

Or. My *Grecians* climbing up the Rock !
 I'd give the World then for a moment's Liberty :
[While they bind him.]

But since it will not be, Hear me, ye Pow'rs !
 I ask not Liberty, I ask not Life,
 I ask not ev'n a Death exempt from Tortures,
 Pour down your Plagues on my devoted Head,
 Torment me, rack me, tear me,
 Torture me any way, unless by torturing her :
 Comfort her poor afflicted Heart, ye Pow'rs !
 And grant, that at our next accursed Meeting,
 Grant, cruel Gods, that mine be all the Pain.

Iph. Break Heart, that we may never meet
 again.



A C T V.

SCENE *the Outward Temple.*

Enter Queen, Priests and Priestesses.

1 *Pr.* **S**AVE us, ye eternal Pow'rs, that save
 the Just.

2 *Priest.* Protect us, great *Diana* !

1 *Priest.* What dismal Night is this ?

2 *Priest.* A dreadful Night indeed !

1 *Priest.* Sure all the Elements will now be
 And 'tis the end of all things. (wrack'd,

Queen. Are you the Sacred Ministers of
 And yet afraid of Thunder ? (Heav'n,

1 *Priest.*

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 75

1 *Priest.* When *Jove's* disturb'd, what Mortal dares be calm?

Queen. I, who am conscious of committing
That may provoke his Anger. (nothing,
Are all things ready? (Image.

Priest. They are, ev'n now th' adorn the fatal

Queen. And is *Diana's* Priestess at the Altar?

Priest. She is, but languishing, and pale, and trembling,

A deadly Horrour has o'ercastr'd her Eyes,

And she is likely to expire

Before the very Victim.

(then,

Queen. Summon the Prisoner to the Altar
And let the Cornets sound th' Alarm of Death.

Bless me, what Shout is that? Sound on, I charge
you:

[Flat Trumpets,

Let nothing interrupt this dreadful Ceremony,
Presumptuous Slave!

Enter Scythian.

Art thou not he who strictly wert commanded

To guide the Victim to the smoaking Altar?

How dost thou dare then, on this fatal Summons,

T' appear without thy Prisoner?

Scyth. Great Queen, provide betimes for your
Security;

For now, ev'n now, before this Sacred Pile,

The *Greeks* and *Scythians* wage a doubtful War.

Queen. Oh! Confusion! Bar the Gates immediately,

And give immediate notice to the Army,

The *Grecians* are without! And is it possible?

How could they force, in spite of your Resistance,

*

Their

Their Passage up the Mountain's steep Ascent?

Scyth. You have heard how first by slow degrees they ascended,

While as they mounted dusky Clouds arose,
And Heaven appear'd to scowl upon th' Attempt,
And lowring blacken'd all their March, while
ours

Upon the Margin of the horrid Summit,
With threatning Darts impatiently expected
them.

But when within our Javelins reach they arriv'd,
Upon the sudden *Jove* declar'd aloud for them.
The dreadful Thunder from behind them roar'd,
While at our *Scythians* Eyes the blasting Light-
ning flew, (fiance,

The *Grecians* with a Shout that breath'd De-
Receiv'd th' auspicious Signal; and the Thunder
Seem'd as an Instrument of War t' excite them.

Hear, ye *Barbarians*! Hear great *Jove*, they cry'd,
Threatning Destruction to your curst Race.

And as the Rocks restor'd the dreadful Cry,
Murmuring they clash'd a formidable Din
Upon their flaming Shields, then shook their
horrid Spears,

Their Spears that bristled with th' amazing Beams
Of the retorted Lightning: Hideous they as-
cended,

As flaming Furies mounting from the Abyss,
While all our *Scythians* look'd like pale Offenders,
When they behold Hell's ghastly Executioners.

Queen. Infamous Slaves!

Scyth. This from the adjacent Turret I beheld,
Where I, great Queen, by your Supreme Com-
mand, Pre-

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Prepar'd the Victim for th' expected Signal.
When lo the third, and the last fatal Time,
The mournful Cornets sound th' Alarm of Death :
When in Obedience to your Sovereign Charge,
I hurrying dragg'd the Victim to his Fate.

Queen. And where have you bestow'd him?

Scyth. Not I, great Queen, but Destiny bestow'd him.

As we were traversing the outward Court,
The *Grecians* that with their portended Spears
Had driv'n our *Scythians* from the Mountain's
Ridge,

And quite o'ercome the Rock's severe Ascent ;
Swift as the Lightning intercept our Passage,
And in a moment snatch the Victim from us.

Queen. And thou'rt alive to tell this?

Scyth. My Life was of importance to your
And therefore I preserv'd it. (Service,
A panick Fear had now dispers'd our *Scythians* ;
Some fell, some fled, but all remain'd disorder'd.
I by this Voice alone retriev'd the Fainting,
Confirm'd the Doubtful, and recall'd the Flying :
Rally'd by me, they still maintain'd their ground,
When I withdrew to inform you of your Danger,
And know your further pleasure.

Queen. O Death to all my Hopes! [*Aside.*]

Return, I charge thee,
If thy Life's dear to thee, with speed return ;
And tell these Scandals to the *Scythian* Race,
That they had better never have been born,
Than e'er behold my Eyes without the Prisoner.
Tell them, they can but die by *Grecian* Hands ;
And if they die by them, they die with Honour,
† And

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And they who die with Honour, die with Pleasure.

But should they owe their Deaths to my Revenge,

Or Thou, O Heaven! that Shout's the Shout of Triumph! [Shout.]

Read in my Eyes the rest, and fly to inform them. [Exit Scyth.]

1 *Priest.* The Gods apparently reject this Sacrifice.

Queen. How durst thou think so? (it.

1 *Priest.* The Prodiges so lately seen, confirm
Scarce had the Night upon her Carr ascending,
Thrown her black Influence round the mourn-
ful Hemisphere,

When a mad Whirlwind's subterranean Blast
Made the Dome tremble from its deep Founda-
tion,

And shook the dreadful Glories of its Spires.
The yawning Vault disclos'd its gloomy Entrails,
And labouring from its inmost Caverns groan'd :
And then a Troop of Ghosts bloody and baleful,
And wonderfully pale, sprung glaring up.

Then vanishing, so ruefully they shriek'd,
That all the ghastful Hollow of the Dome,
Multiplying Horror, dismally resounded.

Upon the sudden, of their own accord,
These massy Gates with jarring Sound flew open,
Grating harsh Thunder on their brazen Hinges ;
And last of all a thundring Voice was heard,
Hear you *Barbarians*, hear you accursed Race !
Th' offended Gods depart from you : and then
Prostrate and trembling on the ground we heard
Th'

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 79

Th' impetuous rushing Sound of their Departure.

Queen. If this be true, [*Aside.*
The fearful Vision of the Night's confirm'd;
And 'tis too plain the Gods reject this Victim,
And loath these barbarous Rites: But say 'tis
true,

Shall this insulting Man return to *Greece*;
And there in Revels with his amorous Dames,
Proudly proclaim the Affront he has offer'd me?
He dies first, if the partial Gods refuse him,
He falls a Victim to Revenge and me,
And my fair Fame, which his Escape would in-
jure;

And then these barbarous Rites for ever cease.
Old Man, 'tis thy Employment in this Temple,
[*To the Priest.*

To offer human Gore to our great Goddess,
And not to interpret the Designs of Fate.
Comes this from holy indigested Luxury?
Or art thou with the *Greeks* confederate grown?
Why should the Gods reveal themselves to thee,
Who hast a groveling and an abject Soul;
Yet hide themselves from me, to whom they
have given

A Spirit, worthy of their great Vicegerent?

Enter Scythian again.

Ha! Art thou then return'd! What do the *Gre-*
cians? (*treat.*)

Scyth. The *Grecians* make a furly slow Re-
Queen. And where's the Victim?

Scyth. Look where the *Scythians* guard him
row'ards the Altar. (*Ways!*)

Queen. You are just, ye Pow'rs, in all your
Now let the Rites begin. [*The*

80 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

[*The flat Scene draws, and discovers the Altar ; Iphigenia on the one side, and Euphrosine on the other, in mourning Postures. The Victim veil'd is introduc'd by flat Trumpets, a Train of Priests and Priestesses and Guards. The Victim is led to, and plac'd at the Altar ; after that, a dreadful Symphony, and then the following Ode.*]

Ode for the Sacrifice. Three Priests, Chorus
 of Priests and Priestesses.

I.

1 Pr. **H**A I L, Great Diana, hear and see,
 Chor. *We sacrifice to thee.*

2 Pr. Hail, Moon, that with thy silver Light,
Govern'st the Empire of the Night,
Look down and see,

 Chor. *We sacrifice to thee.*

3 Pr. And thou the dreadfull'st of the three,
Hail infernal Hecate!
Ascend and see!

 Chor. *We sacrifice to thee.*

II.

Thee, Great Diana, Thee,
Goddess renown'd for Chastity,
Thee first of all we invoke,
To see us strike the fatal Stroke
On him, who with a Heart profane
Thy very Altars sought to stain.
Thy Presence open'd the dark Womb,
And gave him Entrance to the Light ;
Thy Presence too must open the sad Tomb,
And send him to Eternal Night.

III.

III.

Chor. Thee, Goddess, thee we all invoke
To see us strike the fatal Stroke.

2 Pr. Thou Moon, that with thy Silver Light
Govern'st the Empire of the Night;
Thee, Goddess, thee we next invoke,
To see the fatal Stroke.

As Horror thou art pleas'd to see,
Horror loves to gaze on thee.
Each Fiend, and ev'ry ghastly Spright
That so abhors thy Brother's Ray,
Yet oft forsakes eternal Night
To revel in thy paler Day.

Chor. Thee, Goddess, thee we next invoke,
Look down and see the fatal Stroke.

IV.

2 Chor. She sees, she sees, a gloomy Red
Has half her glowing Face o'erspread.
But oh behold, o'er half her Light
Some Charm diffuses gloomy Night;
It must be some Thessalian Charm,
Sound, sound your Trumpets, give th' Alarm;
Let the Clangors reach the Sky,
Till her native Brightness comes,
Beat your Timbrels, beat your Drums,
And let the Victim die.

V.

3 Pr. But hold, till lastly thee,
Infernal Hecate,
Queen of Furies, we invoke;
Ascend and see the fatal Stroke.
Ascend from everlasting Night,
Blasting Nature with the sight.

VI.

*She comes, she cleaves the trembling Ground,
 And spreading Horror all around,
 Doubly dyes the misty Air ;
 Her dark and grieved Features fright
 The coal-black Steeds that drag the Night,
 And Nature's Centinels they scare.
 Hark how with dreary Shriek the Owl,
 And frightened Wolves with dreadful Howl,
 Her dire Approach declare.*

*Chorus. She's here, her Guard of Furies see,
 And Furies now as great are we ;
 Her Spirit rages in our Souls,
 And in our frantick Eyes it rolls.
 To the dismal Deed she's come to excite us,
 And nothing but Blood can delight us ;
 Give us Blood, give us Blood,
 Give us a Flood,
 Let it flow, let it flow,
 Strike, strike the fatal Blow.*

[A Shout just as the Ode ends.

Queen. Oh Insolence, audacious, insupportable !

*Look out and see who 'tis that dares disturb
 The Execution of this dreadful Ceremony.*

Enter Messenger.

*Mess. Great Queen, provide betimes for your
 Security,*

*The Greeks returning, bear down all before them,
 And the next moment will invest the Temple.*

Queen. Are all the Gates made fast ?

Mess.

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Meff. They're all with Bars of solid Brass
secur'd. (thy Duty.

Queen. Then I'll prevent them; Priests do
Iph. Goddess, look down, thy Priests is thy
Victim.

*[Offers to stab her self, the Victim throws off
his Veil, and wrests the Knife from her,
discovering himself to be Pilades; at the
same time speaking as follows.]*

Pil. Oh hold, 'tis Sacrilege to strike that
Stroke,

Thy Beauties are the darling Care of Heav'n;
Look up, and see the Wonder it has wrought
On purpose to preserve them.

Queen. May I believe my Eyes? Amazing

Euph. Miraculous Events! (Sight!

Pil. Thou thought'st to die for the dear Man
thou lov'st,

And I, alas, am come to die for him.

Iph. O all ye Pow'rs, whose Wisdom rules
the Universe,

Let me adore the Wonders of your Providence!

Queen. Revenge thy injur'd Handmaid, great
Diana!

Revenge thy injur'd self; we're both betray'd,
By my own faithless Subjects we're betray'd.

Pil. No, cruel Queen, thou seest I'm come
And satisfy you both. (to die,

Queen. Where is thy Friend?

Pil. Where! at the Head of his victorious

Queen. Oh cursed Fate! (Grecians.

What brought thee here, to suffer in his stead?

84 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

Pil. Agreement with your *Scythians*, and De-
fire

To save the only Man of all the World,
That's fit to be a Friend, by gaining time
Enough for his Embarkment.

Queen. What hast thou said? Agreement with
my *Scythians*! (to it?)

Oh the vile Traitors! Why should they agree

Pil. To save themselves. (from them,

After our *Greeks* had forc'd my God-like Friend
They who soon found their Victim irretrievable,
And knew what Torments they must undergo,
Unless they could make you think they had
retriev'd him;

They who with Wonder had beheld the Pow'r
Of Sacred Friendship in my Friend and me,
To my Apartment came half dead with Fear,
Where they inform'd me of our *Grecians* Valour,
Your Threats, their Baseness, and my Friend's
Escape: (ment,

I knowing 'twould gain time for his Embark-
Propos'd that I should represent and die for him.

Queen. How cam'st thou to the Altar thus
unbound? (them.

Pil. 'Twas upon that Condition I agreed with
Death for my Friend I eagerly embrac'd,
But the coarse Treatment of a Slave
My free-born Soul disdain'd.

Euph. Was ever any thing so great?

Iph. And yet so tender and so true?

Queen. Thou hast deceiv'd me, *Grecian*, but
so nobly,

That Truth's not half so beauteous as thy Fraud;
What

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 85

What pity 'tis that thou must die
For such a God-like Action!

Euph. Die! must he die for it? [To Iph.]

Iph. Forbid it, all ye Pow'rs!
Ye who your selves inspir'd this wondrous Virtue;
By me, at least, he ne'er shall die.

Queen. But die thou must;
Our sacred Rites, and great Revenge require it.
Priestess, do thy Office.

Iph. Oh never, never! (trembling,

Queen. Ah, miserable Creature! think with
What Vengeance thou art drawing on thy Head:
But the time presses, I shall be prevented,
Take thou the sacred Steel, and strike the Blow.

[To another Priestess.]

Scyth. Make way for the Elder of the Cap-
Make way. (tives there,

Queen. For the Elder of the Captives!

[As the other Priestess is going to strike,
Orestes enters, runs between the Dagger
and Pilades, and embraces him.]

Or. He lives, he lives, I have him in my Arms;
This Turn, ye Pow'rs, has made amends for all.

Queen. Confusion! I am lost, the Greeks are
Strike thro them both. (here,

Iph. Ah, cruel Sight! Ah, Gods, I cannot
bear it.

Thus let me intercept the barbarous Blow.

[As the other Priestess goes to strike, Iphigenia
interposes.]

Queen. O Death and Vengeance! Her, her
Heart transfix.

Priest. Whole? the chief Priestess?

86 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

Queen. Hers; lift thy executing Arm, haste,
strike ;

I'm lost, undone, on every side betray'd,
And the next moment we shall be prevented.

Or. O hurt not her, by Heav'n and Earth I
adjure you,

For I am come alone, and come to die.

Queen. What say'st thou? 'Tis impossible.

Or. 'Tis certain.

Queen. Wert thou not rescu'd by thy Friends?

Or. I was.

Queen. Hast thou been retaken then by our
Scythians? (Victors.

Or. Your *Scythians* are dispers'd, and we are

Queen. Where are thy *Grecians* then?

Or. Upon the horrid Summit of the Cliff,
By my Command, obsequiously they wait.

Queen. How got you entrance?

Or. At the Iron Wicket of the Postern, where
Arm'd with a hundred Javelins, Death stands
Centry,

And none can there unlicens'd pass'd and live.

Queen. What brought thee to this fatal Place

Or. I come to die. (alone?

Queen. Thou com'st to die! the Conqueror
comes to die! (*Scythians,*

Or. After our *Greeks* had forc'd me from your
And the short Fury of the Fight was past;
As soon as the Retreat we slowly made,
Had giv'n me time for Thought;
My Joy soon vanish'd all, for soon I found
That I had left all that I held most precious,
All that was dear to my afflicted Soul,

Ev'n

Ev'n in the Jaws of Fate :
Strait I prevail'd upon my valiant Friends
T' attempt a second Rescue.
Then to my Friend's Apartment we all flew,
To force his Guards; the Guards indeed we
forc'd,

But him we found not : there I grew inform'd
Of his deplorable, tho God-like Purpose;
That his inimitable Love for me
Made him to a bloody Doom devoted stand,
At these inhuman Altars.

Swift as a Storm we hurried to the Temple;
But when I found the Massy Gates all barr'd,
The dreadful Rites begun, and my poor Friend
At the Altar, and about to breathe his last,
To breathe his last for me :

Witness ye Pow'rs, that I thought I could not bear,
With rigorous Commands I enjoin'd my Friends
To leave me to the adverse Gods and Fate.

For Gods and Fate cry'd out that I must bleed,
Or else surviving ev'ry minute die.

My Friends unwilling, yet with Tears obey'd;
And here alone the Conqueror's come to die,

Queen. Unheard-of Friendship!

Euph. Unexampled Faith!

Iph. O Constancy Divine!

Queen. Was ever seen so great a Sight
Of glorious Woe before!

Euph. to *Iph.* Courage, my Princess, for the
Gods declare for us,

They are here among us: they are manifest;
For these are plainly more than human Actions.

88 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

Queen. I am o'ercome, I yield, y' Almighty Powers;

To hurt such a Virtue, were to touch your selves;
Such Virtue is Divinity.

Here, set them free immediately.

Pr. Whom?

Queen. The Grecians.

Pr. Both?

Queen. Both. (Rites?

Pr. Then, where's the Victim for our solemn

Queen. The Goddess has her self declar'd her

Pr. Whom? (Victim.

Queen. Enquire no more, but set thy Prisoners

Pr. They are free. (free.

Queen to *Or.* *Grecian,* I need not be ashamed
to own

That I am charm'd by thy exalted Virtue;
Th' immortal Powers themselves are fond of less.
Twice in one Night has it prevail'd upon me
To give thee Life, to give thee Liberty;
But since thou shew'st thou valuest not thy own,
I here bestow thy Friend's upon thee too.

Or. From my Soul I thank you! (quires

Queen. But Custom, which is *Scythian* Law, re-
That they whom my Prerogative sets free,
Must become *Scythians* by espousing *Scythians*,
Or——

Or. But Liberty in that too will be necessary.

Queen. As free as is the Wind shall be thy
Choice:

Thou shalt be forc'd in nothing, yet permit me
To give thy Wife a Dowry worthy thee.
Thy Soul's surpassing Greatness I admire!

Which

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 89

Which Heaven, that form'd it, sure design'd for
Empire ;

Accept of mine, thy wiser nobler Sway
Will polish these Barbarians into Men.

Thine are the vast extended Plains of *Tauris* ;
My self, my Subjects, Men and Women, all
Shall govern'd be by thy unbounded Sway ;
The Sovereign Partner of thy Royal Bed
Among a thousand *Scythian* Beauties chuse,
And make her happy who's most worthy thee.

Iph. Then I am lost again. [Aside.

Pil. Art thou not mov'd? (words

Or. Amaz'd, confounded, Gods! Are these the
Of a Barbarian, of a savage *Scythian*?

But, be she what she will,

Such generous Passion I ne'er knew till now,
No, not in *Greece* ; but Oh its artful Modesty!

Queen. What no Reply?

My Present sure deserves at least your Thanks.

Or. Oh! It deserves much more than I can pay!

Oh! It deserves my Heart, my very Soul!

And now, ev'n now I ought to be beheld

Paying my Adorations at your Feet,

And off'ring all my self with fervent Vows.

But Oh! have pity on so lost a Creature,

Who has no Heart, no Soul, no Vows to pay,

Who has given all these, who has given himself

A voluntary Slave, one so accurs'd, (away

That tho he mortally detests Ingratitude,

Yet wants the Power, nay wants the very Will

To pay th' immense Acknowledgment he owes.

Queen. Suppose some God should free you
from this Passion?

Or.

Or. I wish not to be free. (ment free,

Queen. Yet put the Case you were this Mo-
Might I expect to find you grateful then?

For, *Grecian*, I am loth to think you hate me.

Or. Hate you! O Heav'n! of all your lovely
You I esteem, and you I most admire; (Sex
Should I say more, I basely should deceive you.
To wrong you in that nature, that indeed
Would be the height of black Ingratitude.

For all my softer Thoughts another claims;

Who, tho the tenderest of her gentle Sex,

Yet has a Tyrant's Force upon my Soul.

But were I not prevented by that Passion,

Now prostrate at your Feet you should behold

Prouder to obey your absolute Commands (me,

Than to controul th' extended Plains of *Tauris*.

Queen. May I believe thee?

Or. Yes, could I have resolv'd to say what's false,
You had heard a Falshood that would more
have pleas'd you.

Queen. But swear.

Or. Propose the Oath. (escap'd,

Queen. Swear by the dreadful Altar you have

Or. By this tremendous Altar then I swear.

Queen. This Altar then shall free thee from a
Passion

That's so unworthy thee: here take the Priestess,

[To the Ministers.

For her the Goddess has declar'd her Victim;

Here, take her, bind her, drag her to the Altar,

And in her Bosom plunge the sacred Steel,

Pr. O Heaven! The Priestess!

Or. Impious Proposal!

Pil.

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 91

Pil. Think not that we will e'er endure that
Sight.

Queen. Think not that you'll endure it !
Think where you are ;
You both are in my power. (own ;

Pil. They who dare die are always in their
Our Breasts shall intercept th' accursed Blow.

Queen. Guards, 'tis your Duty to take care of
that. (her.

Or. No barbarous Power can force us to survive

Queen. Die then, and prove the Plagues which
for the Perjur'd

The direful Goddesses prepare below ;
As soon as she expires, thou to be mine
Hast by th' inviolable Altar sworn.

Or. In what a Maze, O Fate, am I entangled !
But think, reflect, by all the Gods I adjure you,
And Oh regard that lovely dying Face,
Meek and resign'd in these extremest Sufferings,
Oh look and stop th' abominable Blow !
Mercy, sweet Mercy will it self
Be murder'd by that Blow,

Look, cast your Eyes around, behold a Sight
Enough to dissolve Flint, see these Barbarians
Whole Eyes have been inur'd to ghastly Murder,
Whose Crimson Arms are dy'd with horrid Gore,
Ev'n they dissolve, they melt, their Eyes shed
Tears,

Those cruel Eyes that never wept before.
Look how they're seiz'd with sudden Horror all !
But above all look up, behold your Goddess !
Think that you see her, with a wrathful Frown,
Denouncing Plagues on your devoted Heads !

Think

Think that already her avenging Arms
Are lifted, and prepare the dreadful Judgments
That must be pour'd on this accursed Race ;
Revenging, with its utter Extirpation,
Her Priestess murder'd, and her Shrine profan'd.

Pr. Scythians, 'tis true ;

These Judgments we must fearfully expect,
If we lay impious Hands upon the Priestess.

All Scyth. Unbind the Priestess, set her free
immediately. *(Grecians hear!)*

Queen. Hear me first, *Scythians*, and you *Grec-
Scythians*, what slavish Doubt has seiz'd your
Souls ? *(Grecians!)*

What fear you ? To provoke the dreadful God-
This is her Victim ; she her self has claim'd her ;
Nay, and with so much Vehemence has claim'd
her,

She left th' Immortal Mansions of blest Beings
On purpose to demand her, and too long
This Priestess has already liv'd devoted to her,
I till this hour, forgive it awful Goddess,
I by a tender Weakness mov'd, preserv'd her ;
And Heaven best knows how I have been re-
warded.

Now for you, *Grecians*, you too shall be satisfy'd.

Pil. No, never, if she dies.

Queen. Yes, tho she dies ; for when you know
this Priestess,

You will your selves demand and urge her Fate :
At least if you're the Sons of those brave *Grecians*
Who carry'd their heroick Arms to *Asia*,
And with a thousand Sail beleagu'rd *Troy*.
With one accord your Fathers urg'd her Fate,
Nay

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 93

May her own Father to the Altar doom'd her,
Because the severe Goddess had exacted her.

Pil. May I believe my Sense? Am I awake!

Or. O all y' Immortal Powers! How am I
tortur'd

By the fierce Pangs of wondrous Expectation!

Queen. But Death, by her Mother's Artifice,
she escap'd,

While a young *Lesbian* Slave in Shape and Size
And Age resembling hers, in a long Veil
Was at the Altar offer'd in her stead.

Or. Support me, Gods! Support me!

Queen. Why dost thou thus exclaiming inter-
rupt me? (you!

Or. Oh! I have most amazing things to tell
But first important Questions I must ask:

I have important things t' enquire of her.

And *Queen*, assure thy self, on what I say,

Thy Peace, thy lasting Happiness depends.

Queen. Speak, but be short then, what are the
Gods doing!

Or. Say then, poor, lost, abandon'd Virgin, say,
Didst thou from bleeding at a *Grecian* Altar,

By thy fond Mother's Artifice, escape? (for it;

Iph. I did, and thank the Gods a thousand times
By that Escape I have liv'd to die for thee.

Or. Talk not of Death, alas, but answer me:
O thou art sure the darling Care of Providence,
And it has wrought prodigious things to save thee!
How comes it that thy strange Escape, in *Greece*
Was never heard or talk'd of?

Iph. Of *Grecians* only my two wretched Pa-
rents

Were

94 *The Tragedy of Iphigenia.*

Were conscious to it, and you this Night inform'd me

They sadly both by a dire Fate expir'd.

Or. O Miracle of Providence! O Transport!

Iph. My Sisters both were in their Infancy,
My Brother scarce had seen the seventh Summer.

Or. By Heav'n and Earth it can be none but she,
See *Helen's* Form upon that lovely Front!

[Aside.]
Answer but one thing more, say from what Altar
Didst thou escape, and by what Artifice?

Iph. Alas, 'tis a long Story,
And my weak Spirits, by my Grief oppress'd,
Will let me say no more;

But in my Cabinet at large 'tis written:
Yet grant me this, my first and last Request,
To Greece transport the Writing. *(lost;*

Or. Talk not of Writings, Writings may be
But tell me in a word what I must say,
What and to whom? *(Argos,*

Iph. Inform my Friends and Kindred then at
That the forlorn abandon'd *Iphigenia*—

Or. O supreme *Jove*, whose Providence has
wrought this! *(ven,*

Iph. What makes you lift your Eyes to Hea-
And starting thus exclaim?

Or. Was ever Vision of the Night so strange,
So wonderful as this! Say on, say on.

Iph. Tell them at *Argos*, that poor *Iphigenia*,
Whom fondly they believ'd at *Aulis* sacrific'd,
Escap'd the Altar there; but that the Goddess
Upon the Shore of *Tauris* found her Victim.
And wish, O wish my Brother, my *Orestes*,
A much more gentle Fate! *Or.*

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 95

Or. Thus, thus, thy Brother, thy *Orestes* thanks thee.

[*Embraces.*

Iph. My Brother! Oh!

Or. My dearest Sister!

Iph. Can it be true? (me?

Or does my Sense, grown wild with Grief, delude

Queen. Her Brother! is it possible! her Brother!

(of *Argos.*

Euph. Her Brother! and the powerful King

Queen. Is't possible? O the transporting Joy!

Impetuous Flood of unexpected Rapture!

Whether I live or no, I cannot tell.

Haste, *Scythians*, haste, upon your Knees unbind her.

(tuous Slaves,

Pil. Hold off your barbarous hands, presume—
And let a Prince be honour'd with that Task.

[*Unbinds her.*

Or. O Queen! O Friend! O Sister!

Was ever Night like this!

(store:

Pil. Thus to these lovely Limbs I Liberty re-

O would but the good Gods and she consent

That I for ever might remain a Captive!

Queen to Iph. Canst thou forgive me all this
cruel Usage,

Of which Love only could have made me guilty?

Canst thou, thou tenderest of all Human Kind?

Iph. Can you so much as ask it? All my Soul

Is to transporting Tenderness resign'd.

Queen. Thou art all Goodness; in this strict
Embrace

Let all Unkindness be forgot for ever. (Heaven

Or. Now, how shall we pay equal Thanks to
For this so great, so wonderful Deliverance?

Chiefly

Chiefly with flaming Zeal our Thanks to thee,
To thee our Thanks we pay, Divine *Apollo* !

And thy unerring Oracle adore.

Next, let me pay my Debt to thee, my *Pilades*,
And with the best of Sisters let me bless

The kindest, truest, and the best of Friends :

She cannot now be mine, and ne'er shall be another's ;

Take her my Friend, thou art my very self,
The other dearer half of thy *Orestes*.

Take her, and with her take ten thousand Joys,
All the high Raptures thy fierce Passion promises.
Thou answer'ſt not !

Pil. Oh, I want Breath to speak, I die with
Extasy!

And my tumultuous Thoughts above all Words
Here let me with dumb Eloquence express 'em,
Here pour out the abundance of my Soul.

[Kissing her Hand.

Or. And next to you, Great Queen, I pay
my Acknowledgments,

And now with Joy accept this Realm of *Tauris*,
That at your Feet you may behold a Slave
With two Imperial Sceptres.

And now prepare to leave this barbarous Clime,
Here but by Deputy henceforward reign,

The Gods such Worth design'd to govern *Greece*,
To shine the Glory of the bravest Nation,

**And give Example to a Race of Heroines,
Who have Force to follow so sublime a Pattern.**

**Your Goddess is the Partner of your Voyage,
Whose Image Great *Apollo's Delphick* Oracle**

Has with reiterated Voice demanded.

Queen.

The Tragedy of Iphigenia. 97

Queen. The Prodigies of this stupendous Night,
And Vision of the last, confirm that Oracle.

With me the Goddess shall to Greece remove,
And these inhuman Rites shall cease for ever.

Or. The Gods are good, and Lovers of Man-
kind;

And that Religion that allows of Cruelty
Is not divine, but impious and abominable.

Lastly our Thanks once more we pay to thee,

Son of Immortal Jove, Divine Apollo,

Who hast made good thy bounteous Oracles:

We are preserv'd, and mighty Love preserves us.

Now, from this wondrous Night let Mortals learn,

When in Obedience to the Gods they tread

The doubtful Paths of Destiny, to affront

The dreadfulest Dangers with a dauntless Spirit.

Let them not ev'n in worst Extremes despair;

For while they keep to Virtue's narrow Paths,

With Guards invincible they march surrounded.

The Gods who surely guide them on the way,

From them no more than from themselves can

For Virtue's of Divinity a Ray. (stray,)



EPILOGUE, by Col. Codrington.

O UR Bard shall end to-night as he began,
Prologue, Play, Epilogue shall speak the Man,
Shew a more Tragick Poet if you can.

With Pride he owns that he would gain your Hearts,

But he will use no little Whorish Arts.

Vol. II.

G

With

With Pride he owns, that 'tis his glorious Aim
 To court and to possess the Tragick Dame.
 How can he court, or how can he possess,
 Who shames the Goddess by a foreign Dress?
 That decks her like a trivial merry Muse,
 Or a rank Strumpet, strolling from the Stews.
 Yet thus disguis'd she oft has here been shown,
 To all her genuine Votaries unknown,
 Yet still you thought the morly Garb her own.
 Oft have you seen her with the Comick Muse,
 Walk hand-in-hand, Grimace and Posture use,
 Debase her Majesty, and Terror lose.
 What needs such Art your kind Applause to win?
 What need such Farce to drive away your Spleen?
 Who thus are pleas'd, have Farce enough within.
 Our Bard resolves to steer a diff'rent Course,
 And travel upwards to the Grecian Source;
 Where he at first saw the chaste awful Maid,
 And with observing Eyes her Charms survey'd.
 Those Charms he would with a bold Hand express,
 Nor make them fainter by an English Dress.
 To please the Great, the Gen'rous, and the Fair,
 Shall ever be his Pride, and be his Care.
 Next he would stand the knowing Critick's Test,
 To Fortune unconcern'd he leaves the rest:
 For well he knows the Ignorant and the Base
 Scatter in waste their Censure and their Praise.





Liberty Asserted:

A

TRAGEDY,

As it is Acted at the

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IN

Little Lincolns-Inn-Fields.



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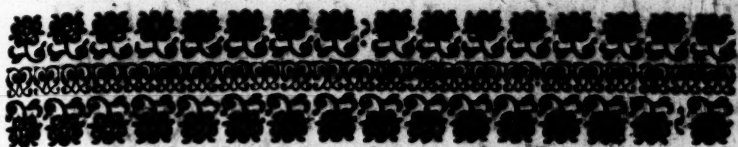
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T O

Anthony Henley Esq;

S I R,

T HIS Play of Liberty Asserted,
 is by the Right of Nature Yours,
 not only as You are a zealous Lover
 of your Country, and a generous
 Assertor of Liberty, but as it owes its Birth
 and its very Being to You. For it was You,
 Sir, who gave the happy Hint upon which
 this Poem was form'd; from You, as from a
 Source of noble Sentiments, it descended to me,
 and 'tis from me that with a just Ambition it
 ascends to You.

G 3

If

If I had had the *Happiness* to be nearer to You during the time that I was writing this Tragedy; if, as I at first receiv'd the *Hint* from You, I could have receiv'd your Instructions about the Design and the Working of the Scenes, the Faults in this Poem had then been fewer, and the Present more worthy You. But I know that the Nobleness of your English Principles will oblige you to excuse its Faults, on consideration of the just Intention with the which it was writ; and that was no less than to do good to your Country; to open the Eyes of deluded Men, to inspire them with the Love of Liberty, and unite and animate them against the Common Foe of Europe. But yet, if at last I did not flatter my self that this Play had many more Beauties than Faults, you should be the very last Person to whom I would chuse to address it. If you appear to be of the same Opinion, I have gain'd the chief Ends which I propose to my self in Writing, and that is to do a little Good, to distinguish my self by what I write, and by those to whom I address my self. I shall look upon your Approbation as a glorious Earnest of Fame, for Truth will be sure at last to prevail; and that
which

which we call Taste in Writing, is nothing but a fine Discernment of Truth. But as Truth must be always one, and always the same to all who have Eyes to discern it; he who pleases one of a true Taste at first, is sure of pleasing all the World at last. But I, who have sometimes had the Honour to hear you talk of Criticism, have been a long time thoroughly convinc'd that from an Intimacy with the Antients, and a just Knowledge of the Moderns, you have form'd that fine and admirable Taste, which is so rarely found among us. But I ought to consider that while I commend it, I may perhaps displease it, and ought in discretion to say no more. I am,

S I R,

Your most Humble

and most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.



PROLOGUE,

Spoke by Mr. Betterton.

THIS of deep Tragedies is sure the Age,
 When Mars each day displays with swelling
 Rage
 His bloody Scenes upon the World's great Stage.
 Ye Britons, from your Thames's Silver Flood
 Turn, turn your Eyes to Streams distain'd with
 Blood;
 And to discover Scenes of mortal Woe,
 Survey the Rhine, the Danube, and the Po.
 No fancy'd Tragedies are acting there,
 There the distracted Native rends his Hair,
 And shrieks and wrings his Hand in true Despair.
 While no vexatious Grievs to you are known,
 But here you meet t' attend our pleasing Moan,
 And gently sigh with Sorrow not your own.
 By grateful Turns, with Fear and Pity seiz'd,
 And when most terrify'd, are then most pleas'd;
 But Tragick Scenes may come where this Delight
 Shall yield to Horror and to mortal Fright:

When

When impious Mars shall with a dreadful Roar
 Descend to visit pale Britannia's Shore.
 Already Treason whispers, Come away;
 And clamorous Discord cries, Make no delay.
 That Hour would shew a Tragedy indeed,
 Whose sad Spectators would not weep, but bleed.
 Which to prevent all Patriots should contend,
 These Scenes were wrought to serve so just an End;
 To shew our inbred Foes, e'er 'tis too late,
 That they and theirs must share the common Fate.
 For France its Blood exhausts, its Wealth expends
 To obtain its own, and not our Plotters Ends.
 They who their Country for themselves enthrall,
 Will see themselves and Children with it fall.
 Would they reflect on this while yet they may,
 Themselves and Children they would ne'er betray,
 As in the following Scenes we shew to-day.
 For what remains——
 To please and to instruct we've done our best;
 Then boldly let us make this just Request,
 With silent Care to the first Act attend,
 Then you with Pleasure may perhaps unbend.



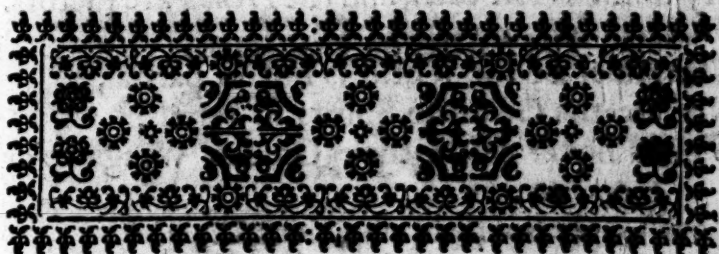
Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Frontenac</i> , Governor of New <i>France</i> .	}	Mr. Bowman.
<i>Miramont</i> , his Kinsman.		Mr. Betterton.
<i>Beaufort</i> , General of the Eng- lish that come to the As- sistance of the <i>Iroquois</i> a- gainst the <i>French</i> .	}	Mr. Powell.
<i>Ulamar</i> , General of the five Nations of the <i>Iroquois</i> .		Mr. Booth.
<i>Zepharior</i> , Head of the An- gians, one of the five Na- tions of the <i>Iroquois</i> .	}	Mr. Freeman.
<i>Arimat</i> , an <i>Angian</i> .		
Two Ambassadors.		
Officers, Guards, Messengers.		

W O M E N.

<i>Sakia</i> , Mother to <i>Ulamar</i> .	Mrs. Barry.
<i>Irene</i> , Daughter to <i>Zepharior</i> .	Mrs. Bracegirdle.
<i>Okima</i> , Confident to <i>Sakia</i> .	Mrs. Porter.



Liberty Asserted.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Angie *in* Canada.

Sakia and Okima.

Sak.



PEAK on,

Thy Looks seem big with something that's important.

Okim. Then briefly thus:

Beaufort, that jointly with your valiant Son,
Led forth his *English*, and our *Iroquois*,
To stop th' Incursions of the *French* and *Hurons*,
Is just from our Confederate Troops arriv'd.

Sak. Alas! how fares my *Ulamar*?

Okim. Before the Sun, which now declines,
is set,

You may expect to hear it from himself,
For *Beaufort* left him just prepar'd to follow.

Sak.

Sak. Now the great Mind be praised!
My Son has lost then, and the *French* are Victors.

Okim. No, my *Sakia*,
The Ruler of the World is not so partial,
Nor are the Guardian Spirits so remiss,
Which hover with their Golden Wings o'er
Canada:

Your lovely Son, th' auspicious *Ulamar*,
No less the Darling is of Heav'n than ours.
A thousand *French* and *Hurons* pale and breath-
less,

Extended on yon Plain, proclaim him Victor;
And in the bloody Bus'ness of the Day,
No single Arm dealt Fate so much as *Ulamar's*.

Sak. Ah! wretched me! thou hast rouz'd all
Okim. How, my *Sakia*? (my Griefs.
Is your Son's Triumph then become your Grief?
His Death had been your Joy then!

Sak. Ah no! thou know'st I dote upon my
Ulamar:

And when the Graces of his Mind and Person,
With Reason's Eye severely I survey,
Reason severely judging, yet assures me
That I have cause for all the Mother's Fondness:
Yet know, my *Okima*,
His Death and Victory I fear'd alike.

Okim. You utter Mysteries beyond my reach.

Sak. Thou knowest my Son, that with the
generous *Beaufort*

Now leads the bloody *Iroquois* to Battel,
No *Iroquois* by Birth, no Native is of *Angie*.

Okim. I know you both indeed by Birth are
Hurons.

Sak.

Sak. *Hurons* we once were call'd, and once
were thought
To be descended from no vulgar Stock,
But now, alas! are sunk to wretched Slaves.

Okim. To Slaves, *Sakia*!
Your Son at least has other Sentiments.

Sak. Howe'er alas, my Son may be deceiv'd,
I am a Slave, a miserable Slave;
Who far remov'd from my sweet native Soil,
Far from the dearer Partner of my Heart,
Have for twelve tedious Years been now confin'd

To drag the galling Yoke of loathsome Life,
In this accursed Place:
A Burden which I never could support,
But that I had some glimpse of Hope remaining;
That cruel Fortune might at length relent,
And might at length restore me with my *Ulamar*,
To the dear Partner of my faithful Heart.
Those Hopes have lately been reviv'd and animated

By the Prophetick Visions of the Night,
And Expectation of this fatal Action;
But this Relation has o'erthrown them all:
My Son's mistaken Valour has undone us,
And thou, O *Miramont*, art lost for ever!

Okim. Forget your *Hurons*, and become an
Angian.

Sak. O may the whole accursed Race by Fate
Be rooted ev'n from Human Memory!
Perish their very Names too with their Persons,
Excepting thine, for thou art wondrous good.

Okim.

Okim. *Sakia*, you forget;
To curse your Benefactors thus, is impious.

Sak. To curse our mortal Enemies is just.

Okim. The *Angians* are your Friends and your
Defenders.

Sak. My Country's mortal Enemies are mine.

Okim. *Iroquian Angie* is your Country now.

Sak. My Prison never can be call'd my Coun-
try.

Okim. The *Angians* gave you liberty at first;
The hour that made you Captives, saw you free.

Sak. Why am I then with my unhappy Son
Detain'd e'er since in this detested Clime,
Enjoying nothing but the Name of Liberty,
Which hourly brings the thing to my Remem-
brance,

And makes the Yoke of Slav'ry wring me more?
Know that I am not deluded by a Word,
And ev'n this Shadow of the *Angians* Favour
Is due to the Request of generous *Beaufort*;
For he the fatal Expedition led,
To which I owe this long Captivity,
To which I owe a twelve Years mortal Woe,
Confin'd by barbarous *Iroquois* to *Angie*;
Which may just Heav'n by sharpest Plagues re-
venge!

Okim. You curse the Victors, Heav'n has
curs'd the Vanquish'd.

Sak. Now they are Conquerors, I'll hate
them more. (we owe;

Okim. Think that our Conquest to your Son
Then curse us if you can.

Sak. Therefore the barbarous *Iroquois* I curse.

Okim.

Okim. Upon your Son's account you ought to
bless us,

Think on our Bounties heap'd upon his Head.

Sak. Think on the Trophies by his Valour
won,

With which tenfold your Bounty he repays.

Okim. 'Tis to our Favour that he owes his
Glory,

(Year,
Which, tho he scarce has reach'd his twentieth
Surpasses that of all our antient Warriors.

Sak. 'Tis by his Glory you exist, but he
To Fortune and himself his Glory owes,
And the Instructions of the generous *Beaufort*.

Okim. Leading our Forces, he acquir'd his

Sak. Yes, against the *Hurons*; (Fame.
Our Obligations there indeed are great,
For causing him to turn his fatal Sword
Upon the bleeding Bowels of his Country,
And its Confederate Friends the warlike *French*,
Who for strong Reasons ought to be most dear
to him. (French,

Okim. Poorly your partial Mind affects the
While he detests the false perfidious Race,
And threatens to extirpate all those gay,
But rank and filthy Weeds from *Canada*;
Which lately crept usurping thro the Corn,
T' oppress the genuine and the noble Seed.

Sak. Thou know'st him not, he's ignorant of
himself,

And both are blind alike; but one day Fate
Will dissipate th' impenetrable Cloud
That now obscures his Sight, and then too late
His fond and fatal Error he'll detest.

Okim.

Okim. But why!

For he who does his Duty, first must know it.

Sak. But this he knows at present, that the
French

Are strictly to his Countrymen ally'd.

Okim. He owns no Country but *Iroquian Angie*,
Who to the *French* must prove eternal Foes.

Sak. Time will instruct him better.

Okim. Yes, for our *Angie* will become to-mor-
His Country by a stricter dearer Tie. (row

Sak. What meanest thou?

Okim. A Tie that will for ever fix him ours.

Sak. Explain thy self. (his,

Okim. To-morrow's Sun will see that Beauty
For whom the loveliest of our *Indian* Swains
Have sigh'd and sigh'd in vain.

Sak. Thou mean'st the blooming Daughter
Head of the *Iroquian* Tribes. (of *Zephario*,

Okim. Who can be meant but blest *Irene*,
Divided *Canada* consents to adore, (whom
And they who come from distant Climes ad-
mire?

The Adoration of two Worlds! The *English*,
To whom uncommon Beauty is familiar,
Astonish'd gaze at her amazing Form,
As at a Wonder never seen before.

Sak. Yes, the brave *Beaufort* too admires *Irene*,
And to her lays an equal Claim with *Ulamar*;
And for that reason thou art wrong inform'd,
For *Angie* dares not disoblige the *English*.

Okim. But when the rival Friends went out
to Battel,
Thus said the wise *Zephario*;

Ye matchless Friends, thou *Beaufort* and thou
Ulamar,

Ye great and fair Supports of Liberty
And *Canada*, against a faithless Race,
Who have perfidiously surpriz'd our *Angians*,
And in full Peace with Sword and Fire attack'd
them;

Lead forth our Arms against the perjur'd Foe,
And know that he, who for the common Cause
Against that Foe performs the noblest Deeds,
At his return shall call *Irene* his.

The Father said, the charming Daughter blush'd,
And to the just Decree the Friends consented.

Sak. My *Ulamar* is not return'd from fight,
How can that Diff'rence be determin'd then?

Okim. By the Relation of impartial *Beaufort*,
By which he owns that your unequal'd Son,
By his wise Conduct and his brave Example,
Sav'd both his *English* and our *Iroquois*.

Sak. That was the Modesty of generous
Beaufort;

But when he own'd this, was *Irene* present?

Okim. Yes, and in spite of all her shy De-
mureness,
Joy lighten'd on a sudden from her Eyes,
Which struggling she suppress'd, and blushing
frown'd:

Or I'm mistaken, or she loves your *Ulamar*.

Sak. Confusion!

Okim. Come, she is worthy of the first of Men.

Sak. 'Tis true, so fair a Creature I ne'er saw.

Ev'n I, whom pow'rful Reasons force to hate her,
Ev'n I with Pleasure gaze upon her Face,

And viewing, grow insensibly her Friend.
 But may she perish e'er she weds my *Ulamar* ;
 Nay, may they perish both.

Okim. To both you're cruel. (he's lost ;

Sak. No, for if once their Hands are join'd,
 To me and to the best of Fathers lost,
 Who lov'd him as the Darling of his Soul ;
 And to restore him to whose tender Arms,
 I have endur'd to live thus long a Slave.

Okim. But see, the noble *Beaufort* comes to
 attend you.

SCENE II. *Sakia, Okima, Beaufort.*

Sak. You're welcome, worthy *Beaufort*.

Okim. They who bring Victory are always
 welcome. (more welcome.

Sak. Had he been vanquish'd, he had been
 Is *Ulamar* arriv'd?

Beauf. Each Minute he's expected.

Sak. Well, you have conquer'd then.

Beauf. Yes ; impartial Heav'n has heard our
 just Appeal,

And has supported Innocence and Faith
 Against Injustice, Treason, Violence,
 Against Oppression, Perjury and Fraud,
 And all the Crimes of the perfidious *French*.

Sak. They needs must conquer for whom
 Heav'n declares,
 In spight of all the Valour of their Foes.

Beauf. Madam, their Valour much you over-
 rate, (just,
 They know themselves, and to themselves are
 While they are false to all the World beside.

They

They feel themselves too guilty to be brave :
'Tis a shrewd sign their Valour they mistrust,
Who still on Treason or on Odds depend.
But against Odds and Treasons both we conquer'd,

Such Force deriv'd we from the just Disdain
That Honour, Innocence, and heavenly Truth,
Should yield to Falshood, and to Hell-born
Crimes ;

That Thought alone sustain'd our sinking Troops,
That Thought inflam'd them in extreme Distress,
When one of them cry'd suddenly aloud,
Lifting his wounded weary'd Arms to Heav'n,
Thou Maker of the World, to whom we bow,
If it be Thou, and not blind Chance that governs,

To Thee we appeal, here manifest thy Justice.

Okim. Now by that Pow'r, thou hast set my
What follow'd? (Soul on fire :

Beauf. Not the last Trumper, that must rouse
the Dead,

To them more sudden Vigour shall convey,
Than did to ours that animating Voice :
All thought that Heav'n declar'd it self aloud,
Strange Sight were seen, and wondrous Sounds
were heard,

'Tis said a Flame descended upon *Ulamar*,
And round his Temples spread its lambent Glory ;
But this is sure, his Deeds were more than human.
And Conquest lightning in his Eyes, and thundering
in his Arm,

Rous'd all our Vigour in our fainting Troops,
And struck a fatal Damp upon the Foe.

Sak. *Beaufort*, thou art too partial to thy Friend.

Beauf. I am not partial, I am barely just.

Sak. He who is so magnanimously just,
Must have done greater Wonders of his own :
Do Justice to thy self then.

Beauf. What I perform'd I did not in the
dark, (Spectators,
But Earth and conscious Heav'n were both
I therefore need not speak.

Sak. Remember the Reward :
Think on *Irene*.

Beauf. She's always in my Thoughts.

Sak. And do you love her? (her.

Beauf. Have I my Sight? To see her, is to love

Sak. And can you poorly quit her to another?

Beauf. No, nor would I basely win her.

Sak. Yet you exalt your Rival to the Skies.

Beauf. That Rival is your Son, and is my
Friend,

And still is partial when he mentions me.

Sak. Think of what Love requires.

Beauf. There is a Duty due to Friendship too ;
A thousand Lovers worship fair *Irene*,
But who but I has such a Friend as *Ulamar*?

Sak. The greatest Friendship you can shew
my Son,
Is to deprive him of this fatal Beauty.
I had rather see him in the Arms of Death,
Than of *Zepharion's* Daughter.

Beauf. But he had rather die than not possess her.

Sak.

Sak. Then let him die; no, let him live, ye
But let him live without her. (Pow'rs!

You love *Irene*, tell me, would you win her?

Beauf. I wou'd, by Heav'n, but would not
lose my *Ulamar*.

Sak. Then let us jointly urge him to desist.

Beauf. On what pretence?

Sak. On that of Gratitude;

The strongest in the World to a brave Spirit:

Can he be said to bear a grateful Mind,

Who strives against his Benefactor's Bliss?

Remind him of his Obligations.

Beauf. What Obligations?

Sak. He well remembers them, tho you forget,

Too generous *Beaufort*!

Who snatch'd the Dagger from his Infant Breast,

In that accursed Hour that made us Captives?

When only we of all the Slaves were sav'd.

Who forc'd the *Iroquois* to give us Liberty,

At least a shew of Liberty?

Who since instructed him in glorious Arms?

Instructed him in *European Arts*?

To whose dear Friendship is his Glory owing,

His noble Acts, and his accomplish'd Greatness?

Tell him aloud he owes all this to *Beaufort*.

Beauf. Why should I tell him this?

Sak. To urge him,

By the remembrance of these mighty Benefits,

To quit his fond Pretensions to *Irene*,

And not impeach his Happiness, to whom,

Whate'er he has, whate'er he is, he owes.

Beauf. He owes his Greatness to himself alone,

And carries an Instructor in his Breast,

Beyond what all the World can e'er supply;
 For *Ulamar* seems sent express from Heav'n,
 To civilize this rugged *Indian* Clime.
 But grant to me alone he ow'd his Greatness,
 How base, how barb'rous would it be to up-
 braid him?

Besides all this, how vain? for know, your Son's
 No vulgar Passion is: that Force acquires
 By just degrees, and kindles into Flame;
 His the first moment blasted him like Lightning
 That falls from Heav'n, when *Jove* with his own
 Fire,

That Tree that's sacred to himself consumes.

Sak. I but too well remember it.

Beauf. Immediately he had recourse to me,
 Who saw, and therefore lov'd *Irene* first;
 Then Sorrow streaming from his humid Eyes,
 That sparkled with Desire, My Friend, says he,
 I come to take my leave, for I must die,
 Since only Death can make me just to *Beaufort*;
 For only his cold Hand can quench the Flame
 That is injurious to my Friend, to whom
 The best of Mothers and my self I owe:
 And then I love, said he with faltering Tongue,
 And with a Heart about to break with Grief,
 I love *Irene*, and for *Beaufort* die.

Sak. And how receiv'd you this?

Beauf. With some Surprise, but yet with firm
 Resolve,

In height of Friendship not to be surpass'd,
 But rather chuse to hazard her, than lose
 So faithful and so brave a Friend as *Ulamar*.

Sak.

Sak. O noble Friendship! Unexampl'd Rivalship!

(*fort,*
Were all thy Countrymen like thee, brave Beau-
The Sun himself in all his shining Round,
Since first his Progress from the East began,
Would ne'er have seen a greater nobler People,
But still my Soul from this disastrous Love
Forebodes much Mischief.

SCENE III. *Sak. Okim. Beauf. Messengers,*
Shouts.

Beauf. What Shouts of Joy are these?

Mess. Just now victorious *Ulamar's* arriv'd,
And with these Shouts the joyful *Angians* wel-
come him.

Beauf. Kind Heav'n be prais'd!

Mess. Within an hour the *Angians* meet in
Council, (House,

Mean while your Friend attends you at your

Sak. O Heav'ns! my Son refuses then to see
me. (Peace,

Mess. The *French* by Ambassadors now proffer
Concerning which he would confer with you
Before the Council meets,

Beauf. Tell him I come.

SCENE IV. *Sak. Okim. Beaufort.*

Beauf. This proffer'd Peace shall be refus'd
with Scorn,

If I have any Credit with the *Angians*.

They proffer Peace!

Their frontless *European* Insolence!

When Heav'n against their Perjuries declares,

H 4

And

And halting Vengeance, like a Blood-hound,
 slow, (Cry,
 But stanch, o'ertakes them with his deep-mouth'd
 Confounds their Treasure, and their Troops con-
 sumes;

First they sing Songs of Triumph for their Losses,
 And then, forsooth, they give the World a
 Peace.

Oh! 'tis a blessed Peace that binds our Hands,
 And leaves theirs loose, whom neither plighted
 Faith,

Nor Vows, nor solemn'st Oaths could e'er restrain;
 Strong Bonds, if Bonds perfidious Men could tie!

Sak. Beaufort, to you I now a Suppliant come,
 T' a thousand Obligations add one more,
 Which if you grant me not, the rest are vain.

Beauf. But name it, and 'tis yours.

Sak. Provide that I may with my Son confer
 Before the Council meet; who will, I know,
 decide this famous Rivalship. (Care.

Beauf. That, Madam, shall be my immediate

SCENE V. Sakia, Okima.

Sak. Ah *Okima*! I sink, I die with Grief,
 On this important Now depends my All;
 For should my *Ulamar* obstruct this Peace,
 And obstinately should espouse *Irene*,
 Then name a Wretch that's so accurs'd as I.

Okim. Come, you provoke th' indulgent Pow-
 ers to leave you,
 And lose your Son's Advantage and your own;
 For both you'll in this happy Marriage find.

Sak.

Sak. Once more thou know'st him not, nor
he himself,
For hitherto within this wretched Breast
From all the World I've kept th' important
Mystery :

But now my Spirit groans beneath its Load,
And I would ease my over-burden'd Soul.

Okim. Discharge it then upon this faithful Breast.

Sak. But first by that eternal Spirit swear,
Swear by that awful, that all-seeing Mind,
That conscious is alone to the dread Secret,
To let no Time, nor Art, nor Force
Extort it from thy Mind. (swear.

Okim. By that eternal conscious Pow'r I

Sak. Know then, my Son who thinks himself
a *Huron*,

And whom too thou believ'st of *Indian* Birth,
No *Huron* is, nor of *Canadian* Kind;
Know he descended of a Christian Sire,
Young, valiant, beautiful, of noble Race.

Okim. A Christian! you amaze me! of what
Nation? (thee.

Sak. Consult my Passions, and let those inform

Okim. What say'st thou? Then by Nation he
is *French*.

Sak. *French* is his Nation, *Miramont* his Name.

Okim. Why is this Secret from your Son con-
ceal'd?

Sak. Let Time and Fate reveal it to him.

Okim. Why not his Mother?

Sak. I dare not.

Okim. What should deter you?

Sak. Know that my Guardian Spirit in ^{my} ~~her~~
Dreams Has

Has more than once with fearful Threats forbid
 Besides, the important Secret should I tell, (me.
 Before my Son has seen and known his Father,
 So deadly is his Hatred to the *French*,
 The which, together with his Years grew up,
 It might a criminal Aversion cause
 To him who gave him Being; and besides,
 All hopes of Peace it surely would destroy :
 For that upon his Sentiment depends.
 But he who *Angie* to the World prefers,
 Will do his utmost to obstruct a Peace,
 That needs must tear him from this cursed Clime.
 He'll know that Peace will soon divulge his Birth,
 And knows the *Angians* never will endure
 To have a *Frenchman* lead their Troops to Bat-
 Besides, should *Ulamar* this Secret hear (tel.
 Before he sees and knows his noble Father,
 It might produce an impious Thought of me.

Okim. This is but one of those fantastick Fears
 To which long Melancholy makes you subject ;
 For why should it produce that impious Thought?

Sak. In secret *Miramont* and I were match'd,
 And thrice three years in Bonds clandestine liv'd ;
 In secret too I brought forth *Ulamar* ;
 And for three years in private was he nurs'd,
 And five I bred him with me as my Slave,
 By *Miramont* presented to my Father,
 And then your *Angians* made us real Captives.
 When first my Husband's Hand and mine were
 join'd,

No Soul was conscious to my plighted Troth,
 But Heav'n, and *Miramont*, and the poor Priest
 That kindly tied th' indissoluble Bond.

Should

Should *Miramont*, avert it Heav'n! be gone
To that strange Land where Souls departed dwell,
What Thoughts might such a Tale produce in
Ulamar? (your Marriage.

Okim. The Priest who join'd you might attest

Sak. Long since, alas! that faithful Friend is
dead. stery?

Okim. But why that tedious nine years My-

Sak. Know that my *Miramont*, of noble Race,
Was yet a younger Brother of his House,
And therefore he depended on his King :
Now with that King those haughty Priests have
Pow'r,

Who stile themselves Companions of their God ;
And they, unless I would embrace their Faith,
Forbad all Nuptial League 'twixt me and *Mira-*
mont,

Upon the Penance of his King's Displeasure.

Okim. When you were taken, where was *Mi-*
ramont?

Sak. He then was in a distant Fort besieg'd,
Which for his Monarch bravely he maintain'd.

Okim. Have you ne'er since had Tidings of him?

Sak. Ah! there thou prob'st me to the very
I since have never, never heard of him. (Heart ;

Okim. Perhaps by Fortune of that War he fell.

Sak. Should I believe thee, my sad Heart would
break, (thee :

And I, dear *Miramont*, once more should join
But the great Mind is merciful and good,

And may have Comfort yet for poor *Sakia*.

That I from *Miramont* have never heard,
Proceeds from the vast Tract of Land between us,

Or

Or want of Commerce 'twixt the *French* and you,
 Or from th' unusual Names your Nation gave us,
 When first they brought us mournful Slaves to
 For I whom th' *Angians* now *Sakia* call, (*Angie*,
Nikaia was thro' all th' *Huronian* Land,
 And *Ulamar* young *Miramont* was there.

Okim. But should he live, you three can never
 For as this Secret to the World divulg'd, (meet :
 Ruins your Son with these five warlike Nations;
 So 'twill disgrace your Husband with the *French*,
 Their Priests offended would incense their King.

Sak. My *Okima*, know things are alter'd much :
 For by long Conferences here with *Beaufort*,
 My Son and I both strongly are inclin'd
 T' embrace the Christian Faith. (time

Okim. Ye Pow'rs! who ever in so short a
 Display'd such various Wonders?
 Yet *Miramont* by strong Presumption's dead,
 And 'tis your Safety to promote this Match.

Sak. What! with my Husband's mortal Ene-
 mies? (us all.

Okim. The Dead have none, Death reconciles
Sak. But know that once

My *Miramont*, when in a dangerous State,
 Upon the Bed of Languishment he lay,
 Caus'd me to swear by all that I rever'd,
 Even by the sacred Bond that join'd our Hands,
 By Love, the sacred Tie that join'd our Souls,
 And by the bright eternal Source of Love;
 That when my *Ulamar* arriv'd to Manhood,
 I ne'er would wed him to an *Indian* Maid;
 But would transport him to those happy Climes,
 That th' Ocean from our *Canada* divides,

Besides,

Besides, in the dreadful Visions of the Night,
I now for three successive Nights have seen
Miramont threatening with a dreadful Frown
Irene, and the Love-sick *Ulamar*.
These Dreams are to my Son of dire Presage,
And here remind me, e'er it be too late,
To run and tear him from impending Fate.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Sakia, Beaufort.

Sak. WHEN meets the Council?

Beauf. Already they're assembled,
And now dispose of mine and your Son's Fate,
The beautiful *Irene*;
And in an hour here we expect *Zephario*,
Who must impart their final Resolution to us.

Sak. Have they debated yet of Peace and War?

Beauf. That the *Angian* Council have referr'd
(to me,

And to your Son, and to the wife *Zephario*.

Sak. When will my Son vouchsafe to hear his
Mother?

Beauf. See, where he comes to attend you.

SCENE II. *Sakia, Ulamar.*

Ulam. My Mother!

Sak. My Son!

Oh may the Bounty of th' eternal Mind

Show'r

Show'r down his choicest Blessings on my *Ula-*
mar! (Blessing!

Ulam. Oh may he but prolong the present
That I may long behold the best of Mothers.

Sak. And yet you could desert this Mother,
Ulamar,

And could resist her absolute Commands,
And all her soft Entreaties could despise;
And I behold thee here in spite of both,
All dismal with the precious Blood of *Hurons*
And their Allies, Heav'n knows, alas, whose
Blood! (Pray'rs,

Why would'st thou thus, against my softest
Do an unnatural Deed, that thus should pierce
The tender Bowels of the Wretch that bore thee?

Ulam. And how could I avoid it? how resist
Th' Almighty Voice of God, and the great Call
Of Nature urging me to repel Force
By Force, and to defend my self and you?

Sak. O name not me! for me thou hast un-
done. (Call?

Ulam. And how could I resist my Country's
That awful Call, that in extreme Distress
Aloud implor'd my Aid? (it, *Ulamar,*

Sak. Thy Country! Ah! thou fought'st against
And hast embred thy Hands in its dear Blood.

Ulam. My Hands are nobly painted with the
Blood

Of *Hurons* and of *French*, its mortal Foes.

Sak. And canst thou then so utterly forget,
That thou wert born upon th' *Huronian* Lake?

Ulam. No, but I know that I am an *Angian*
now,

My

My Hand, my Heart, my Soul are *Angians* all.

Sak. And has a twelve Years Bondage so estrang'd thee,

That thou esteem'st thy Countrymen thy Foes?
O Weakness to be pity'd or despis'd!

Ulam. For ever blest be that eternal Pow'r
That gave me a human comprehensive Soul,
That can look down upon all narrow Principles.
For every brave Man's Country is the Universe,
His Countrymen Mankind, but chiefly those
Who wish the Happiness of all the rest, (tures:
And who are Friends to all their Fellow-Crea-
And such are all the brave *Iroquian* Tribes,
Such are th'unconquer'd *English*, free themselves,
And loving all who actually are free,
And all who sadly sigh for Liberty;
But hating Tyrants and their Slaves alike,
And equally condemning both as fall'n
Below the Dignity of human Nature.

Sak. Tyrants are odious, Slaves are to be pity'd,
Our own sad Fate has told us so. (Tyrants,

Ulam. To me all Slaves are odious as their
I mean all Slaves who are the Tools of Tyrants:
They are true Slaves, who have the Souls of
Slaves, (Hands

And worse than Beasts make use of their own
To clinch the Chains which first their Masters
tied: (rons,

Such tame and wretched things are all your *Hu*-
No Countrymen for me, who here disown them:
Such are those Pests of human Race the *French*,
Damn'd to eternal Slavery themselves,
And therefore would like Devils damn Mankind.

Sak.

Sak. The *Hurons* thou disown'st, disown them still;

But know amongst them are thy dear Relations,
Whom God and Nature charges thee to cherish:
How canst thou tell that in the late-fought Field
Thou didst not meet thy Father in thy Foe?
Yes, how canst thou be sure thou didst not lift
Thy impious Head against his sacred Life,
And stabbing me in him in whom I live,
Act in one Blow a double Parricide! (Dictates

Ulam. Whene'er I cease to hearken to the
Of the World's Ruler, and his Servant Nature,
I shall deserve to be a thing accurs'd;
In the late Fight, that I might spare my Kindred,
I shunn'd your *Hurons*, and attack'd the *French*;
And urging thro' their Troops my glorious way,
I made a Slaughter of their bravest Chiefs,
Which they will long with bitter Woe remember.

Sak. Ha! have a care! thou sayst Mankind's
thy Kindred, (tions.
Among the *French* too thou might'st find Rela-

Ulam. 'Tis true, we were created Brothers all,
And all descend from one eternal Sire:
But whom the Father for his Sons disowns,
I own not for my Brethren; no, the Brave
And Just are only Brethren worthy me,
And such I shall respect where'er I find them.

Sak. And canst thou fondly think there are no
such

Among the Squadrons of the warlike *French*?

Ulam. I know there are. (Sword,
When first in the late Fight with my good
I carry'd Death among the faithless *French*;
One

One of their foremost Leaders I observ'd,
Who mow'd our *Iroquois* like ripen'd Corn,
Extending them in Ranks along the Plain;
With him went all his Soldiers Hearts and Eyes,
And long live *Miramont*, aloud they cry'd.

Sak. Ha! *Miramont*! Ah Gods! [*Apart*] speak
that again! (cry'd.

Ulam. Yes, long live *Miramont*, aloud they

Sak. Speak on, [*Apart*] tho something dire is
on thy Tongue. (self so brave,

Ulam. In short, that *Frenchman* shew'd him-
That he appear'd a Conquest worthy me.

Sak. By Heav'n the very dismal thing I fear'd.
[*Apart.*

Ulam. With Indignation stung, I on him flew,
And in my first Attack was so successful,
That from his wounded Arm his Weapon dropt.

Sak. What will become of the forlorn *Sakia*?
[*Apart.*

Ulam. Then with Revenge inflam'd, I on him
rush'd,

And my good Sword presenting to his Heart—

Sak. O Heav'n and Earth! O Nature, canst
thou bear it? [*Apart.*

Ulam. Die, die, said I, perfidious Villain die!

Sak. O *Miramont*, thou Darling of my Soul,
Would I had never heard of thee again!
O wretched Father! and O cursed Son! [*Apart.*

Ulam. Madam, you tremble, and a deadly Pale
O'erspreads your Face; what strange Disorder's
this? (spilt.

Sak. I'm always on the wrack when Blood is

Ulam. Then now be calm, for here no Blood
was spilt. (Heav'n !

Sak. How's that ? indeed ! is't possible ? just

Ulam. Madam, 'tis certain.

For looking sternly in the *Frenchman's* Face,
While Fate stood threatning on my lifted Arm,
Thro his undaunted Eyes I saw his Soul,
So great, so awful, and so truly noble,
That I rever'd the Sight, and check'd my Hand,
And gave him Liberty, the Salt of Life,
And sent him to his own : and now you see,
I can acknowledge Virtue in a Foe,
And can respect it, and reward it too.

Sak. Ha ! what a Turn of wondrous Fate is here ?
And how shall I conceal my impetuous Joy ?

Miramont lives, my Soul's Desire is near me,

[*Apart.*

And Happiness begins to dawn from Heav'n ;
He lives, and Love and I shall meet again.
Oh ! unexpected ravishing Return
To Bliss, too swift and mighty to be borne !
'Twas but last moment that I felt Despair,
The very worst of Ills ; and now I hope,
Ay now I entertain the charming Hope
Of holding him of whom my Soul is fond,
Of holding him in these desiring Arms ;
And I shall see, O I shall die with Joy !
Yes, I shall see my Love, my Life again.
O let me see him, Gods, and let me die !

Ulam. Madam, your Looks discover great Disorder.

She hears me not, nor sees me ; now her Eyes
Seem deeply fix'd upon some absent Object,

And

And now they wildly roll. (Starts?
What mean these Musings, and these sudden
And these Convulsions that thus shake her Soul?
Heav'n long preserve my Mother! Madam
hear me,
Somebody comes, retire before they approach,
And be not seen in this extreme Disorder.

[Leads her out, and returns.]

SCENE III. Ulamar, Beaufort.

Beauf. My Ulamar!

Ulam. My Friend!

Ha! thou look'st sad; whenever thou art griev'd,
Alas, I find, 'tis I my self that suffer;

What Thought disturbs my Friend? (Friend;

Beauf. Thy sympathizing Grief disturbs thy
But when I think of losing thee, Oh then!

Ulam. That Loss would quickly be repair'd,
for thou,

Who mad'st me what I am, can't make another;
And form him fit for Friendship and for Thee.

Beauf. 'Twas Heav'n alone could make thee
what thou art,

A Jewel of inestimable Price:

I added to thy Lustre, not thy Worth;

And the small Pains I took to make thee shine,

Makes thee more precious in my joyful Eyes,

But when I think of losing thee——

Ulam. I will not think of losing thee,
I cannot bear the Thought.

Beauf. Whose must Irene be?

Ulam. Heav'n only knows,
But will alas in one half Hour declare.

Beauf. Whose is her Heart, for thou hast oft en-
Ulam. But never yet could find. (quir'd ?

Beauf. To me she still has too respectful been,
 And much too cold and too indifferent.

Ulam. And too uneasy and reserv'd to me.

Beauf. Perhaps some happier Man, among the
 Of her Adorers, while we sigh in vain, (Croud
 Possesses all her Soul; 'tis hard to think,
 That she whose Beauty captivates all Hearts,
 Should be, like Virtue, with her self content,
 And never know Desire.

Try her once more at this important Juncture,
 For I have search'd into her Heart in vain;
 'Tis true, my Soul is of her Beauty fond,
 As ev'n of Glory, with whose noble Fire
 It twenty Years successfully has burn'd;
 Yet I who see my fortieth Sun renew'd,
 Will entertain no Passion that revolts
 From Reason's sovereign and eternal Law.
 'Tis true I would, for who would not be blest ?
 But will not by her Misery be blest.

Ulam. Nor I, by Heav'n !

Beauf. But now let me conjure thee, *Ulamar*,
 Ev'n by that charming Hope that makes us lan-
 By holy Friendship's venerable Bond, (guish,
 That now confines us in this strict Embrace,
 By the Remembrance of those happy Hours
 Which we have past, exciting one another
 To elevated Thoughts and glorious Deeds;
 For whomsoever Fate reserves *Irene*,
 Oh let him not be blest by halves,
 Let him not lose his Friend !
 May never any Coldness come till Death,
 Between our Loves and us !

Ulam.

Ulam. Not Death himself,
Unless he quite extinguishes my Mind,
Shall make me cold to *Beaufort*. (pear.
Beauf. But our Fate comes, and I must disap-

SCENE IV. *Ulamar, Irene.*

Iren. Was not that *Beaufort*? Why does he
What makes him look so sad? (avoid us?

Ulam. By Heav'n she seems concern'd for him.
[*Apart.*

Thrice happy *Beaufort*!
Whose Sorrow, ev'n in Absence, has the Force
To move your Soul, while I before your Eyes
Unpity'd can despair.

Iren. Ah you mistake me, *Ulamar*!
Oh that I had the Pow'r, as I have the Will,
To bring soft Peace to ev'ry troubled Breast!

Ulam. And 'tis that Virtue that undoes me more,
'Tis not that Angel's Face, nor Angel's Form,
That Form surpassing all your lovely Sex;
'Tis not that winning Pomp of outward Graces
Which upon you, as on their Queen attend;
But 'tis your Mind that captivates my Soul,
Your Mind in Youth's first Bloom with ev'ry
Grace,

And ev'ry Virtue fraught, as if that Heav'n
And Nature's self took pleasure to instruct you,
Before I thee beheld, my restless Soul
To something high, to something great aspir'd;
But what I ne'er could tell, till seeing thee,
And knowing thee, inform'd and fix'd my ra-
vish'd Soul, (Search
And shew'd it what with blind and restless
Before

Before it sought in vain ; yes, shew'd it Virtue :
 Virtue it self, that by great Heav'n's Command,
 Assumes that lovely Form t' attract Mankind,
 And draw them to it self.

But while you captivate the gazing World,
 You still remain serene, as if that Heav'n
 Design'd you not to love but be ador'd,
 Appearing not to know how very warm,
 How sharply pointed are those fatal Eyes ;
 Smiling you kill, and know not that you strike,
 And we with Pleasure die.

Iren. Oh fond mistaken *Ulamar* ! Oh never
 more deceiv'd !

Know, all the Extremities of Love I feel.

Ulam. You love ?

Iren. I am all Love, I burn, I die with Love.

Ulam. 'Tis sure for some immortal Being then,
 For mortal Man could ne'er conceal his Joy.

Iren. Alas he knows it not, no more than *U-*
lamar.

Ulam. Let him be told it e'er it be too late ;
 Is it for *Beaufort* ? I'll resign to *Beaufort* :
 For tho I love thee more than Life it self,
 Tho 'tis impossible to live without thee ;
 To shew thee how much I prefer thy Happiness
 Before my own, I will, to make thee happy,
 I will leave thee the loveliest thing in Nature,
 For Death the most detestable.

Iren. *Beaufort*, assure thy self, has all my Esteem,
 But 'tis another that has all my Heart.

Ulam. O Man, whose Happiness ev'n Gods
 might envy !
 My Friend and I, for I for him dare answer,
 Will

Will no advantage take of what the Council,
And wise *Zephario*, shall anon determine ;
But both, Oh Gods, to him resign our Claim !

Iren. [*Aside.*] O matchless Love ! O Proof
of Godlike Virtue ! (sions

While he speaks this, behold with what Convul-
His struggling Passion shakes his generous Frame,
With whose Excess he trembles and he dies.

Ulam. But Oh ! if ever thou could'st be to
blame,

Thou would'st be so in this : For why, Oh why
Hast thou so long conceal'd the fatal Secret ?

Iren. Because I never could till now declare it,
Without exposing too much shameful Weakness ;
Therefore my raging Passion I confin'd,
Which burning inward, prey'd upon my Life ;
But from the Man I lov'd I hid it most.

In this, alas, I sympathize with you ;
'Tis not my Lover's Form ensnares my Heart,
Tho his our *Angian* Virgins all adore,
But when I saw a Youth in his first Bloom
Lead our brave *Iroquois* with more Success
Than our most antient and experienc'd Warriors,
Perform such Wonders for his Country's Safety,
And for the Liberties of Human Kind ;
To which he sacrifices his Repose,
And e'en his Life, and hazards the Enjoyment
Of what he loves much dearer e'en than Life—

Ulam. Oh Gods ! O Transport ! whither is
she going ?

Iren. When I behold all this, you may be sure,
Th' Almighty Mind has giv'n to me a Soul,
That could not see a Lover with these Virtues,

These Godlike Virtues, and remain insensible :
 The Joy that lightens from thy humid Eyes,
 Informs me that thou understand'st me, *Ulamar*,
 And I design'd thou should'st ; but then be sure
 Thy Godlike Virtue which inflam'd my Heart,
 Has in my Breast produc'd the noble Pride
 Of imitating so much Excellence.

As thou hast sacrific'd Repose and Life,
 And hazarded th' Enjoyment ev'n of me,
 Whom thou lov'st more than Life, for thy dear
 I, tho a Woman, nobly will attempt (Country ;
 To emulate thy singular Example.

And tho I love, nay doat, to Madness doat,
 Tho my Heart feels what never Tongue can utter,
 Yet if my Country once decrees me *Beaufort's*,
 For *Beaufort* I'll retrieve my Heart,
 And never see thee more. (my Friend !

Ulam. Oh too accomplish'd *Beaufort* ! Oh
 What have I lost by thy transcendent Virtue ?

SCENE V. *Zephario, Irene, Ulamar, Beaufort.*

Ulam. What has Fate determin'd ?

Beauf. See its Interpreter, enquire of him.

Ulam. Beauf. Hail to *Zephario* !

Zeph. Ye matchless Friends, thou *Beaufort*,
 and thou *Ulamar*,

Are ye determin'd fully to consent
 To what the *Angians* here by me pronounce ?

Ulam. Beauf. We are. (Thanks

Zeph. In full Assembly then they vote you
 For all the Wonders ye this Day perform'd,
 In the Defence of Liberty and *Canada* ;
 To thee particularly Thanks they pay,

Brave

Brave Youth, who by the Boldness of thy Conduct,

(Boldness in desperate Extremes is Wisdom)

Rallying our routed Troops restor'd the Day,

And nobly rais'd us from Despair to Conquest :

For which the Conscience of the noble Deed,

And everlasting Fame, reward the Doer.

But since in the first Onset of the *French*,

That fierce Attack that carry'd all before it ;

Beaufort, by wondrous Friendship mov'd, preserv'd

Thee, *Ulamar*, by our own flying Troops,

As by a Torrent, overborne, o'erwhelm'd,

Trampled by Friends, surrounded by the Foe,

And stood the Barrier betwixt thee and Fate,

That threatned thee from Friends and Foes alike ;

The Council wisely have decreed, that he

Who sav'd th' Heroick Youth, to whom we owe

Our Conquest, did with him preserve the State ;

And therefore have decreed him for Reward

A Trifle in it self, but dear to him,

My Daughter.

Beauf. Madam, do you consent ?

Iren. I do.

Beauf. My *Ulamar*, dost thou ?

Ulam. Oh take her while I've Voice to say
she's thine !

Beauf. Oh strange Consent !

Despair is in her Eyes, and Death in his.

Madam, your Tongue consents, your Soul denies.

(another's ;

Iren. 'Tis true, my Soul, brave *Beaufort*, is
But

But soon, depend upon it, shall be thine,
 And shall as true and faithful prove to thee,
 As thou hast been to Liberty and *Angie*.
 True, were my Affections mine, and I my own,
 Then, *Ulamar*, I had been only thine,
 But I was born for *Angie*, not my self;
 And *Angie*, *Beaufort*, has decreed me thine.
 Thou, *Ulamar*, possess some happier Maid,
 Who may deserve to live, to die with thee;
 And blest the happy Pair, all bounteous Heav'n,
 When I shall be no more.

Beauf. apart, Was ever such a Sight, and such
 a Hearing?

The Accents die upon her charming Tongue,
 And leave her lovely overflowing Eyes
 To pour out the abundance of her Soul.
 I, who could die for *Ulamar* or her,
 Shall I make both unhappy, nay, my self too?
 For I must doubly share in all their Woes.
 No, rouse thy self, my Soul, and in one Act
 Deliver three: I now am of an Age
 In which the Passions Reason's Voice obey,
 And Reason tells me, Heav'n and Nature form'd
Irene for her lovely *Ulamar*;
 And therefore made them equal in their Loves,
 Their Beauty, and their Years: Rouse, rouse,
 my Soul! (Maid,
 'Tis done, my Friend; and thou too charming
 And wise *Zephario* hear, I thank the *Angians*,
 I thank them for the inestimable Gift
 With which they have rewarded my poor Zeal;
 And I accept it, to bestow it here.

Ulam. Ha! Gods! what mean'st thou? Mock
me not, my Friend! (she's thine;

Beauf. No, take her, by th' Eternal Mind
And know that when I first bestow'd my Heart,
My very Soul upon thee I bestow'd,
A Gift that was less dear to me.

Iren. Is't possible! and is not this a Dream?
Can there in Man be such a Godlike Mind?

Zeph. And is your final Resolution this?

Beauf. 'Tis fix'd as Nature's Laws, that ne'er
can change.

Zeph. Do you accept *Irene* for your Wife?

Ulam. Do I accept her? (freed
With greater Rapture than the Wretch that's
From Death's convulsive Pangs embraces Heav'n:
But Oh the Man, who loves to that degree,
And can resign her! he alone deserves her.

Zeph. The Deed is Noble, for 'tis Wife and
Just;

The *English* always were a gallant Nation,
And Foes to Force, and Friends to Liberty.
They who without the Mind possess the Body,
Possess by Force, and *ravish, not enjoy*:
He who can absolutely rule himself,
And can leave others free, is truly Noble.

Young Man prepare, this Night shall join your

Ulam. This very Night! (Hands.
By the Immortal Pow'rs, I'm scarce my self;
Fear, Hope, and Sorrow, and transporting Joy,
And Wonder at this unexpected Bliss,
Have all by turns so much disturb'd my Soul:
This very Night, my Father!

Zeph. This Night, my Son: For an impor-
tant Cause, From-

Frontenac, Viceroy of this *Indian France*,
 Disowns the Treason of the late Attempt,
 And promises severely to chastize it:
 Mean while a Murmur runs among our *Angians*,
 Which from their Prisoners they derive, they say,
 That the late damn'd Surprize was first design'd
 By a *French* Officer who loves *Irene*;
 For every Band was charg'd to seize on her:
 Thou art a valiant and successful Warriour,
 And can'st defend the Darling of my Age,
 Far better than her Father's feeble Arms.

Ulam. Defend her! Yes, what *Beaufort* has
 resign'd

To me, I only will to Heav'n resign.
 Oh *Beaufort*, best of Men, and best of Friends!
 Shall I refuse to die for such a Friend?
 Shall ever I forget the boundless Debt
 I owe to thee? Oh what shall I repay!
 Thou hast my Soul already.

Zeph, to *Ulam*. Come instantly, we'll join
 your Hands, and then
 See what these Messengers of Peace design,
 And then—————

Ulam. And Immortality will then be mine.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Sakia, *Ulamar*.

Sak. **W**HY hast thou staid so long, ungrate-
 ful *Ulamar*?

I sent thee word, that thy late dreadful Tale

†

Had

Had rais'd such various Furies in my Soul,
As left me impotent of Thought or Speech,
And snatch'd me so entirely from my self,
That the important Business was unmention'd,
For which that Conference was first design'd.
Thou hast often said, my Son, that thou desirest
To know thy Father. (ceal'd.

Ulam. Yet you unkindly kept him still con-

Sak. Believe it, Son, there was a wondrous
Cause :

But wherefore would'st thou know him ?

Ulam. That if he leads the *Hurons* out to
I might in Battel shun him. (fight,

Sak. Is that the only Cause of thy Desire?

Know that in Battel should'st thou meet thy
Father,

Great Nature whisp'ring with her Voice Divine,
Would make thee stop thy eager murd'ring
Hand,

In sight of all thy sacred Thirst of Blood ;
Or else some Genius, with no mortal Tone,
Would thunder in thy Ears, Forbear, 'tis he.
And would'st thou only know him to avoid him?
Is that the only Cause of thy Desire?

Thou should'st desire to know him, to embrace
him,

And to revere the Fountain of thy Life ;
From which the Graces of thy manly Form,
And all thy boasted Excellencies flow.

Ulam. Then name him. (pends.

Sak. The naming him on thee, my Son, de-
Yet thus far thou shalt know thy noble Father ;
The best and bravest of Mankind is he :

And

And oh, he loves thee, Son, he loves thee more
Than his own lovely Eyes, he lives for thee;
And me he loves with such an Air and Mien,
As if some God came down to adore his Creature,

Oh none can love but he! Oh none can show
Such Majesty with so much Sweetness join'd,
Such Tenderness with Fury reconcil'd,
So firm a Constancy with so much Flame,
Such Rapture with inimitable Grace;
And then a Wisdom, and a Tongue might charm
The Ears of list'ning Angels: Know, my Son,
Thou wilt be fond, be proud of such a Father.

Ulam. Madam, his Name! (pends:

Sak. Once more, the naming him on thee de-
Before thou hear'st his Name, thou must conclude
This proffer'd Peace; and must renounce for

Ulam. Whom? (ever——

Sak. The Daughter of *Zephario*.

Ulam. Irene?

Sak. What; dost thou start?

Yes, disobedient Boy, thou must renounce her.

Ulam. My Wife?

Sak. Thy Wife? Impossible!

Ulam. This hour our Hands were join'd, this
very hour

With solemn Invocation I implor'd
Th' Eternal Mind, and every Power to witness,
That nought but Death should part my Love
and me.

Sak. To thee thy Father then for ever's lost.

Ulam. Wherefore?

Sak. He bears to every *Angian* mortal Hate.

Ulam.

Ulam. Let him but look on her, that Hate
will cease.

Sak. He oft indulging his fond tender
Thoughts, (thee,
He oft would please himself with Thoughts of
And of thy Fortune, and thy future Deeds,
And of the Wife design'd for thee; a Wife
Of quite a different Stamp than thou hast chose.

Ulam. One who has greater Beauty than *Irene*?

Sak. No, to confess a Truth, that cannot be.

Ulam. Of greater Interest then perhaps than
she?

Sak. Of greater Interest, say'st thou?

Ah no! his generous Soul disdains the Thought:
The Wife that he design'd for thee, was one
Whom Education should with Nature join,
To form her an Associate worthy thee!
One fit t' assist thee in the Ways of Virtue,
And help to raise thy Soul to glorious Acts.

Ulam. What he design'd then, Providence
has done,

And join'd me to the very lovely She,
Whom had my Father known, he would have

Sak. Ha! (chose.

Ulam. And has not *Beaufort* told you what
Irene

Did at that Conference, that made her mine?

Sak. He told me that, but kept the Match
conceal'd.

Ulam. Was ever any thing so great, so noble?

Sak. I must confess, it was no common Act.

U. Was ever so much Greatness seen before?
My Father will be pleas'd, will be transported,
To

To be ally'd to such transcendent Virtue.
 Ev'n *Europeans*, amorous of themselves,
 And their own ways, exalt it to the Skies :
 And generous *Beaufort* freely has declar'd
 He never heard of any thing so great
 Among their Godlike *Romans*.

Sak. Is't possible? (charm'd,

Ulam. My Father, when he sees her, will be
 My Father loudly will approve my Choice.

Sak. O all ye Immortal Pow'rs, I am convinc'd; (move,
 Remove one Hindrance, which thou canst re-
 And thy poor Mother may be happy still.

Ulam. Name it. (Interest,

Sak. This Marriage ties thee to a hateful
 Repugnant to thy Father's : But the *French*
 Now proffer Peace, that Peace is in thy pow'r ;
 Conclude it, and your Interests will be one.

Ulam. But that on me depends not,

Sak. That on thee,
 On thee alone, assur'd thy self, depends ;
 The *Angians* have instated thee and *Beaufort*,
 And thy new Father, with unbounded Pow'r
 To make firm Peace, or to continue War :
 And two of you decide th' important Business.
Zephario strongly is inclin'd to thee ;
 And the *English* Interest is so clearly known,
 As may make *Beaufort* easily suspected.

Ulam. But, Madam.

Sak. Hear me yet, my Son, awhile ;
 If with the *French* and *Hurons* thou conclud'st
 A solid Peace, survey the vast Advantages
 Which will from thence accrue to thee and thine,
 For

For let th' Exchange of Captives be one Clause,
And then that Peace restores thee to thy Father.

Ulam. How are you sure he lives?

Sak. He lives, he lives, the darling Care of
Heav'n!

This I'm assur'd by one, who in the Fight
Both saw and felt, and wonder'd at his Valour;
And thee, he says, he saw so very near,
That by th' Assistance of thy Guardian Spirit,
Thou narrowly, Oh! narrowly didst miss
The Murder of thy Father.

Ulam. Oh Heav'n! I'm seiz'd with Horrour
when I hear it.

Sak. Prevent it for the future,
Dread what may happen, and conclude a Peace;
And as that Peace restores thee to thy Father,
So it secures thy fair, thy lov'd *Irene*;
For she may else, while thou mak'st distant War,
Be torn from thee, as I was from thy Father.

Ulam. Ah, that would make a Wretch of me
indeed.

Sak. All my own Interest, I pass in silence,
And all my Griefs; for I'm too well convinc'd,
That thou can'st look insensibly on both.

Ulam. Madam, you wrong me.

Sak. No, thou hat'st thy Mother.

Ulam. Hate you! (bear witness

Sak. And yet bear witness Heav'n and Earth,
My cruel'st Foes, with what a tender Care,
With what an ardent Love I've cherish'd thee:
Oh *Ulamar*, my Life is not so dear to me,
For I have liv'd for thee alone: just Heav'n!
For twenty Years I've plac'd my sole Felicity,

Nay, all my Wishes, all my Hopes of Happiness,

On two dear Objects, on a Son and Husband :
 From thy dear Father I have long been torne,
 And kept a mournful Widow and a Slave
 In insupportable Captivity,
 Disconsolate, forlorn, and desolate,
 Among my barbarous and insulting Foes ;
 And have been forc'd to bear their bloody
 Taunts,

And all the Malice of their murdering Eyes.
 Yet thou, for whom I have endur'd all this,
 For whom I groan away my wretched Hours,
 Thou hast refus'd to dry thy Mother's Eyes,
 But prov'st a cruel and a bitter Child to me,
 Untouch'd by all my Grief, unmov'd by all my
 Love.

Ulam. Once more you wrong me, Madam ;
 I always have profess'd exact Obedience to you,
 Beyond the Custom of our *Indian* Sons ;
 For such Obedience my best Friend has taught
Sak. Yes! (me.

Witness the Battel fought this bloody Morn,
 And the clandestine Match this Evening made.

Ulam. I thought you had been satisfy'd in
 both. (grate!

Sak. Why dost thou not obey me now, In-
 When thy Obedience is most necessary?
 Thou know'st the sinking Pressure under which
 I for twelve Years have bow'd my wretched
 Head, (Wails,
 Have pass'd my tedious Days in Tears and
 My Nights in fearful Dreams and broken Slum-
 bers: Thou

Thou seest my faded Cheek, my languid Eye,
And hear'st me breathe the rueful Voice of Sor-
row :

(Care,
Thou know'st this Peace would end my killing
And drive all Sadness from my Eyes for ever.

For the bare Thought of seeing thy dear Father,
Makes Joy like Lightning dart along my Soul,
And raises ev'ry Sense to native Vigour.

Oh yet thy Mother might be blest'd to envy !
But her lov'd Son will have her wretched still.

Thou know'st this Peace is only in thy pow'r ;
Yet knowing this, hast thou vouchsaf'd to give
One word of Comfort to revive my Soul ?

Yes, cruel, hast thou once vouchsaf'd t' assure
me,

That thou determin'st to conclude this Treaty ?
Hast thou not stood insensible and dumb ?

Ulam. But first 'tis requisite to hear the
French ;

And then in what I can, you shall be obey'd.

Sak. In what thou canst ? in what thou wilt,
thou mean'st :

Yes, yes, my Son, thou shalt be soon discharg'd
Of all the Duty which thou ow'st to me ;

But yet a while and thou wilt have no Mother,
And then too late thou may'st vouchsafe a Sigh

For all the Misery I've undergone,

For all the Woe I yet must undergo,

In that strange Region of departed Souls,

Where I must languish out my woful Hours

In expectation of my dearest Husband,

And of my cruel, but my much-lov'd Son.

Ulam. Canst thou hear this, my Soul, and not be mov'd?

Sak. I never in this World shall see thee more, And here thou never wilt thy Father know.

Then to th' Eternal Mind, and his Protection, I leave thee, O my Son: Bless, bless him, Heav'n; I have borne Wretchedness enough for both; I leave him to thy Care. Adieu, my Son!

A long Adieu in this Embrace receive. (you

Ulam. Madam, by all that's Sacred I adjure Not to commit a rash and curst Deed;

Wait the Result at least of this Debate.

Sak. And dost thou give me Hope then?

Ulam. I do. (I'll wait;

Sak. Well then! since thou wilt have it so, But know, on that Result depends my Fate.

SCENE II. *Ulamar.*

Ulam. She's gone! Perhaps for ever: How! For ever! (Thought?

And canst thou name it? Canst thou bear the The kindest, tender'st, and the best of Mothers? She who has liv'd for thee, for thee has borne— Oh what has she not borne?— (die?

Yet her canst thou desert? Canst thou see her By thy Unkindness die? O barbarous Son,

Ungrateful *Ulamar*! But then the *Angians*!

Canst thou abandon them? Betray their Cause? The Cause of Human Kind? Of Godlike Liberty? (Traitors,

What, canst thou give up that to these sly Insidious Slaves, who insolently think

To

To fool these Nations, and obtain by Truce
What their base Fears restrain them from pur-
suing

By honourable War? Eternal Mind,
Master of Life, great Mover of all Spirits,
O guide my Will by thy unerring Light!
And by that Light illustrate my dark Reason:
Do thou inspire me with expedient Ways,
That I may neither give up thy great Cause,
Nor yet betray my poor afflicted Mother.
But see, the *French* appear! [*Flat Scene draws.*]

SCENE III. Zephario, Ulamar, Beaufort,
and two Embassadors.

Zeph. Well, *Frenchmen*, here you come to
treat of Peace;

But first this obvious Question must be ask'd,
How comes it we have War? (broke,

Ulam. Because the Truce they treacherously
Tho by themselves propos'd, and first begun.

Beauf. As they will this; for Peace is of no
To them, but to be broke. (use

Five solemn Leagues in *European* Climes,
Ev'n in our own Remembrance have they broke,
Tho by themselves those Treaties were begun;
And which with damn'd Perfidiousness they
swore, (Hearts,

Ev'n by that Pow'r that saw their faithless
To keep eternally inviolate.

Ulam. It seems then, when they find them-
selves too weak
To hurt their Foes by honourable War,
They oblige us then to swear not to hurt them.

Beauf. Nay more, they make us swear to give
them Time

And Opportunity to urge our Fate;
That as false Friends, they may gain that by
Treaty,

Which they could not by Enmity nor Force.

¹ *Emb.* The breaking Truce was a rash private
Act,

Which *Frontenac* our Governour disowns.

² *Emb.* And which he since severely has
chastis'd. (we serve,

¹ *Emb.* Know that the mighty Monarch whom
Has sent strict Orders to Count *Frontenac*,
To make a solid and a lasting Peace
With all the warlike five *Iroquian* Tribes;
A Peace so firm, that 'tis his Royal Will,
That you, and all his Subjects should be one.

Ulam. That is, that we should be alike his
Slaves.

² *Emb.* Oh you mistake his bountiful Design;
He sees and pities the Barbarity,
In which so brave a Nation now lies plung'd,
And he would civilize your rugged Ways:
Therefore his faithful Subjects he commands,
To have one Heart, one Soul, one Dwelling
with you.

Ulam. But that Proposal we reject with Scorn.

¹ *Emb.* Consider we shall teach you our own
Manners, (mires,
Those pleasing Manners, which the World ad-
And which the wisest Nations have embrac'd.

Beauf. The wisest Nations! Yes, the Fools
of all:

Oh

Oh *Europe, Europe!* How hast thou been dull
To thy undoing? How thy heedless Magistrates
Have suffer'd poor unthinking Sots to unlearn
Their native Customs, and their native Tongues,
To speak your Jargon, and assume your Ways!

Emb. Which argues in us a superior Genius.

Beauf. I must confess it makes our Fools believe so;

Inclines their groveling Souls to their worst Foes,
And makes them obvious to your shameful Arts;
Makes them admire you, makes them imitate
you,

Tho awkwardly our Asses ape your Dogs.

Ulam. What have you taught the Nations
after all?

What have you taught them but inglorious Arts,
To emasculate their Minds? But cursed Luxury,
Which makes them needy, venal, base, perfidious,
Black Traitors to their Country, Friends to you?

Beauf. For you win Provinces, as Hell gains
Souls;

'Tis by corrupting them, you make them yours:
They might defy your Malice, were they faithful;
(Passions,

But first you enslave them to their own base
And afterwards to yours.

SCENE IV. Zephario, Ulamar, Beaufort,
two Embassadors, Slave.

Ul. Ha! my Mother's Slave! What wouldst
thou? (*Apart to him.*

Sl. Your Mother——

Ul. Well——

Sl. Stands with her threatening Dagger in her

Ul. Oh Horror! Horror! (Hand.

My Fancy cannot bear the murd'ring Thought;
Tell her, her harsh Command shall be obey'd.

SCENE V. *Zephario, Ulamar, Beaufort,*
two Embassadors.

Ul. Now, Gentlemen, we to our Business
Such a Community as you propose (come;
We utterly reject, because that Union
Would first corrupt our *Angians*, then enslave
them;

The only Treaty to which we descend—

Beauf. How *Ulamar*?

1 Emb. Oh *Englishman*, your separate Interest
Is but too obvious. (here

Ul. Hold, *Frenchman*:

My Friend, no more; anon thou shalt be satisfy'd,

Beauf. In the mean while——

Ul. No more, by holy Friendship I adjure thee,
Thou shalt be satisfy'd; but to our Business:

The Treaty to which we descend, is this;

A Treaty of Commerce between us and you,

And a Cessation of Hostilities between our selves

And your Confederates

(and you,

The *Hurons*, and Exchange of all the Captives:

To this you agree?

Zeph. I do, for this is *Angie's* Interest.

Ul. And you?

2 Emb. And we.

(swear;

Ul. And this to observe most solemnly you
By all that's awful in yon glittering Sky,

And all that's binding in the World below.

2 Emb.

2 *Emb.* We swear : And you ?

Zeph. We swear.

(lodg'd ?

1 *Emb.* So then 'tis done ; the *English* are dis-
Beauf. They need not fright thee ;

A League from hence they lie intrench'd to-
night,

(way.

And towards *New-York* to-morrow take their

2 *Emb.* And all your *Angians* have laid down
their Arms ?

(march'd,

Ul. E'er we began to treat, the *English*
And ours dispers'd according to our Words.

1 *Emb.* The Remnant of the Night let's waste
in Joy then.

Ul. The publick Deputies in yon Apartment
Attend to entertain you.

1 *Emb.* We wait on you.

Ul. We follow you.

SCENE VI. *Ulamar and Beaufort.*

Ul. What turn'st thou from thy Friend, O
Beaufort, Beaufort !

Beauf. What hast thou done, fond Youth ?

Ul. O look not with that mournful Coldness
on me,

Thou art my Benefactor, Father, Friend ;

'Tis by thy generous Friendship I have liv'd ;

Alas I cannot bear the freezing Gloom

That's on thy Brow, it chills me to the Heart.

Beauf. Reflect on what thou hast done.

Ul. Oh speak not, *Beaufort*, in that cruel Tone !
Where is my Friend, my warm, my tender
Friend ?

For in thy alter'd Mien I see him not,
Nor hear him in thy Voice.

Beauf.

Beauf. Thou hast betray'd him, lost him.

Ul. Not for the World, I would not lose my

Beaufort :

Whate'er I did, thy Friend was forc'd to do.

Beauf. Forc'd!

Ul. Yes, forc'd, and with the only dreadful
That could compel my Soul, (Force
My Mother's Life depended on the Deed.

Beauf. Yes, yes, I guess'd the Cause ;
Ah, this is what has captivated *Europe*,
Where their domestick Interest most prefer
Before the Weal and Honour of their Country,
Tho private Good on publick Weal depends ;
And he who for his House betrays his Country,
Betrays his Family, betrays his Children,
All his Posterity to shameful Ruin,
And makes them poor, precarious, abject, base,
Instead of happy, rich, or great, or brave :
And this, fond Youth, thou wilt too surely find.

Ul. Oh spare me, *Beaufort*, spare me.

Beauf. Yes, I have done, this is Revenge e-
For one who loves thee. (nough,

Ul. Oh that bless'd Sound! How it revives
my Soul! (nough;

Beauf. This for a Friend is Chastisement e-
Or if thy Fault asks more, thy new Allies
Too surely will inflict it ; for their Friends,
Their Friends are they, who feel their barba-
rous Hands,

Most grievous and most bloody.

Ul. Nay, now thou chid'st again.

Beauf. Oh! No, my Friend, my Happiness,
my Glory,

'Tis

'Tis now that I would chiefly shew I love thee ;
For since with so much Tenderneſs we have
And Fate at laſt obliges us to part, (liv'd,
And that for ever, let us part in Love.

Ul. What, muſt we part ?

Beauf. Part, *Ulamar* ? Why that's the very
Thy new Allies deſign'd: (thing
'Tis by dividing old and faithful Friends,
That they oft ruin both ; 'tis their old Cheat.

Ul. But ſure thou didſt not ſay for ever !

Beauf. Too probably for ever.

Ul. Curſt unforeſeen Calamity ! But when ?

Beauf. This Moment.

Ul. This Moment ! 'Tis impoſſible.

Beauf. This Moment to my Troops I take
my way,
I doubt the *French*, and dare no longer ſtay :
Adieu, my Friend.

Ul. For ever, *Beaufort* ! Let us part in hope.

Beauf. *England* ſeverely will revenge this
Peace,

And leave the *Angians* to their new Allies,
And to their Mercy, which is dreadful Cruelty ;
And I as *England's* faithful Son am bound
To enter into all her Sentiments.

Ul. But yet thou wilt not hate me ?

Beauf. Oh never, never, 'tis nor in my pow'r ;
My valu'd Friend, adieu !

Ul. This Parting's Death to me.

Beauf. What iſ't to me then ?
This Evening I reſign'd *Irene* to thee ;
Did that declare a vulgar Friendſhip ? ſay.

Ul. Oh no ! A matchleſs unexampled one.

Beauf.

Beauf. And yet thou hast depriv'd me of thy self too :

Irene now is thine, and thou art hers ;
Shee soon will comfort thee for *Beaufort's* Absence ;

But only Death will drive away my Grief,
For I shall never never see thee more.

Ul. Why then thou wilt not sure be gone to-night ;

For I have still ten thousand things to say.

Beauf. I must be gone, ev'n now I must be gone ;

I doubt the *French*, and dare no longer stay,
For my brave Troops may all e'er Morn be lost.

Ul. But 'tis a gloomy and tempestuous Night ;
And thou hast a long League to march alone,
And yet thou say'st, there may be Danger near.

Beauf. Oh I have lost all that I held most dear ;
Th' entirely Wretched need no Danger fear.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Ulamar.

Ul. **B***eaufort*, thy Loss sits heavy on my Soul !
For I ^{thy equal} shall never ^{shall behold} see the like again ;
In whom the Flame of *English* Spirit shone,
A Greatness that adorns those generous Nations,
That never basely yet resign'd their Liberty !
A Magnanimity unknown to Slaves !

Oh

Oh how unlike our new Confederates he!
But yet this Night I will have Truce with Grief;
This Night I consecrate to Love and Joy:
Haste then, my Fairest, my Espous'd, O haste;
And cheer thy languishing impatient *Ulamar*.

SCENE II. *Sakia, Irene, Ulamar.*

Sak. 'Tis late, and we will leave thee to thy
Bride. (tisfy'd!

Ul. Well Madam! Now I hope you are sa-

Sak. Not thou thy self art more.

Ul. You own then I have reason to be sa-
tisfy'd.

Sak. Oh thou art blest above the Race of Men,
Possessing all that's Good, and all that's Fair.

Ul. You have heard *Irene* talk, which till this
day

Your strange Aversion never would permit you:
What think you of her Mind?

Sak. Oh 'tis the very Mind of all her Sex,
That's fit to animate that lovely Person,
An Angel fit to inform that glorious Sphere;
Prepare thy self to-morrow for new Transports,
For then thou shalt behold the best of Fathers,
And I the best of Lovers in a Husband.

Ul. He'll not refuse to see *Irene* sure,
Tho born an *Angian*.

Sak. O no, my Son, he will not only see,
But will be ravish'd with the matchless Sight;
For thou hast chose exactly to his Wish,
And thy Choice answers to the fair Idea,
The lovely Image, and the perfect Mind

†

Which

Which his rich Fancy form'd for thee:
Once more, ten thousand Blessings on you both.

SCENE III. *Ulamar, Irene.*

Ul. Come to my Arms, thou charming Wish
of Souls!

The happy Night, the auspicious Hour is come
That I so long have wish'd, so long despair'd
to see;

Make but this Bliss perpetual, O ye Pow'rs!

I ask no more, for I am blest as you.

What's this? By all the Immortal Pow'rs, in
Tears! (blest?

And art thou griev'd, that thy poor Lover's
Is this thy Constancy? Is this thy Flame?

Ir. My *Ulamar*! Since I declar'd my Love
When Decency almost forbad the Sound,
Now Heav'n has made it Duty, I must own
My Passion is my darling Pride of Soul;
And never can *Irene* more be pleas'd
Than when her lovely *Ulamar* is blest:

But ah, a Sadness sits upon my Soul,
A fatal Load, that weighs it down from Bliss,
To which it would aspire, a black Prefage
That whispers to me, I must lose thee, *Ulamar*.

Ul. The Gods forbid, that I should lose *Irene*!
Why should my Love give way to such a
Thought?

Ir. Oh *Ulamar*! My Happiness! My Life!
The blissful Days and Hours that I expect,
Now join'd in happy Nuptial League with thee,
Are surely what offend th' Immortal Pow'rs;
Such Bliss is far above a mortal State,

For

For we should live and be as Gods, my Love,
And that the wrathful Pow'rs above deny.

Ul. This is mere melancholy Fancy all.

Ir. Ah me! What dreadful Groan was that,
as if

A thousand Wretches in one Breath expir'd:
The Demons of the Air sure catch my Grief,
Confirming my Presage.

Ul. 'Tis Fancy all, or next to Fancy, Wind,
That raging makes the bending Forest roar.
No, Dearest, if th' Immortal Pow'rs are angry,
'Tis not with thee, for thou art spotless all,
In whom not Earth nor Heav'n a Fault can see;
No, 'tis with me, who see all Heav'n before me,
And yet delay to taste of Immortality.
For Oh! I talk, I loiter out the Night,
Too, too inestimable to be lost

In words: If we must talk, to bed, my Fair,
Where I shall whisper something to thy Soul
That is a Secret for the Gods and thee.

O those bewitching Blushes! How they dart
Celestial Fire thro all my trembling Frame.
If there is cause to fear th' Immortal Pow'rs
Should snatch thee from me, let us live to-night,
This blissful Night whole Ages let us live.

Ir. Bless me, ye Pow'rs! What dismal Skream
Heard you not something? (is that?)

Ul. Plainly I heard, and wonder what it means.

Ir. Hark! hark! Another Shriek.

Ul. And now they groan.

Ir. Now Shouts of Joy succeed,
And now a Noise of Murder and of Fire.

SCENE IV. *Ulamar, Irene, Arimat wounded.*

Ul. Ha! What art thou, thus mangled, and
Can'st thou be *Arimat*? (thus pale?

Ar. The poor Remains of *Arimat*.

Ul. Alas! Thou art dying.

Ar. Yes, there were two things
That I had left to do in this frail World;
To save thee, *Ulamar*, and then to die.

Ul. Surprise has so confounded all my Pow'rs,
That I want Force to ask thee who has done

Ar. Who but our new Allies? (this.

Ul. The *French*?

Ar. The faithless *French*.

Ul. Impossible! Thou sav'st, poor dying *A-*
rimat. (French

Ar. I would to Heav'n I did: The perjurd
Rallying their routed Troops, came back by
stealth,

And for twelve Hours insidiously sat down
Under the Brow of yonder Northern Mount,
And there sat brooding o'er their black Design.

Ul. How know'st thou this?

Ar. Aloud they boast it thro' our flaming
Streets, (Place,
And how with ease by Night they gain'd a
Trusting to solemn Oaths so lately sworn;
Bury'd in Sleep, and quite dissolv'd in Luxury.

Ul. Confusion! *Angie* on the Brink of Ruin,
And I stand loitering here! To Arms, to Arms!

Ar. Hold, *Ulamar*, I came not for that purpose:
'Tis now too late to fight; for all our *Angians*,
Except a few, are fled, or slain, or taken.

Ul.

Ul. And why had I no sooner Notice?

Ar. Alas! all this has in few Minutes past,
For we were most without Defence surpriz'd,
Depending on this Night's so solemn Treaty.
Fly while thou canst, brave *Ulamar*, Oh fly!
A dauntless Handful still of our brave Warriors,
With matchless Valour keep the Dogs at bay;
Yet they but fight, to give thee time to fly:
Their Zeal to save their wretched sinking Coun-
try,

Against vast Numbers for a while sustains them,
That they may save in thee the Prop of Liberty,
The great Support of all th' *Iroquian* Tribes,
The only Hope of *Angie*——

My fainting Limbs no longer will support me;
Receive me Earth, the Refuse now of Nature.

[*Falls.*

Fly, *Ulamar*, e'er yet it be too late,
Or thou and *Angie* are, like me, no more. [*Dies.*

Ir. He dies!

Be gone, my Love, without delay be gone.

Ul. And where alas wilt thou go?

Ir. To Life or Death I'll follow thee.

Ul. To Life thou canst not, 'tis impossible;
For I must scale the Palisades t' escape.
The *French* possess the Gates; no Flight for me,
No, I must die; but will not tamely fall,
Nor unreveng'd: to Arms, to Arms.

SCENE V. *Ulamar, Irene, Zephario*
wounded.

Zeph. O Horror! Horror! 'tis too late,
my Son.

Vol. II.

L

Ir.

Ir. My Father bleeding! Stream my Eyes
like Fountains. (more.

Zeph. *Angie* has been, and we are now no
Die, *Ulamar*, and thou *Irene* die:

If thou would'st die, as thou hast liv'd, with Ho-
nour,

Die quickly, while thy wretched Countrymen,
The few Remains of *Angians*, scarce defend
The Entrance to this Place——I can no more.

[*Dies.*

Ir. He dies, he dies, and Heav'n looks calm-
ly on. (retire:

Ul. Hark! hark! they come, retire, my Love,
Now for the Welcome that such Guests deserve.

SCENE V. *Ulam. Ire. Front. Mir. Officers,
and Soldiers. Fight.*

Front. Ha! Who art thou so young, yet dost
such Wonders?

Thou art truly brave, by Heav'n.

Mir. So brave, that 'tis a most opprobrious
Shame

That he should poorly be oppress'd by Odds:

My Lord, give Orders that your Men retire,

I am alone sufficient.

[*Advancing.*

Front. Hold Kinsman; *Miramont*, I charge

Ul. Ha! *Miramont*!

(thee hold:

Mir. Yes, what hast thou to say to *Miramont*?

Ul. Come on, and twice in one revolving Sun
Receive thy Life from me.

Mir. Ha! my Preserver!

These are the only Arms I'll use with thee;

[*Embraces.*

Resign

Resign thy Sword and thy Defence to me:
This is Count *Frontenac*, our Captain-General,
Ally'd to me in Blood, ally'd in Soul,
Dearer than all Relations as my Friend;
And I have made him swear my brave Deliverer
Should be both safe and free.

Ul. This Morning by thy Looks I thought
thee honest,
And in thy Words a generous Mind appears;
How comes it that thou vilely couldst descend
To share the Guilt of this perfidious Act?

Mir. I share it not,
For I return'd not to attack the *Angians*,
But to deliver thee:
Know I detested this perfidious Deed;
But what can one against a Multitude,
Or the Commands of arbitrary Sway?
Our General too detests it in his Heart.

Ul. And yet performs it! What a Riddle's
this?

Front. I dare not disobey superior Pow'r.

Ul. In all *New France* no Pow'r excels thy
own. (riv'd,

Front. From *Europe* the severe Command ar-

Ul. But why this odious Treason?

Front. Thrice have I Orders from the Court
receiv'd,

To spare no Force, nor Art, nor Cost, nor Fraud,
To seize upon the General of the *Angians*.

Ul. Ha! Wherefore? (War,

Front. 'Tis he's the furious Thunderbolt of
That makes th' unconquer'd *Iroquois* so dreadful,
To us more mortal than a general Plague;

Consumes our Colonies, destroys our Men,
Slaughters our faithful Friends and our Allies;
Nay, vows t' extirpate all the *Gallick* Race;
Their very Memories, and their Names from

Ul. Dost thou know him? (*Canada.*

Front. His Deeds have made him too much
known to *France*,

But for his Face, I never yet beheld it;
Yet by the *Angians* obstinate Defence
Before this Place, I thought to have found him
here;

Thou mayst discover where he lies conceal'd,
For the other Slaves are obstinately dumb.

Ul. What wouldst thou with him?

Front. When I have got him in my pow'r,
He dies,

For so my Orders from the Court require,
And I have sworn he shall not live an hour.

Ul. Then rashly hast thou sworn, and thou
art perjurd.

Front. Presumptuous Boy!

Ul. Yes, thou art perjurd,
For thou hast sworn to thy Relation there,
The General of the *Angians* should be free.

Front. Yet more presumptuous!
Wouldst thou, who art not old enough to serve,
Wouldst thou pretend to lead an Army?

Ul. Yes;
They whom the Gods inspire are ne'er too young,
And they have set up me, to save my Country,
And drive out Tyrants from this *Indian* World.

Front. I see thou hast a Soul above thy Years,
And that exalted Soul must scorn a Lye;
Thou

Thou art the General then? since thou hast said
it, (Fate.

Here take him, Guards, and lead him to his

Mir. Confusion! hold there! What do you
mean, my Lord?

Front. I mean to take his Life.

Mir. But that you must not.

Front. How! must not?

Mir. No; shall not, dare not.

Front. And who dares hinder me? I here
am absolute. (dare not break it.

Mir. You have given your solemn Oath, and

Front. I had given the King my solemn Word
Is't not the King's Command? (before:

Mir. No, 'tis unjust, the King can do no
Wrong:

He who commands Injustice, is no King;

Nor are we bound t' obey.

Front. Always a Malecontent!

Mir. Am I alone?

Are there not thousands here in *Canada*?

O would you hearken to great Nature's Call!

Front. Away! I hear thee not,

But for this *Angian*, instantly he dies.

Take him away there.

(perish;

Mir. The Dog who first lays hold of him shall
As long as I have Life, I will defend him.

Front. Hold there!

That Life is forfeited, if I would take it;

But fondly thou presum'st upon my Love.

Ungrateful *Miramont*! Art thou my Friend,
Who seek'st my Infamy, who seek'st my Ruin?

Mir. I seek your Honour.

L 3

Front.

Front. My Honour! mind your own.

Mir. I will, I do: (mine?)

Whose Honour here is more concern'd than
Depending on your Faith, I gave my Honour
To see this noble Youth both safe and free;
And 'twas the Trust that he repos'd in that,
Made him deliver up his Sword to me:
I have giv'n my Honour, and I will maintain it;
And yours, tho you neglect it,

Front. Ha! have a care!

Mir. I will have no care; here take my Life;
'Tis that I know you thirst for, and 'tis yours.

Front. I am but too tender of it. (ger:

Mir. To Tenderness thy Soul's an utter Stran-
He tender of my Life, who takes my Honour!

Front. Upon thy Life no more: Come, yet
I am thy Friend,

Mir. You never were.

Front. O thou wilt rouse the Lion till he
tears thee. (wretched Breast,

Mir. Here let him tear me! What's this
Without the unfully'd Jewel, of the which
You basely would deprive it? (Guards,

Front. Ha! Am I then defy'd? Here seize him
Kill him if he resists: Hold, God he bleeds!

Mir. Yes, 'tis the Blood so oft I've shed for
you. (my Rage:

Front. It is indeed; that Thought cools all
What wouldst thou have at last? My utter Ruin?
Come, thou shalt have thy Wish:

But wilt thou then believe I am thy Friend?

Mir. How can you think that he desires your
Ruin,

Who

Who has so oft shed his best Blood to serve you?
No, I will die before I will see that;
Nay he shall die too :
But come, my Lord, consider e'er you act;
Behold this noble Youth with all your Eyes,
Reflect upon his Worth, survey his Person.

Front. I have consider'd all.

Mir. Is not his Courage more than common?

Front. Heroick.

Mir. His Magnanimity?

Front. Godlike.

Mir. His Person?

Front. The Pleasure of my Eyes;
And were he not my Country's mortal Foe,
How I could doat on such uncommon Worth!

Mir. Come, come, my Lord, your Country's
Foes are they,
Who trample under foot its native Rights,
Not they who fight against Tyrannick Sway,
But all this while this Fair One we neglect :
Yet she is fair——

Front. A Miracle of Beauty.

Mir. And seems to have a Soul above her Sex :
Look how her mournful Eyes move melting
Pity!

In which the Greatness of her Mind appears,
That struggles to repress her mighty Woe ;
So soft, so young, so tender ; yet so firm !
By her, this wretched Youth should be a Lover,
Is she thy Mistress, or thy Wife ?

Ul. Oh thou hast found a way to break my
Heart ;
This stubborn Heart which Fate could not sub-

(due!

For

For when I think of what she undergoes,
In my tumultuous Breast it sinks and dies.

Mir. Is she thy Mistress, or thy Wife? Nay,
speak.

Ul. Oh cruel Fate? Was ever Woe like mine?
Alas! She's both my Mistress and my Wife.

Mir. We are no Strangers to the Pow'r of
Love,

Nor to the Grief that hapless Love attends;
We know how cruel 'tis, to be thus torn
From all that's precious to our bleeding Hearts;
And shall we inflict those piercing Woes on o-
thers? (you,

My Lord, my Lord, by powerful Love I charge
Whose Captive you have been, and yet remain,
Or is the Object of your Flame forgot?

Front. O never, never shall she be forgot!

Mir. Then by great Love, whose Captive
you remain,

I here conjure you, spare this captive Pair;
By the remembrance of that lovely Object,
By all the Bliss you enjoy'd with her so long,
By all your bitter Woe for her sad Loss,
And by those Sighs you now profoundly draw
From your sad Heart, th' exhaustless Source of
Woe. (bear;

Front. O *Miramont* forbear, my Friend for-
Thou hast rous'd the Vulture slumbring in my
That gnaws my Heart asunder. (Breast,

Mir. If Separation's hard to you, my Lord,
Who long possess the Darling of your Heart,
And who from Life's Meridian now decline;
What must it be to him, whose youthful Blood
Feels

Feels all the Stings of violent Desire?
To him, my Lord, to whom Possession's new;
He and his Wife, in their first charming Bloom,
Can never have enjoy'd each other long.
How long hast thou been marry'd?

Ul. Ye Gods, ye Gods, let me not think of it!

Mir. Nay answer me, I ask it but to serve thee.

Ul. Thou seest that I am ready for my Fate;
But let me die, as I have liv'd, a Man,
For thou wilt make a Woman of me.
This very fatal Ev'ning joyn'd our Hands.

Mir. This Night! this very Night! O Earth
and Heav'n,

Is't possible? No ne'er was Woe like thine!
Thy Wife is then a Virgin, yet untouch'd,
And that thou lov'st her more than Life it self,
Thy ardent, and thy melting Eyes declare:
Thou for this Night perhaps hast languish'd long;
Or long hast been upon the painful Wreck,
Been tost alternately, from eager Hope
To mortal Fear, from Fear to Hope again;
And we surpriz'd thee in the last Impatience;
Eager for Bliss, and panting to the Goal:
And must Death cut off all thy charming Hope,
Ev'n in th' enchanting Height of Expectation?
This is unheard of, this is monstrous Cruelty.
Come, you must melt, my Lord, you shall, you do,
We shall not else be look'd upon as Men;
As Men! the very Lion and the Tyger
Would be less barbarous, would be less inhuman,
And here's a Sight that in their savage Breasts
Might raise a tender Sense of human Woe.

Front. This is indeed deplorable.

Mir.

Mir. My Lord, my Lord, you utterly forget,
That we our selves have Wives and Children too,
That languish, if they live, in hard Captivity,
Tho where we know not ; yet the Pow'rs above
Behold them, and prepare with dreadful Plagues
To visit our Crimes upon their Innocence ;
And all th' Injustice, and the crying Cruelty
Which we inflict on this unhappy Pair,
On those poor Innocents will be reveng'd.

Front. I'll hear no more ;

For thou wilt melt me to my Ruin, *Miramont* ;
And these by my Destruction thou wouldst save :
Thou know'st the King's Commands are most se-

Mir. And most unjust. (vere,

But arbitrary Kings are always Slaves
To Interest : their implicit grand Command
To all their Subjects, is to advance that,
To which all Orders are suppos'd to tend :
But 'tis the apparent Interest of the King,
To spare this valiant Youth ; which when you

Front. But how can I shew that ? shew—

Mir. Why would the King destroy him ?

Front. Once more I tell thee,
Because he is his mortal Foe declar'd,
And is besides the universal Soul (tions
That warms, and moves, and animates these Na-
T'oppose his vast Designs ; whom when they lose,
The very Spirit that supports them's gone.

Mir. If he declares for us, they lose him more
Than if he dies, because we gain him then.

Front. But he's too lofty, and too fierce for
He'll ne'er declare for us. (that;

M'r. [*apart.*] I would not have him ; but I
must gain time, Which

Which if I compass, I may yet preserve him.

[To Front.] Not instantly ; his Soul's too great
But give him Time, my Lord. (for that ;

Front. The *English* may return, the *Angians*
rally,

And then he may be wrested from our Hands ;
How should I answer that ?

Mir. Before the Morning they can ne'er return ;
Give him till Point of Day, and let this Fair-one
Try her persuasive Pow'r,

Front. Captain !

Off. My Lord !

(be yours ;

Front. The Charge of these two Prisoners must
But keep your Guard for half an hour at distance,
That their Discourse may not be overheard :

If in that time he will declare for us,

Let him be left here with his beauteous Bride ;

But place a Guard without, that may protect

If he refuses, bring him strait to me, (them,

And her convey to th' other Female Captives.

Now, *Angian*, Life or Death are in thy Choice ;

If thou wilt swear t' embrace our Interests,

A glorious Instrument thou may'st become

To make these Nations subject to our Sway,

And then thou shalt be happy, shalt be great,

And under us rule all th' *Iroquian* Tribes :

If thou refusest, thou shalt surely die.

SCENE VI. Ulamar, Irene,

Ul. Ah poor Irene !

Ir. Wretched Ulamar !

Ul. We but just are met——

Ir. And we must part; Wouldst thou not tell
me so ?

Ul.

Ul. We must; for ever part.

Ir. Who could have thought it?

Ul. Who could have believ'd it?

Ir. That wish'd-for Happiness should be so near;

Ul. And be so soon, and so entirely lost.

Ir. Ah cruel Change!

Ul. O mortal Woe! one Kiss, and then farewell.

Ir. The Gods have giv'n to others to fare well;
O miserably must *Irene* fare!

Art thou in haste to leave thy Bride for ever?

Ul. My Life! can I avoid it? I must leave thee;
Thou seest the Spousals cruel Fate prepares for
us, (vides us:

These are the Wedding-Joys that Heav'n pro-
farewel! A longer Stay will quite unman me;
Eternally Farewel——O cursed Parting!

[*Kisses her.*

O charming Earnest of immortal Bliss,
Which I must ne'er enjoy!

Ir. The Gods, the Gods reward this faithless
Race. (duly;

Ul. Me rather curse, yes, curse my damn'd Cre-
O Fool, Fool, Fool, to be thus grossly chous'd
By these viletricking Slaves! O I am lost!
But justly, there's the Torment, justly lost;
I poorly ran the hazard of my Country
To save my House, and on my House the first,
The greatest, and most dismal Vengeance falls.

Ir. But lost *Irene's* most of all undone:
Consider what I am, and what I was
In the beginning of this fatal Night;
Was I not happy?

Ul. Thou wast indeed.

Ir.

Ir. How am I fall'n !

Ul. Oh thou art plung'd in an Abyſs of Woe !

Ir. If I appear to upbraid thee, *Ulamar*,
Think there's a wondrous Reason for't : Who
This dreadful Revolution in my Fate ? (caus'd

Ul. Who but a Dog, who but a Dog?
Oh I could tear my ſelf !

Ir. Thine is the Fault, but whoſe muſt be the
But whoſe muſt be the Horror ? (Pain ?

Ul. Oh that it might be mine ! might all be
mine !

Ir. Thy Enemies will ſoon deliver thee,
And Death will be thy Friend ; his icy Hand
Will ſoon convey thee to that bliſſful Land,
Where thou ſhalt ſwim in everlaſting Joy,
Where thou wilt ſoon forget thy lov'd *Irene*.

Ul. Oh never ! never !

Ir. The tranſitory Pains of Death with thee
Will ſoon be o'er, but I ſhall feel them long ;
Of thy ſad Death how long may I be dying !
For I have neither Enemy, nor Friend
That will deliver me ; but muſt be left
Alone ! Oh all alone, I ſhall be left
Without my Country, and my dear Relations,
Without my faithful Friends, nay without Thee,
Who wert Relations, Country, all to me.

O that thou wert ! O that thou wouldſt be all !

Ul. Thou miſerableſt of the Race of Women,
What wouldſt thou !

Ir. Thou ſeeſt in what Condition I am left,
In what perfidious, in what barbarous hands ;
Say, what am I to expect when thou art gone,
From ſuch a cruel, ſuch a faithleſs Race ?

Ul.

Ul. Oh damn them——damn them ! O Revenge, Revenge !

I'd give the World that thou wert in my pow'r.

Ir. Say *Ulamar*, for thou hast known me long :
Say, did I e'er appear thus mov'd before ?

Ul. No, never, never ; Fate is on thy Brow,
And thy Soul's teeming with some wondrous
Birth ;

Let it be ne'er so dreadful, bring it out,
The worst of Fate I have already felt.

Ir. If e'er thou lov'dst me with a noble Pas-
'Tis time to shew it now. (sion,

Ul. Whicher art thou going ?

Ir. Once more tell me,
Who brought this Load of Woe upon my Head ?

Ul. Oh Damnation ! Oh !

Ir. From whom should my Deliverance then
proceed ? (then

Ul. Lightning this moment blast me ! must I
Betray my Country, or abandon thee ?

Ir. Say, tho a poor distressful, widow'd Virgin,
Yet am I not thy Wife ?

Ul. My dearest Wife !

Dearer than is the Blood that warms my Heart,
But ruin'd *Angie* is my Country still.

Ir. Wilt thou do nothing for me, *Ulamar* ?
Is not my Honour thine ?

Ul. It is, and mine is thine,
And therefore I'll preserve it true to thee,
To Heav'n and Nature, and to ruin'd *Angie*.

Ir. And I would have thee constant to them
For if thou prov'st a Traitor to the rest, (all ;
Thou wilt be so to me.

Ul.

Ul. Ha!

Is there another way to thy Deliverance?
I'll shed the Blood that's dearest to my Heart
To obtain it.

Ir. The Blood that's dearest to thy Heart!

Ul. By the great Mind I will.

Ir. Is not that Blood *Irene's*? (propos'd?

Ul. Thy Blood! O Horror! What hast thou

Ir. Yes thou must shed it, *Ulamar*, and die.

Ul. Am I a Devil? (Torments,

Ir. What, canst thou stay to expire in fearful
Insulted o'er by these inhuman Slaves?

Thou hast a Ponyard, tho thy Sword is gone.

Ul. I have, and thus I use it.

[*Draws the Dagger, offers to stab himself.*

Ir. Hold, by Almighty Love I charge thee
hold;

O look upon me with an Eye of Mercy,
And plunge it here; let me not see thee die:
Have mercy, *Ulamar*, and kill me first.

Ul. What, give thee Death! Upon this sacred
Night! (Gods

Is that a Bridegroom's Gift? The Gods, the
Deliver thee, while thus I free my self.

[*Offers to stab himself.*

Ir. Thou shalt not die, inhuman as thou art;
How could you have the cruel Heart to attempt
To leave me here to this perfidious Race? (it?
My Father, Country, Friends, all, all are gone;
And canst thou leave me too, my Life? Canst
thou? (thee.

Canst thou? Thou shalt not. I will die before
[*Snatches the Dagger from him, and offers to
kill her self.*] Ul.

Ul. O hold!

That dismal Blow I must not, dare not see.

Ir. Think what the *French* when thou art
gone—Come Death,
And free my Breast from this distracting Thought.

SCENE VII. Ulamar, Irene, Officer and
Guards.

Off. Ha Slaves!

Is this the use you make of proffer'd Mercy?
Haste! Tear them asunder.

Him to Count *Frontenac* in Bonds conduct,
And her convey to th' other Female Captives:
Bring them away there. (thee:

Ul. Ah poor *Irene*! May the Gods protect
Take in this dying Look my last Farewel;
Death's cruel'st Pang is parting thus from thee.

Ir. Oh Gods! What dreadful Fate's reserv'd
for me!



ACT V. SCENE I.

Ulamar, Frontenac, Miramont.

Front. COME, be not guilty of thy own
Destruction!

Believe it, I would gladly be thy Friend;
Besides that I respect thy wondrous Virtue,
There's something so engaging in thy Person,
That I'm inclin'd with Tenderness to love thee:
But

But think th' irrevocable Moments fly;
The time approaches when thou must resolve.

Ul. What, to betray my Trust! To be a
Villain!

Front. Mistake me not, fond Youth!
Assist us to subdue these warlike Nations;
And under us thou shalt command them all.

Ul. What Right have I to rule these warlike
Nations? (Nature:

Front. The justest in the World, the Right of
Thou singly hast more Virtue than them all;
And therefore art by Nature form'd to rule them.

Ul. With bare Desert a generous Mind is sa-
tisfy'd;

If I have Virtue, give me leave to keep it:
Complying with thy Offer would destroy it,
And I should then have more and blacker
Crimes

Than all the warlike *Iroquois* together.
But thou mistak'st thy Man, I have a Soul
That scorns a Tyrant, and a Slave alike!
And thou wouldst have me both:
But since thy Offer kindly is design'd,
In Gratitude I doubly will return it.

Front. Return it, sayst thou? How?

Ul. Set me but free, and I'll in kind return it.

Front. In kind!

Ul. Yes, rouse thy self, and shake off this
vile Yoke, (groan'st:
Under the which thou bow'st thy Neck and
I'll make thee King of all *Canadian France*,
And the brave *English*, and the warlike *Iroquois*,
Shall both support thy Claim.

Front. I'll hear no more ; say, wilt thou live
or die ? (refuse it :

Mir. Nay, hear him out ; 'tis barbarous to
Methinks that I could hear him talk for ever.

Front. Yet be advis'd and live. (fond ;

Ul. Not on thy Terms, I'm not of Life so
Weigh both our Offers, and judge which is juster :
Tyrant and Slave at once thou'dst have me turn,
And weaken and debase my free-born Mind,
That's independent now of all but Heav'n,
And a Superior in a Man disdains :

The greatest, best of Men are but my Equals ;
The Guilty, like thy Master, my Inferiors.

Front. Thou hast a noble Soul, by Heav'n.

Mir. A Godlike one.

Ul. Oh how unlike is what I ask of thee ?
I would establish thee a lawful King,
And o'er a happy People shalt thou reign ;
Would break thy ignoble Bonds, and give thee
means

To assert thy Liberty, to assert thy Virtue :
For lurking in thy Breast I see the Seeds
Of ev'ry noble Virtue ; but by Custom
And vain Opinion choak'd, and blind Obedience
To the unjust Ambition of thy Master.

As thou art Man, thou art generous and brave,
True Magnanimity adorns thy Mind ;
And thou art as dearly awful to my Soul,
As if thou wert my Father. (perjur'd,

But as thou art *French*, thou art base, perfidious,
And sacrificest to thy Tyrant's Will
Thy very Honour, and thy very Virtue.

Mir. Mind that, my Lord.

Ul.

Ul. Thou wouldst have me betray my Trust,
my Country,

The solemn'st and most sacred of all Trusts.

I would have thee deliver those thou rul'st,

And free them from the Bonds that wring their
Hearts, (roar.

And from the cruel Scourge that makes them

Should I comply with thee, and should undo

These generous Nations, who are happy now

In Innocence and Freedom, but would then

Be plung'd in Vice and endless Misery;

How when I afterwards met woeful Sights,

Deplorable Misfortunes, melting Objects;

How would my Heart within my Bosom die,

To think that I had done this?

But thou who hitherto, mistaken Man,

Hast prostituted to thy Monarch's Pride

The noblest Talents of thy Mind and Person,

Thy Wisdom, and thy Courage hast employ'd

To cast all other Nations into Chains,

And clinch and rivet those that bind thy own,

Who hast been industrious to entail Destruction

Upon the Race of Men, to all Posterity,

Ev'n thy Posterity, thy wretched Children,

If thou hast Children——

Front. What cruel Griefs has that Remem-
brance rous'd? (shalt come

Ul. How will thy Soul rejoice, when thou

To turn those Talents to their noblest Use,

To bring the Nations round to happy Freedom,

And make Atonement to our *Indian* World,

For all the Woes thy curst Ambition caus'd!

What inexpressive Joy will seize thy Breast,

When thou shalt every where meet happy Objects,

And think to thee that Happiness they owe!
To hear the Shouts, the general Acclamations,
Th'unnumber'd Blessings pour'd upon thy Head.
O wouldst thou rouse thy self, and break thy Chain,

How would thy Virtue and thy Glory shine!
And to what height thy Happiness would soar!
Then impious War should here for ever cease,
Which never came among these happy Groves,
Till thy false Race first landed on our Shore.
For 'tis for Liberty we war, not Empire;
While at the Blood we spill we hourly sigh,
And curse the Falshood of detested Slaves,
That rudely force us to destroy our Kind.
How shameful 'tis, that Men whom Heav'n has form'd,

Of this vast Universe the Fellow-Citizens,
Should thus wage civil and unnatural War!
All Creatures that have Life, but Men, agree:
The fiercest and most savage of the Beasts,
That makes the Forest tremble at his Roar,
Loves his own Figure in another Beast,
And with him like a Brother lives in peace.
Ev'n Fiends themselves with Fiends are not at variance;
But barbarous Man makes impious War on Man,
And leagues with Fiends against his Fellow-Creatures.

Mir. O Godlike Youth! Assist me all ye Pow'rs,
[*Apart.*

Who love Mankind, and who delight in Mercy,
Assist my just Design. *Ul.*

Ul. But if the Justice of the noble Cause,
The Freedom of the *Indian* World won't move
thee,

If giving lasting Happiness and Peace
To all the Race of Men, won't rouse thy Blood ;
If thy own Fame and Greatness won't prevail,
And if a Crown acquir'd so brave a way,
Have no Temptations for thy groveling Mind,
Hast thou a Son t' inherit Bliss or Woe ?
For some will for their Children more perform,
Than for themselves, and all the World besides.

Mir. A happy Thought, ay, urge that Motive

Ul. Nay, answer me ! (home.

Front. Alas ! thou hurt'st me, probe that
Wound no more.

Ul. Nay, if thou hast, consider while 'tis time,
On this important Now depends his Fate,
And by thy present Choice he grows a King,
Becomes a happy and a glorious King,
Or lives and dies a miserable Slave ;
Come, I can plainly see thou hast a Son.

Mir. Yes, yes, brave Youth, we have Chil-
dren, nay and Wives,

But shamefully have been afraid to own them,
For fear our mighty Monarch should grow angry,
And that vile Fear has lost them : if they live,
They languish in a rude Captivity ;
And to retrieve them, and to keep them ours,
We have no hope, but by thy generous Offer.
Come rouse, my Lord, how long shall we have
Patience ?

Have Patience ! have Stupidity, I would say !
For Patience is a Virtue, this a Vileness,

A very want of Spirits in our Blood:

Come, how much longer shall we crouch and
fawn, (scourg'd?

Yes fawn like Dogs, the more, the more we're

But Dogs when beaten only fawn on Men,

Who were to them superior Creatures form'd:

No Dog will fawn upon a Dog who tears him.

Yes, 'tis a sign we have sacrific'd our Virtue,

Nay, and our very Reason with our Virtue,

When we can thus resolve to offer up

Our Children to the Rage of lawless Sway.

What is he? that he proudly thus commands us,

Not only to commit the basest Crimes,

To grow the Scourge of God, and be the Plagues

Of human Race, while the *French* Name is
grown

A Horror to each Corner of the Earth :

But that like Devils we our selves should feel

Doubly the Torments we inflict on others;

Should on our Children endless Woes entail,

And grow the Curse ev'n of our own Posterity.

For what? That he o'er *Europe* may insult :

Yes, by the Woes of us and ours insult.

What isn't to us who reigns, if we are wretched?

And can we well be more? Is this our Comfort,

That with our selves we make Mankind too
wretched?

A Comfort fit for Devils, not for Men.

Ul. Ay, now thou art my Friend indeed.

Mir. Pray where's his Pow'r that awes us
into this? (him?)

What Force has he, but what we fondly give

For what he wrongly calls his Pow'r is ours;

And

And shall we use our Pow'r against our selves?
Would any but a Wretch depriv'd of Reason,
Employ his Limbs to wound himself and Chil-
dren,

Because another has the monstrous Cruelty
To tell him 'tis his Pleasure?

Front. I've heard too much.

SCENE II. Ulamar, Frontenac, Miramont,
Soldier.

Sol. My Lord, to Arms, to Arms!

Front. What sayst thou? (Gate,

Sol. As we advanc'd towards yonder Southern
Upon the Mountain fronting it, we spy'd,
A Light ascending to the Vault of Heav'n,
Which strait expanding in a general Blaze,
O'erflow'd the Mountain with a Flood of Flame;
And then descending with impetuous Course,
Down to the Vale the fiery Torrent roll'd,
And now both Hill and Vale appear on fire:
'Tis thought the routed *Angians* who escap'd,
Are now returning with their *English* Friends,
And by these numerous Lights direct their night-
ly March. (priz'd:

Front. Ha! We too in our turn shall be sur-
And which way move they?

Sol. Directly towards the Southern Gate they
advance. (up;

Front. Give Orders that my Forces be drawn
My self will lead them to the Southern Gate,
And warmly we'll receive this desperate Foe:
Take care another Band of Fuzileers

Be planted at the Entrance to this Place ;
They shall receive my Pleasure as I pass.

SCENE III. Ulamar, Frontenac, Miramont.

Front. Hold ! let me see ! This *Angian* Captive yet

Is in my pow'r ; how long he may remain so,
Heav'n only knows ! If he escapes I am lost,
My Orders from the Court are so severe.

On this Alarm my Duty calls me hence, [*To Ul.*
Ten Minutes yet thou hast left thee to declare ;
If before they expire thou wilt be ours,
Thou mayst be happy, else thou know'st thy
Doom.

SCENE IV. Ulamar, Miramont.

Mir. The time allow'd thee to resolve is
short ;

Then I intreat thee make thy dearest use of it.

Ul. I was about it :

Thou sayst thou art my Friend.

Mir. I say I am thy Friend : Let Flatterers say,
Brave Youth, for I have shewn I am thy Friend ;
Live but an Hour, and thou wilt find me such,
Find I have boldly ventur'd all to save thee ;
Done more for thee, than ever I would do
Ev'n for my nearest and most dear Relations :
Thou to my Soul art dearer than them all,
Related to me by a nobler way ;

My Kindred they in Blood, but thou in Virtue.

Ul. Then let me take my leave of my *Irene*.

Mir. Thou know'st not what thou ask'st, thy
time is short ;

And

And shouldst thou see her, thy few precious
Moments

Would be in empty Lamentations lost.

Ul. Then bind thy self by solemn Vows to
guard her

From all unworthy Usage when I'm gone.

Mir. Come, I'll do more for thee;
For thou shalt live, and be thy self her Guardian:
What, canst thou poorly die, and thy brave
Friends

So near, who come to free thee from these Bonds,
To free us all from our insulting Tyrant?

Canst thou desert the great Support of Liberty,
And tamely die?

Ul. Tamely!

Mir. Ay, tamely!

Ul. Oh give me but a Sword, and thou shalt
How tamely I will fall. (see

Mir. How wouldst thou use it?

Ul. I'll thro thy numerous Sentries force my
way, (Friends.

And mounting o'er the Ramparts, join my

Mir. Impossible! Thou wouldst betray thy
self (Friends.

And me to Fate, and wouldst prevent rhy

Ul. What can I do besides?

Mir. Declare.

Ul. What, for the *French*!

Against whose Crimes so justly thou inveigh'st?

Mir. Do you think I ask you to declare for
ever?

Thy Sentiments dissemble but an Hour.

Ul.

Ul. Is Death so dreadful?

Mir. Consider but the happy Consequence.

Ul. The Consequence is Guilt, Remorse and Shame.

You punish with an ignominious Death,
They who desert your false and guilty Cause,
And would have me a Fugitive from Truth,
A Fugitive from Virtue?

Mir. But for an Hour.

Ul. But Virtue oft deserted for an Hour,
Repents it deeply, and upon the Wing
Is gone past all Return. (dare,

Mir. Three Minutes yet are left thee to de-

Ul. Then welcome Death the fourth, for that
brings Liberty.

Mir. Think that the Happiness of ev'n a World
Depends upon thy Life. (one

Ul. Know that World's Happiness depends on
Who will not have it sav'd so base a way.

Mir. If thou art so hard-hearted to thy self,
Do something yet for me, who have done for thee
More than thou know'st, or wouldst with ease
believe.

Ul. Thou art so generous, I could die for thee,
Be satisfy'd with that. (obstinate,

Mir. Nay, but thou shalt not thus continue
Descend to be intreated for thy self.

Ul. 'Tis they are obstinate, who are in the
I never was more right. (wrong:

Mir. 'Tis past; how vain 'tis to contend with
Fate.

SCENE

SCENE V. *Ulamat, Miramont, Officer and
Guards.*

Off. Where is this *Anglan*?

Ul. Here.

(sent me)

Off. Count *Frontenac*, our Governour, has
T' enquire of thee for whom thou wilt declare.

Ul. For Liberty.

Off. Then Death shall set thee free:

Here bind him.

Mir. Stay yet a moment.

Off. I dare not stay,

Our General will be here immediately,
And when he comes, expects to find him dead.

Ul. Farewel my absent Dear, protect her
Heav'n,

And make this gentle to her tender Heart;
'Tis a severe Divorce, but we must bear it.

Mir. How my Heart bleeds for him!

Off. Come, away with him.

Ul. Wilt thou be good, and think of lost *Irene*?

Mir. Had I an only Daughter, fair as Virtue,
She should be less my Care.

Ul. Farewel my generous Friend.

Mir. Let me embrace thee, dearer than my Life,
Dear as my Fame; this Separation wounds me,
And makes me bleed, as if thou wert a part of me.
Dear hapless Youth, eternally farewell!

SCENE V. *Ulamat, Miramont, Sakia, Officer
and Guards.*

Sak. He lives, and th' eternal Pow'rs are just:
He lives, stand off, and let a wretched Mother
Embrace

Embrace the Joy and Comfort of her Life.
Oh *Ulamar*, thou Darling of my Soul!—

Off. What means this Woman with her clamorous Fondness?

Present! dispatch him presently.

Sak. Hurt him, and thou shalt be ten years a Where's *Miramont*? (dying.

Mir. Ha! (bey?

Off. Shoot him, ye Slaves; how dare ye diso-

Mir. Hold! On thy Life forbear! She shall be heard first.

Off. With this I shall acquaint the Governor.
Do you remain, and guard your Prisoner well,

SCENE VI. *Ulamar, Miramont, Sakia, and Guards.*

Mir. Who asks for *Miramont*?

Sak. *Sakia.*

Mir. *Sakia!*

Sak. Yes; so the *Angians* call me; but I had Another Name upon th' *Huronian Lake.*

Mir. Till now I never saw thee.

Sak. I tell thee 'tis for *Miramont* I ask.

Mir. Men call me *Miramont.*

Sak. Thee? I know thee not.

How long hast thou been here in *Canada*?

Mir. The Sun has five times roll'd about the Year,

Since first I landed on your *Indian Shore.*

Sak. I want another Captain of thy Name.

Mir. In *Canada* there is no other *Miramont.*

Sak. Thou art mistaken, I have often seen him,
And know him well.

Mir.

Mir. Twelve years ago you may have seen another ;

But then his elder Brother childless dy'd,
And he return'd to *France*.

Sak. Ye have utterly abandon'd us, ye Heav'ns!
And what became of him ?

Mir. In *France* seven years with Honours
crown'd he liv'd,

And then he left it for a better World.

Sak. Dead ! Is he dead ? O the most lost of Wo-

Mir. Hear me. (men !

Sak. Answer me :

Who was that *Miramont* that fought this Morn
With my poor dying Son ?

Mir. 'Twas I : But hear me Madam.

Sak. Horror and Distraction seize me !
Henceforth I'll be as deaf to all the World,
As Heav'n has been to me.

Mir. Hear me but a word.

Sak. At length shew Mercy, ye afflicting
Pow'rs, (made.
And send more Weight to crush the Wretch you

Mir. Strange Prepossession ! (bear !

Sak. This weight of Woe I cannot, will not
I faint, I die, support thy wretched Mother,
And leave her not in this extreme Necessity.
Ah Woe ! Thou art thy self in dire Necessity,
Hopeless, forlorn, of all the World forsaken :
But who has brought thee to this dismal End ?
O Wretch, the most accurst of Heav'n ! Thus,
thus

I dash against the Ground the fatal Cause. [*Falls.*
And art thou gone, for ever gone my *Miramont* ?
Then

Then all the World is gone with wretched me;
 Here let me end my miserable Life :
 My miserable Life's already ended,
 And I am in the number of those things
 That were, and are no more. I come, my Mira-
 Methinks I see thy awful Ghost appear, (*mont*;
 And beckon me away to that strange Land,
 From whence there's no Return. Yes now I see
 thee,
 Just with that mournful Look, that fatal Frown,
 With which thou now for three successive Nights
 Hast broke my dreadful Slumbers, & upbraid me
 For my unkind Delay : But I it seems,
 Flatter'd and cheated by false Hope,
 Mistook the mortal Summons.

SCENE VII. *Front, Ul. Mir. Sak. Officer
 and Guards.*

Sak. Ha! Gods! He comes, with the same
 Frown he comes:
 Do you call this Fancy! O I shall be mad;
 I shall be mad with Joy, with Fear, with Wonder!
 O thou who hast the Charms to make Death
 lovely, (*Look,*
 What wouldst thou, with that pale astonish'd
 Such as the Dying wear, or Dead who arise?
 Com'st thou to call thy miserable Wife?
 She comes, in Life and Death thy own *Nikaia*.

[*Draws a Dagger.*

Front. Nikaia!

(*calls!*

Sak. Ha! More Astonishment! He speaks, he
 Do you hear? Do you see? Or is this Madness
 all?

Front.

Front. Oh my astonish'd Soul! It is *Nikaia*.

Sak. Again in an afflicted Tone he calls,
I come.

Front. O hold! [*Lays hold on the Dagger.*]

Sak. Ah Gods! He lives, I die! Ah *Miramont*!
(longing Arms;

Front. Thou shalt die here then in these
Dear to my Heart, as the Life-Blood that
warms it:

Feel how with sprightly Beats it calls thee back
To Life and Love again!

Sak. It is, it is my *Miramont*!

Oh 'tis too much, ye Powers, I cannot bear it,
I die, the mighty Joy devours my Life;
My Love, my Life, my *Miramont*!

Front. And dost thou live? And art thou in
my Arms?

Where hast thou past so many cruel Years?
O let these Tears of flowing Joy acquaint thee,
How bitterly I've mourn'd thy fatal Loss!
What hast thou suffer'd in this rude Captivity?
O thou hast suffer'd what no Tongue can tell!
How hast thou mourn'd for thy afflicted Mate!
For sure thy Grief was equal to thy Love,
And never any Flame could equal thine.

Sak. No, we will never, never part again!

Alas! I had forgot our *Miramont*——

Front. Ha! What of that dear Creature?
How I tremble!

Thy Looks inform me, that my dearest Hope,
The Joy and Comfort of my Life is lost.

Sak. He lives, but on the very Brink of Fate:
Alas! They murder him!

Front.

Front. They! Who?

Sak. The barbarous Governor. (vernor?

Front. The Governor! My Life! What Go-

Sak. The Governor of this *New France*.

Front. Who hath deluded thee?

The Governor of *France* is in thy Arms.

Sak. The Governor of *France* is *Frontenac*;
And art not thou my *Miramont*?

Front. I always was, I always will be thine,
And formerly I was thy *Miramont*,
But by my Brother's Death am *Frontenac*;
Thus are our Names by Custom chang'd in
France.

Sak. O Horror! Horror!

O Wretch, what dreadful Guilt hast thou e-
scap'd? (der!

Behold thy Son, whom thou'rt about to mur-

Front. Ha! Where?

Sak. There, there, behold him. (thee:

Front. Ha! thy Wonder and thy Joy distract
He who stands there is General of the *Angians*.

Sak. As sure as he is General of the *Angians*,
He is thy Son and mine, 'tis thy own *Miramont*.

Front. O I am lost and swallow'd up in Wonder!
Ye Gods, ye Gods!

These are Events surpassing all Example;

These are th' amazing Miracles of Fate!

Ha!

Perish all Tyrants, and their black Commands!

[Embraces Ul.

Ul. Ah, in that Godlike Voice I hear my Fa-
ther. (give me!

Front. Oh *Miramont*! My Son, my Son, for-
Ul.

Ul. You gave me Life, and you may take it back.

Front. That Life I gave thee, to defend I'll die;
Dear to my Heart, and lovely to my Eyes!
Come to my Arms once more, indulge thy Father's Fondness,

My Wife and Son recover'd in an Hour;
And such a Son! O I am blest
Above my fondest Hope.

I am a God, if nothing intervenes
To interrupt this more than mortal Joy:
And thou, brave *Miramont*, my generous Friend,
Thou to whose rare and unexampled Virtue
I owe the Joy and Darling of my Life;
Embrace the Worth thou hast sav'd, 'twas thy
own Blood, [Mir. embraces Ul.]

Which to preserve, thou nobly didst contend.

Sak. Why wouldst thou drive me to Despair,
by saying [Front. talks apart with his Son.
My *Miramont* was in another World?

Mir. You would not hear me out:

We esteem this a World distinct from ours.

[Apart.] I must be gone, th' appointed Minute's
come.

SCENE VIII. Frontenac, Ulamar, Sakia,
Guards.

Front. Lose thee, I'll lose my self first.

Ul. Your King will have it so, and I must die.

Front. Where are the *English*?

Ul. Ay, that's my Father's Voice, great Nature's Voice:

Vol. H.

N

The

The Voice of Heav'n is that. What Shout is that? [Shout.

Front. No matter. Now the *Angians* are my Friends ;

Rally thy flying Squadrons with the Morn.

Ul. Before the Sun has finish'd three Careers,
The warlike *English*, and th' united *Iroquois*,
Shall hail thee King of all *Canadian France*.

Front. What, sacrifice my Son to lawless Sway! (French

Ul. For fifty tolling Years the wretched
Have to their Tyrants sacrific'd their Sons ;
But to rash thoughtless Men the Horrour's less,
Because th' Effect insensibly comes on :
They have been the most abandon'd of all
Slaves. (more.

Front. But I'm a Slave, my aspiring Boy, no

Ul. Oh the blest Sound!

Front. O I am rouz'd from my Lethargick
Dream ; (Repose,

And when we have been refresh'd with short
We will to Arms, to glorious Arms, my Boy,
And Godlike Liberty shall be the Word.

Ul. O that some Angel with his golden Trump
Would make that Voice thro the wide World
resound ; (to Liberty!

That the Celestial Sound might rouse Mankind
But ah, these Transports are too fierce to last ;
And th' angry Gods remand me to my Griefs.
Where's my *Irene*?

SCENE

SCENE IX. Frontenac, Ulamar, Sakia,
Irene.

Voice!

Ir. She comes, she flies to that enchanting

Ul. O let me press thee to my very Heart;
From which ev'n Fate had not the pow'r to tear
Sir, I us'd no Entreaty for my Life; (thee.
But for my Love thus low I humbly bow, [*Kneels.*
That you'd consent to make it happy here.

Front. Take her, she's thine; but cherish her
like Life;

She merits all thy Love; and more I prize her,
For the rich Dowry of her matchless Virtue,
Than if extended Empire were her Lot.

Sak. O the most blissful Hour of all my Life!
My long Calamities be quite forgot,
And let me give up all my Soul to Joy!

Ul. Where hast thou past this doleful dismal
Hour,

In dreadful Expectation of what Fate
Was terribly about to execute?

Ir. Among a Croud of miserable Slaves;
Where hearing of thy Death, in wild Despair
I made a dire Attempt upon my Life,
When gracious Heav'n by Miracle preserv'd me.

Ul. To preserve thee, what God would not
appear? (Man.

Ir. No, 'twas no God, but 'twas a Godlike

SCENE X. Frontenac, Ulamar, Sakia, Irene,
Miramont, Beaufort.

Ul. 'Twas he, by Heav'n, it could be none
but he!

[*Shout.*

Beaufort,

Beaufort, thou best of Men, thou best of Friends,
Come to my Arms, come to my Heart, my
Friend;

This is the wondrous Man, to whom I owe

[*To Front.*

My Life, my Liberty, my Fortune, Fame;
And 'tis to him that you my Mother owe.

Front. Too warmly then I never can receive
him. [*Embrace.*

Ul. Art thou return'd? Art thou within our
Walls?

Where hast thou left thy *English*?

Beauf. The *English* and your rally'd *Angians*
Are most within the Town. (now

Ul. More Miracles! Astonishing Event!

Front. Now by my Soul, they're truly wel-
come all;

And this exactly to my Wish has happen'd;
But without fighting how could this be done?

Beauf. While on the South we made a false
Attack,

Brave *Miramont* upon th' appointed Signal
Gave us admittance at the Northern Gate.

Front. The appointed Signal! you amaze me,
Sir.

Beauf. Two hours are scarce elaps'd, since this
brave Man

To me dispatch'd a Messenger express,
Inviting me to come and save my *Ullamar*,
And for my Entrance gave a certain Signal:
I on the warmest Wings of Friendship flew,
Yet had arriv'd too late with all my Speed,
Had not kind Heav'n in Mercy interpos'd

By

By this so wonderful Discovery,
With which brave *Miramont* has entertain'd me.

Front. What say our Soldiers, *Miramont*?

Mir. They with the *English* and the *Angians*
mix,

And Peace and Joy in all their Looks appear:

Impatiently they wait for your Assent,

To cry, Hail *Frontenac*, and Liberty.

Front. That shall not long be wanting.

Ul. But now unanimously Thanks we pay
To thee, brave *Miramont*, and thee, my *Beau-*
fort,

O truly great! O truly worthy Son

Of *Great Britannia*, thro the World renown'd

For propping falling Liberty,

Supporting sinking Nations!

There is more Excellence, more Godlike Great-
ness

(mities,

In rescuing one poor Wretch from dire Cala-

Than in subverting and destroying Empires,

And making Millions wretched.

Beauf. To Heav'n unanimously Praise return,

And thankful for this wonderful Deliverance,

Resolve that Heav'n alone shall o'er you rule,

And cast not off your Maker's Sway for Man's:

Be govern'd still by Reason and by Law,

And let your Monarch still be Heav'n's Vice-

gerent,

And execute his Master's Will, not his.

Thus govern'd, we are absolutely free,

Heav'n and good Kings give perfect Liberty;

And from this wondrous Night, let all Men

learn,

Never to sacrifice the publick Good
Either to foreign, or to home-bred Tyrants,
For the vile Interest of themselves and Families;
For that upon their Families and selves
Brings certain Ruin. May all *France* like you

[To Front.

Have their Eyes open'd, and with Horrour see
How to their Tyrant's Will they offer up
Their Children, and their whole Posterity,
The thing which Heav'n and Nature most ab-
hors;

May they see this like you, like you detest it,
Then grow like you, impatient to be free,
With us asserting Godlike Liberty.





EPILOGUE.

THUS have we shewn what we propos'd to
 show ;
 All would fall off from Tyrants, did they know,
 That with their wretched Country they betray
 Themselves and Children to Tyrannick Sway.
 They who plac'd haughty Lewis on the Throne,
 Would have declar'd against him, had they known
 That their Soul's Darlings by his dire Commands
 In Torments should expire by bloody Hands,
 Or live a banish'd Race in foreign Lands. }
 The fiercest Creatures that the Woods contain,
 What they bring forth with pleasing Love maintain.
 That Love the Lion softens, and the Bear, }
 The World's supported by that tender Care,
 All Savages but Men their Offspring spare : }
 But Man, grown blind by Lust, of Pow'r or Pelf,
 Will sell his darling Offspring and himself.
 To reclaim such, our Author bade me say
 He wrote this English, and no Party-Play :
 He minds not who's of Whig or Tory Clan,
 But who for Lewis is, or who for Anne ?

*For the same Friends have lawless Rage and He,
 As Anne has the same Foes with Liberty.
 Oh may she long command these happy Isles!
 Where she with Freedom Empire reconciles!
 Long o'er your Hearts may yon bright Circle reign,
 Oh may you never feel a ruder Chain!
 And of no other Tyranny complain!
 But Beauty's Reign on Liberty depends,
 When the French Reign begins, the Reign of Beau-
 ty ends;
 The French are Slaves to Man's Despotick Sway,
 But with Profaneness acted every day,
 They force Celestial Beauty to obey.*





Appius and Virginia:

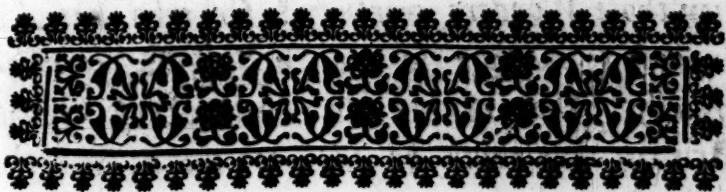
A

TRAGEDY,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in
Drury-Lane.





To the Right Honourable

Sidney Earl of Godolphin,

Lord High Treasurer of
Great Britain.

MY LORD,



HIS Dramatick Poem, which was written in the Cause of Liberty, flies to Your Lordship for Protection, who have been so great a Patron and Protector of Liberty, when she was in the utmost Danger.

And here, my Lord, as a Lover of Liberty and of my Country, I should neither think my self just nor grateful, if I should not make mention of the wonderful things which Your Lordship has done for both.

But

But what Writer has Force enough to mention those Wonders worthily? Or who has Art enough to manage so nice a Subject so dextrously, that neither the Enemies of Great Britain may think he says too much, nor the Friends too little.

To satisfy the one, and to silence the other, I shall briefly inquire what impartial History will say of Your Lordship, and the just Praises that You will receive from uncorrupted Posterity.

When a just and impartial History shall relate the dangerous Condition in which the present War at the beginning found these Nations, and the rest of Europe, and afterwards describe the wonderful Change to a State of Conquest and Glory; what vast Applause will Posterity give to those, who, by the Wisdom of their Counsels, wrought the Delivery of Europe?

For as it was neither Chance nor brutal Force, but Counsel that laid the Foundation of the French Greatness under Cardinal Richlieu; as it was Counsel and not Force that carried that Greatness on, witness their Treaties, by which they have acquir'd more than they
 † have

have by their Victories, and witness their seizing, in one day, upon a Monarchy of ten times a greater Extent than their own; so it was neither Chance nor brutal Force, but Counsel, that shook and overturn'd the excessive Power of France.

But I appeal to the very Enemies of Great Britain, to their very Malice, their Invectives, their Libels, if your Lordship has not had so great a share in the Wisdom of those Counsels which have wrought the Delivery of Europe, that you seem to have been design'd by Providence, and to have been sent into the World on purpose to overthrow the vast, but pernicious Designs of the great Cardinal Richlieu.

For whom will History deliver down to Posterity as the Friend and the intimate Correspondent of the Great Captain, who has done such Glorious Things for us? With whom has he concerted his good and great Designs? Who duly supply'd him with the Nerves of War, the Source of Discipline, Spirit and Force? The Great Duke of Marlborough, and the Illustrious Earl of Godolphin, will be held by Posterity to have been to this Island, what the two friendly Gods were formerly esteem'd by
the

the Grecians, who were always accounted propitious, when they appear'd and shone together.

That your Lordship and your Friend, who have done such mighty things for us, may long be the Ornament and Defence of your Country; that the Queen may long be supported by both, and appear between both, like the Goddess of Wisdom, with Her peaceful Olive on one Hand, and Her dreadful Shield on the other, is, and shall be the hearty Wish of,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

most Humble,

most Faithful, and

most Obliged Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.



PROLOGUE.

OUR Author's Friends appear concern'd to-day

For the Success of this rough manly Play;
 While Britain seems to all that's soft inclin'd,
 What Welcome here can our rude Romans find?
 Who love without one word of whining Cant,
 And rage without the buskin'd Bully's Rant;
 Whose Fire to Judgment rarely gives offence,
 But is maintain'd by Nature and by Sense.
 Rome warm'd by nervous Scenes, for Empire fought;
 Such Cæsar saw with Joy, with Joy such Cæsar
 wrought.

And Tragedy, with bare Appearance writ
 Of Roman Spirit, and of Roman Wit,
 Requires an Audience with them both inspir'd,
 And to the like immortal Actions fir'd.
 True, it requires all this, and therefore here
 We indulge our fondest Hopes, and banish Fear.
 Why should not you Rome's manly Joys pursue,
 When all that Fire that could the World subdue,
 Yes, all the Roman Spirit lives in you?

}
 Be

*Be witness that eternal Day which quell'd
The vanquish'd Gaul upon the wondring Scheld * :
Like Hannibal the crasy Vendome fled,
While Britain fought like Rome, like Scipio Mark-
borough led.*

*Vouchsafe, ye Britons, to support the Muse,
Whose Flame your deathless Acts had power t' infuse :
By your great Deeds our Poet rais'd his Stile ;
And as he read of Wynendale and Lisle,
His Romans with a fiercer Rage he drew,
Improv'd his noblest Characters by you :
His Soul t' immortal Heights your Glory fir'd,
And British Acts these Roman Scenes inspir'd.*

* Battel of Audenard.



EPILOGUE.

WELL Sirs ! You have seen Virginia die !
Te Powers,
The mighty difference between her Time and ours.
Virginius, an old Captain was of Rome,
Who absent with his City Bands from home,
Heard a hot Courtier would his Girl engage ;
When posting back to Rome in mighty Rage,
This Son of Hector, like a surly Bully,
Kills his poor Child to disappoint her Cully.

That

*That 'tis far otherwise with us, is plain,
While City-Captain here makes short Campaign,
In Bunhill-Fields subduing France and Spain.
How oft has Courtier maul'd both Wife and Daugh-
ter?*

*Yet no such bloody Business follow'd after.
There's something in Virginia stranger still,
Whom at her own Request her Sire did kill,
For fear she should be pleas'd against her will.
When will a Damsel of our City Strain
Resolve to die e'er ease her Lover's Pain?
But now to finish all in a more serious Vein:
Virginia's Death did Liberty restore,
As from Lucretia's Tomb it rose before:
When Cæsar afterwards enslav'd the State,
Porcia rous'd Brutus to great Cæsar's Fate.
Tho Rome in Heroes always did abound,
Still from her Women she lost Freedom found.
So fair Britannia o'er the World is fam'd
For Men of dauntless Spirits and untam'd;
But yet when by her Folly or her Fate,
Her Liberty was in a dangerous State;
The Blessing ne'er could be secur'd by Man,
But Heav'n reserv'd th' immortal Fame for Anne.*



Dramatis Personæ.

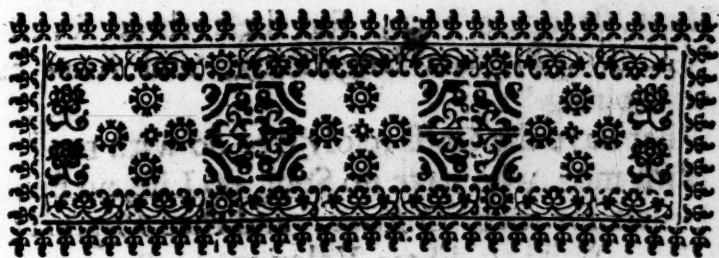
M E N.

Appius, Chief of the *Decemvirs*, } *Mr. Booth.*
or ten Tyrants of Rome. }
Claudius, Uncle to *Appius*. *Mr. Keen.*
Virginus, Father to *Virginia*. *Mr. Betterton.*
L. Icilius, betroth'd to *Virginia*. *Mr. Wilks.*
M. Icilius, Brother to *Lucius*. *Mr. Bickerstaff.*
Horatius, } *Two Noble Romans.* } *Mr. Thurmond.*
Valerius, } *Mr. Husbands.*
P. Numitorius, Uncle to *Virginia*. *Mr. Carey.*
C. Numitorius. *Mr. Smith.*
Fluvius, Client to *Appius*.

W O M E N.

Virginia, Daughter to *Virginus*. *Mrs. Rogers.*
Cornelia, Aunt to *Virginia*. *Mrs. Knight.*

Lictors, Guards, Attendants.



Appius and Virginia.

A C T I.

SCENE, Rome.

Enter Lucius Icilius, Marcus his Brother.

L. Icil.  Y Brother!

M. Icil. My dearest Brother!
Welcome!

L. Icil. Came my last Letters
safe to you?

M. Icil. They did: And I have summon'd
all our Friends,
And ev'n this Now expect them.

L. Icil. I sent *Virginia* notice of my Arrival;
She once was wont, upon the shortest Absence,
To fly upon the warmest Wings of Love
Into the eager Arms of her *Icilius*;
But now deludes my Hope, and starves my Eyes.

O 2

L. Icil.

212 Appius and Virginia.

M. Icil. They say, she takes repose, to which
her Eyes (Nights.

Have strangers been, for these three feverish

L. Icil. *Virginia* languishing, and *Rome* ex-
piring!

What have the Gods resolv'd to do with me?

With me; who have no Soul, no Life, no Being,

Unless for thee, *O Rome!* and thee *Virginia!*

Enter Valerius.

L. Icil. My best *Valerius*, welcome to my
Arms!

Patron of Liberty! *Rome's* genuine Son!

But see our Country's other Hope, *Horatius!*

Horatius hail!

Enter Horatius.

Hor. *Lucius Icilius!*——Hail!

Thy Summons I have eagerly obey'd,

And all the Blood of the *Horatii* rous'd,

In expectation of th' important things

Which thou hast made me hope from thee.

L. Icil. Hail to my Uncle *Publius Numitorius!*

And thou, *O Caius*, welcome!

Enter Publius Numitorius, Caius his Son.

P. Num. Welcome to *Rome!* What News
brings *Lucius* hither?

L. Icil. Can there be stranger News, than
that ten Men (mans,

Should lord it o'er two hundred thousand Ro-

Each single *Roman* braver than the ten?

P. Num. What News from th' Army near
Fidena's Walls?

Hor. How fares the darling Hero of the Le-
gions,

The

The noble Prop of his declining Country ;
The Pride of *Rome*, the Glory of the Field ;
Th' invincible *Dentatus* ?——How bears he
Th' Insults of our ten Tyrants ?

L. Icil. How just Enquiry has *Horatius* made ?
'Tis of *Dentatus* that I come to speak,
And tell you that *Rome's* Champion is no more ;
But near to old *Fidena's* fatal Walls,
By fifty Assassines, his Head lies low ;
Yet his great Soul expir'd not unreveng'd,
But twenty of his Murderers first he slew.

Hor. How ! Murder'd !

L. Icil. Yes, basely, and most barbarously
murder'd !

Is Murder then a Sound so strange at *Rome*,
When ye behold each day her bravest Sons,
Or basely scourg'd, or barbarously slain ?
When he who dares but look a free-born Soul,
Grows strait suspected to th' accurs'd *Decemvirs*,
And chiefly to the Insolence of *Appius*,
The Tyrant of the Nine, as they of *Rome*.
Can ye then wonder, that the brave *Dentatus*,
Who breath'd forth nothing but immortal Fame,
Immortal Liberty, had been for thirty Years
Rome's Champion, and his manly Breast her
Bulwark,

Who shrunk not from her, in a hundred Fields,
But with the utmost hazard of his Life
Perform'd a thousand Actions every Year,
That from Destruction sav'd her noblest Off-
spring,

Sav'd almost half the Lives of our Patricians,
Sav'd *Rome*, recover'd the proud Capitol,

214 Appius and Virginia.

Who was adorn'd with twenty Golden Crowns
Civic and Mural——seam'd with fifty Scars
Illustrious all, all in his manly Front,
More to be valu'd than a hundred Crowns;
Can ye admire, that this unequal'd Man
Should grow the Terror of the proud *Decemvir*?
Or can ye admire that whom they fear they
murder?

All. Murder'd by them?

L. Icil. By whom, but by the Author of all Ill;
By proud, presumptuous, overlooking *Appius*,
Who sent *Dentatus* Legate to the Camp;
Then to his Colleagues wrote a learned Scroll,
To hire Assassins, who might in secret
Dispatch him on that sacred Message sent.

Val. The blackest Punishments of Hell re-
ward him! (*Romans*;

L. Icil. Yes, yes, with reason ye may rage, ye
For who that is but Man, can calmly hear
Of so much Villany, of so much Cruelty,
Such base Perfidiousness, so black a Treason,
Attended with that Pride, that Arrogance;
Who can once see that proud presumptuous
Look,

But he must burn with generous Disdain?

Val. Oh damn him!

Hor. Furies seize him!

L. Icil. To think that one so abject, by our
Baseness, (Power
Should lord it with high Looks, should have the
Of Life and Death, and murder us for Pastime?
Should use the Power we gave him to make
Laws,

To

To drive all Law from out his bleeding Country,
 Retain the Office given him for a Year,
 Beyond that Year, and set no Bounds to Tyranny.
 Who can reflect without avenging Fury
 Upon the high Deserts with which h' acquir'd
 This absolute Command; when he who looks
 So proud, so haughty, so contemptuous now,
 Once basely flatter'd, and more basely fawn'd
 Upon the very Lees and Dregs of *Rome*;
 With a dissembl'd Mildness cloak'd his Rage,
 With deep Humility conceal'd his Pride;
 With courteous Airs his Insolence disguis'd,
 Debauching with vile Arts, like a lewd Whore,
 Th' Affections of the meanest Sons of *Rome*?
 And yet this Wretch, who when he sought his
 Power,

Cring'd but to-day before the vilest *Roman*,
 The very next, when he had gain'd that Power,
 Grew haughty, fierce and insolent at once;
 Nay, with Contempt outrageous, not to be borne,
 Not to be thought of without Death and Ven-
 geance;

The Tyrant scourg'd, or barbarously murder'd,
 The very Slaves on whom the former Sun
 Had seen him basely fawn.

Val. The Traitor!

(Woe;

L. Icil. Yes, this is the great Author of our
 Yes, this is he who murder'd great *Dentatus*,
 And who this moment meditates the Means
 To do as much for him, for you, for me,
 For every brave, for each distinguish'd *Roman*,
 While we look tamely on, tamely as Sheep,
 That one by one are from each other snatch'd,

216 Appius and Virginia.

And hurry'd to the Slaughter. (Death?

Hor. But know the Legions of *Dentatus*?

L. Icil. All! all! (Lucius;

Val. Now come to the important Question,
How bear the Legions brave *Dentatus*' Death?

L. Icil. Ay, that's the Question which I here
Deputed come to answer. (by Fate

The Legions bear their darling Hero's Death,
As Supreme *Jove* then bears with mighty Crimes,
When in his spacious Hand he rolls the three-
fork'd Bolt,

Preparing to discharge the grumbling Thunder.
Some in hoarse Murmurs threaten, others stand
Moping with fullen Silence, stupid Grief,
Hungry and pale, and pining for Revenge;
Some from their blood-shot Eyes dart gloomy
Rage,

And some to their Companions cry aloud,
Oh that the bounteous Gods wou'd send us Chiefs,
Who had but Spirits worthy to command us!

Hor. Oh noble Sound! (in this!

Val. There's *Rome*, there's Life, there's Liberty

L. Icil. What wonder, the impatient Legions
What wonder if the Nations all take Arms, (cry,
Justly disdaining Empire should be there
Where Liberty's no more?

What do we here against our *Sabine* Foes?

What wonder if *Fidene*——sees us fly,

As hoary *Algidum*——of late beheld

Our other Army flying from the *Æqui*!

How should we conquer Nations, Brave and Free,

Who are so base as to be Slaves to *Appius*?

Why should we conquer, when we fear Success,

Fear

Fear Victory ; when still the bravest Man,
And he who most Illustrious Acts performs,
Works Ruin for himself.

Hor. 'Tis just and brave !

L. Icil. Lead us against the *Sabines*, and we fly ;
We'll neither fight against our selves,
Nor fight for cruel *Appius*.

Lead us to *Rome*, lead us against our Tyrant,
And then we will be Men once more,
Once more we will be *Romans*.

Val. O ! all ye immortal Gods !
Let us to horse without delay, and head them.

L. Icil. Spoke like the purest Blood of brave

Hor. Valerius speaks for all. (*Poplicola.*)

All but *P. Num.* For all, for all !

Let us to horse immediately, and head them.

P. Num. Hold ! why to horse, why to *Fidenæ's* Walls ?

Appius is here, even here in *Rome* he lords it :
Removing *Appius*, we remove the Ten ;
His subtle Arts establish'd this Command,
His Fire ferments and animates the Nine,
And his Discernment from them wards the Blows
Which else e'er this had prov'd the Blows of Fate--
Appius remov'd, the Legions and the Tribes
Will soon forsake the wretched Nine, his Tools :
What need we then to old *Fidena* run ?

Why should we Strangers trust with that Design,
Which we may execute by Friends alone ?

Horatius, and *Valerius*, are your Friends
And Clients and Dependants ready arm'd ?

Hor. That, our own Safety has long since re-
But see, *Cornelia*, Sister to *Virginus*, (*quir'd.*)

218 *Appius and Virginia.*

A Matron worthy *Rome* in nobler Times,
Equal in every Virtue to the Best,
Above them in the Greatness of her Mind.

Enter Cornelia.

Corn. My Message my Intrusion must excuse;
Lucius Icilius, 'tis to thee I come:
Lord *Appius* has sent word, that in two hours
He will be here in Person.

L. Icil. Who?

Corn. Lord *Appius*.

L. Icil. Lord *Appius*, will be where?

Corn. Here in my Brother's House.

L. Icil. Here in *Virginus*' House, impossible!
He knows its Master bears him deadly Hatred;
What shou'd he come for?

Corn. What should the Tyrant come for!
When *Tarquin* glutted was with other Crimes,
And satiated with Rapines, and with Murder,
Then the young Tyrant to *Collatium* went,
To visit chaste *Lucretia*. (in Sulphur.

L. Icil. For which the Dog lies howling now
But let dire *Appius* know then *Brutus* role.

Hor. And *Horace*.

Val. And *Valerius*. (his Teeth,

L. Icil. And made the trembling Tyrant gnash
And curse the Hour, in Anguish of his Soul,
That e'er he saw *Lucretia*.

Corn. Ten Messages has haughty *Appius* sent
On a detested purpose to *Virginia*,
Us'd every baser Artifice to gain her,
Promis'd, and vilely threaten'd, flatter'd, sawn'd.

L. Icil. The Plagues of *Jove*, and his blue
Lightning blast him!

Corn.

Corn. But thou might'st trust her, *Lucius*, with
the Wretch

Who tempted cold *Diana*, or with him
Who the dissembl'd Majesty of *Juno*
Embrac'd with empty Arms.

Thou know'st *Virginia's* Tenderneſs of Soul,
Soft as the Down upon the Wings of *Cupid*;
Yet warm as is the God's own Heart to thee.
Thou know'st th' abhorrence which ſhe bears to
Vice, (Guilt,

How ſhe ſtarts wildly from the Thought of
Or of Diſhonour; then do thou be Judge
With what Aſtoniſhment, with what Conviſions
Her Soul receiv'd theſe Meſſages from *Appius*;
A Fever dangerous to Life enſu'd. (thou

L. Icil. O give me patience, Heaven, or grow
Enrag'd like me, and hurl th' avenging Thunder.

Corn. *Lucius*, this Villain is below the Thun-
Believe thy ſelf the Delegate of Heaven (der;
T' avenge thy *Rome*, and thy *Virginia* wrong'd.

L. Icil. O! Revenge! Revenge!

Corn. By Duty, and Affection both, ſhe's thine,
By Spouſals not to be diſſolv'd, betroth'd;
And nought but Sacred Rites are wanting now
To make the lovelieſt Maid intirely thine,
That *Rome* or lovely *Italy* can boaſt:

Thoſe Sacred Rites too are juſt now preparing,
And e'er the Sun rolls twice more round the
Thou'lt be compleatly bleſſ'd. (Heavens,
Then, *Lucius*, I addreſs my ſelf to thee,
To know what answer I muſt ſend to *Appius*.

Hor. Let good *Cornelia* ſend the Tyrant word
She is preparing all things to receive him.

L. Icil.

L. Icil. What means *Horatius*!

Val. O! by all means receive him!

L. Icil. Receive him! How receive him!

Val. Warmly, as Patriots should receive a Tyrant,

Let us receive him, *Lucius*, let us grasp him,
Not by the Hand, but by the faithless Heart;
Hast thou a Dagger, and couldst ask that Quest-
What *Roman* wants one here? (tion,

L. Icil. I want not one, by Heaven!

M. Icil. Nor I.

C. Num. Nor I.

P. Num. Nor I.

And tho this Hand by Age enfeebl'd shakes,
When lifted at proud *Appius*, 'twill be firm:
Or if it trembles then, 'twill be for fear
Lest it should miss his Heart. (reach,

Val. Let but the Tyrant come within my
And if my nervous Hand then miss his Heart,
Like *Scævola*—the Traitor I'll disown,
And burn it piece-meal from my honest Limbs.

M. Icil. There spoke the Soul of *Mucius*! *Ap-*

All. The Tyrant dies, he dies! (*pius* dies.

L. Icil. Oh noble Fury! Oh the matchless Fire
I hear in every Voice, and see in every Eye!
By Heaven, Revenge, Revenge is to be had;
Vengeance and Liberty, Children of *Jove*,
Down from their native Sky come hand in hand,
Our Gods, our Guardian Gods, are here amongst
us.

Then as our Hearts are join'd, join all our Hands,
And let us kneel, and solemnly let's swear,
Swear by the Gods of *Rome*, those very Gods
That

That are amongst us now, amongst us here,
Inspiring us with more than mortal Minds.

All. Let's swear. [Kneel.

L. Icil. By *Romulus*, the Founder of our Empire,
Now great *Quirinus*——our propitious God.

All. We swear. (small a Rise

L. Icil. By *Mars*, whose Influence from so
Rais'd *Rome* to this Magnificence——

All. We swear. (sav'd the State,

L. Icil. By Supreme *Jove*, the Stayer—who
At *Romulus's* Call, and has decreed
To make his *Romans* his Vicegerents here,
To rule this Under-World.

All. We Swear. (those of Hell,

L. Icil. By all the Powers of Earth, and
By the Infernal King, the Fates, and Furies,
And by our great Forefathers mighty Shades,
By *Brutus*, by *Horatius*, by *Poplicola*,
Whose awful Ghosts we here invoke to rise,
And with their mighty Spirits fill our Minds;
We swear, as here our Hands are join'd in o e,
So shall our Daggers meet in *Appius's* Heart,
As soon as here we have him in the Toyles.

All. So shall our Daggers meet in *Appius's*
Heart,

As soon as here we have him in the Toyles. [Rise.

P. Num. The Tyrant will this guilty Visit
Unguarded, or attended by a few; (make
Howe'er, against the worst we must provide:
Let each Man here alarm those faithful Friends,
Whom he can with the Fate of *Rome* intrust,
And introduce them to this place in Person;
And

And here, within an Hour, all meet again;
 Icilius, only you must here remain
 To comfort sad *Virginia*, and conceal
 Your Presence from the Tyrant, who depends
 Upon *Virginus* her Father's Absence,
 And on his Ignorance of thy Return.

L. Icil. 'Tis done.

Now, Night, attended by *Meagera*, rise,
 And thy deep Silence, and thy dismal Shades
 Redouble, while to th' infernal King
 We offer up this dreadful Sacrifice.
 Thou *Rome*, from thy Lethargick Slumber rouse,
 And as the Mother of the Gods with Pride
 And Joy her deathless Progeny surveys,
 Behold thy Godlike Sons assembled here,
 And in their matchless Spirits, wondring see,
Mars, and Great *Jove*, come down, to let thee
 free.



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lucius Icilius, Virginia.

Virg. **H**OW I have suffer'd since thou left'st
 me, *Lucius*,
 Heaven only knows. (ven and Earth,

L. Icil. How thou shalt be reveng'd, both Hea-
 And Hell shall know.

Virg. Left to my self, thou absent at *Fidene*,
 My Father in the Camp on hoary *Algid*;
 Each

Appius and Virginia. 223

Each Hour I thought dire *Appius* would have
come,

And with th' Apprehension still I tremble.

L. Icil. Prophetick were thy Fears, the Ty-
rant comes.

Virg. Oh Gods! thou kill'st me, *Lucius*!

L. Icil. Perish ten thousand Tyrants first, like

Virg. Didst thou not say, he comes? (*Appius.*

L. Icil. He comes this very moment.

Virg. Just Heaven! for what? (Fate,

L. Icil. To die: Know here in Ambush lies his

Thou shalt see twenty Daggers plung'd at once

Into his impious Breast, and be reveng'd

For all the base Affronts the Tyrant offer'd.

But see my Brother *Marcus* comes in haste,

And in his Looks a high Concern appears,

His Blood flows mantling o'er his wrathful Face,

Th' avenging Genius of majestick *Rome*

Shines on his dreadful Brow. The Tyrant comes!

Enter Marcus Icilius.

Is it not so, my *Marcus*?

M. Icil. It is; from his accursed Gates I watch'd
Along the sacred way he hither steals, (him,

Attended by four Lictors, like a Thief

Who comes by Night to unhoard the precious

Of some substantial Usurer. (Cash

L. Icil. Are our Friends come, *Horatius* and
Valerius?

M. Icil. 'Twill be yet half an hour e'er they're (ready,

But *Appius* in few Minutes will be here. [*Exit.*

L. Icil. While I endeavour to confirm *Virginia*,

Thou, *Marcus*, near the Door, his Entrance watch,

And let the Bell give notice of his coming.

Virg.

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Virg. Say, dost thou love me, *Lucius*?

L. Icil. Let my Eyes answer thee.

Virg. If e'er thou lov'dst *Virginia*, let me go
E'er cruel *Appius* comes. (rive,

L. Icil. *Appius* will come before our Friends ar-
And will be gone, unless *Virginia* stays him.

Virg. My Heart is form'd of such a tender Mold,
I ne'er could see the vilest Creature die.

L. Icil. I know thy wondrous Tenderness of
Nature,

But call the Greatness of thy Understanding,
Call all the Force of Virtue to thy Aid; (serv'st,
Think that the Gods, whom thou so warmly
Have chosen thee the glorious Instrument
Of freeing *Rome*, that under *Appius* groans;
Think, think, that by the part which thou shalt
bear

In such a glorious Action, thou'lt oblige
Rome, and the Gods, who have destin'd *Rome*
To be the mighty Mistress of the Universe.

Virg. The Gods of every Virtue are possess'd,
'Tis the possessing all which makes them Gods;
Not so are Mortals, but from Heaven derive
Those, which at first the forming Hand of *Jove*
Fitted their earthly Organs to receive.

Thus Man in Power, and Intrepidity,
And great Revenge, the Image is of Heaven;
Woman in soft Compassion, and in Mercy:
The nobler Virtues I admire and love,
Which shine so bright in my *Icilius*' Soul;
But humbly am content to practise those
Which fit the Softness of my Sex, and Temper.

L. Icil. But yet the Power which form'd the
Nations, made His

His *Romans* of a different Strain from all ;
 To *Roman* Women he gave nobler Souls
 Than e'en to Men of other Nations. Women
 Have nobly serv'd t' advance his great Design ;
 The Boldness of *Herfilia*, and her Friends,
 Made *Rome* the Mistress of the *Sabine* Soil :
Lucretia's Virtue Liberty restor'd ;
Clelia defending it was more than Woman,
 Nay more than Man of any other Nation :
 And thou, *Virginia*, art ordain'd by Heaven
 To free us from insulting *Appius'* Rage,
 And re-establish Liberty for ever.
 But hark ! the Tyrant comes ; [Bell rings.
 Now, now, *Virginia*, summon all thy Virtue,
 Summon *Rome's* injur'd Genius to thy Aid :
 The Gods, who gave thee all this wondrous
 Beauty;

To enslave the very Soul of the proud Wretch,
 Who thinks it great his Country to enslave;
 Will, if invok'd, infuse into thy Breast
 A Spirit worthy of that matchless Form ;
 And then this barb'rous Tyrant thou'lt receive
 With all that Indignation and Disdain
 That worthy is of *Rome*, and worthy me:
 But if at last thy sinking Spirits fail thee,
 Before the Purple Scene of Death begins,
 Thrice shall the Larum strike thy trembling Ear,
 To give thee timely notice to retire. [Exit.

[Manet Virginia sola.]

Virg. Ye Almighty Powers, who human Nature form'd,
 Which at your Pleasure ye can raise or change,
 Who, of so soft, so merciful a Mold

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Have made me, and have made me yet a *Roman*,
O pour into my pure unspotted Breast
A Beam of your great selves! that I at once
Your Terrors and your Mercies may assume,
May shew a soft, and yet a *Roman* Soul,
May flash such Lightning in this Tyrant's Face,
Such Horror and Amazement in his Soul,
That he may have a Sense of all his Crimes,
And may repent, and live.

Enter Appius, Fulvius.

App. Fulvius!

Fulv. My Lord!

(watchful;

App. Keep you without, and on your Life be
Entring, I two audacious Slaves observ'd,
One dar'd to cast a Look of Scorn upon me,
The other darted Beams of murd'rous Spight;
I like it not: as thou art faithful to me,
Be diligent and watchful.

Ful. My Lord, I will.

[*Exit.*

App. Madam!

Virg. Bless me! What are you?

App. One who commands in every Place but
But here I come, to obey. (this:

Virg. Who are you?

App. Appius.

Virg. Appius, say they, is insolent and fierce;
Thou hast the Visage of an humble Slave.

App. You see your Power.

Virg. My Power!

(groan.

App. Nay, give the Slave you torture leave to

Virg. I torture you! you wrong me,
But to be falsely accus'd is usual now; (you,
Till now I never saw you, never thought of
Nay

Nay see you not, and think not of you now.

App. Confusion ! Can I bear this !

Then blush Ambition at thy restless Toil
T' acquire unbounded Power, of which a Girl
Has influence to deprive thee. [*Aside.*

Yet me you force each Day, and all the Day
To behold you ; and for the lovely Sight
I pay down all my Bliss, and all my Power,
That boundless Power which cost me so much
Time, (Mind !

And so much Thought, and my whole Peace of
Into my Presence every hour you press,
Upon my intimate Retirements press ; (you.
My Guards that keep out Death, can't keep out

Virg. O wondrous Wisdom, Godlike Power of
Mind !

O Man deserving to command an Empire !
So absolutely thou command'st thy self,
Such Divine Care thou tak'st of those thou rul'st,
Now when they're tottering on the Brink of Fate.

App. A Face less beautiful than that which now
Compels me Empire to forsake for Love,
Has oft from Heaven allur'd the gazing Gods,
And made them stoop to be more happy here :
But if thy Charms before were so resistless
From thy inimitable Form alone,
Now, now be judge of their Almighty Power,
Now thy sweet Voice has blest my ravish'd Ears,
While from thy Lips flows Eloquence Divine,
Wisdom accomplish'd ev'n in earliest Bloom,
As if the Gods had finish'd thee with Care,
And then instructed thee, and sent thee down
To give Mankind a Taste of Bliss eternal :

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Witness these Gods, who know the Heart of *Appius* ;

I'd rather have *Virginia* mine, than Empire.

Virg. I am *Icilius's*, and he is mine,
Both by indissoluble Contract bound.

App. That Contract, I by boundless Power dissolve. (Laws.

Virg. That Contract is inforc'd by your own

App. For others, not my self, I form'd those
Laws. (own Laws.

Virg. The Gods themselves are bound by their

App. The Gods I know not ; I am bound by

Virg. But I am bound by all. (none.

App. But I, with your Obedience can dispense.

Virg. With Justice, *Jove* himself can ne'er dispense ;

For ceasing to be just, he ceaseth to be *Jove*.

App. A Face like thine has made him oft unjust,
And oft intrench upon the Marriage-Vow.

Virg. Fictions of idle Bards!

App. Once more, I say, your Contract I'll dissolve. (Hearts,

Virg. As soon you may divide our faithful
And Love's as much above thy Power as Fate.

App. And are you of my Rival then so fond ?

Virg. Like Life I love him, for in him I live.

App. You must forget him.

Virg. For him alone, I all things have forgot.

App. You must be mine.

Virg. I see thee not, *Icilius* is between us,
And intercepts my Sight.

App. Come, come, you shall be mine.

Virg.

Virg. Ay, now thou shew'st thy self;
Thou art that proud, that stormy Tyrant, *Appius*,
All thy Deformity of Mind breaks out
Upon thy cruel Face, and blasts my Eyes.

App. Furies! Was ever Insolence like this?
But 'tis with Justice we are us'd with Scorn,
When we forgo the Lordship Nature gave us,
Basely submitting where we ought to rule:
No Whining now, no more unmanly Moan,
I will command thee now, doubly command thee,
As I am Man, and as I lord it here;
I'll humble your proud Scorn, and what's deny'd
To my soft Prayer, by boundless Power I'll take;
To thee, like *Jove* to *Semele*, I'll come,
And will with Lightning ard with Thunder
clasp thee. (cause

Virg. Vain Man is insolent, and proud, be-
He's ignorant, or thoughtless of his Fate;
Say, wer't thou to expire the following moment,
Thou know'st not but thou mayst,
Would'st thou then talk thus?

App. Yes, well hast thou instructed me,
Since Death for ought I know this hour may
come,
The dearest Joy that Life can give, I'll grasp,
And seize upon it now.

Virg. Ha! have a care! thou know'st not
where thou art. (controlable.

App. Where I am sovereign Lord, and un-

Virg. Tyrant, no!
The injur'd Genius of majestick *Rome*,
The Gods, and this controul thee.

[Holds up a Dagger.

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App. No, every where in *Rome*, I, I am absolute. (is absolute,

Virg. Vain, wretched Man, *Jove*, only *Jove*
And thou the very Slave and Tool of Fate.

That *Jove* is absolute, who me inspir'd
To throw my soft and tender Nature off, (der,
And speak in his own Language, speak in Thun-
To tell thee thy dire Crimes have reach'd their
Thy Perjuries, thy violated Vows, (height,
Thy Rapines, thy Oppressions, and thy Murders.
And now the Hour ordain'd for Vengeance comes,
Now sovereign Justice weighs thee in the Bal-
And the astonishing Decree prepares, (lance,
That's coming out against thee: Hark! even
now! (growls,

Hark! how the dreadful Thunder o'er thee
And is about to part with hideous Roar.

Ah wretched Creature, trembling on thy Knees
Implore sweet Mercy of th' offended Powers,
For Heaven and Earth are leagu'd to thy De-
struction. (told thee this?

App. Ha! thou art strangely mov'd! Who
How! *Fulvius* pale and trembling, Oh Damna-
I'll some directions to my Client give, (tion!
And in a moment wait on you.

Enter Fulvius. (World,

Virg. Ye eternal Gods, who govern this great
And rule the Heart of Man! and thou, Great
To whom are sacred Hospitable Rights, (*Jove*,
Turn, turn the Heart of this detested Tyrant,
Let his Repentance for his Crimes atone,
That his Destruction may not blast my Eyes,
Nor pierce my Ears, nor his polluted Gore

Our

Our household hospitable Gods profane.

App. Arm'd Men within these Walls! in Vizers too!

The publick Doors made fast by massy Bars,
Some of our noblest *Romans* strait expected,
With their Dependents, Clients, and their Friends.

Fulv. To be admitted by a secret Passage,
Which where it lay, the mercenary Slave (tell.
Whose Tongue my Gold unty'd, would never

App. Unless we 'scape by Artifice, we're lost.

Fulv. Had they not all been bound by solemn
Oath

To act in concert, we had now been dead.

App. How soon are they expected?

Fulv. Within an hour at farthest. (happen'd,

App. Be thy Behaviour such as nought had
In every thing conformable to mine.

Divinest of thy Sex, thou more than Woman!
Goddes of Wisdom, who vouchsaf'st a while
To sojourn here in mortal Shape below,
And by the sight of thy Celestial Charms
T' allure the World to Virtue;

O let me penitent and prostrate fall,
And grov'ling on the Earth, implore Forgiveness
Of thee, whose constant Soul, the View of Empire,
Nor Fear of Death, nor what is worse than
Death, (Paths.

Cou'd cause to swerve from Virtue's strictest

Virg. What do I see! Thy Soul is once more
alter'd,

For in thy Voice no lofty Accent's found,
No haughty Insolence is in thy Air,
Nor cruel Pride on thy presumptuous Brow;

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Deplorable the Look, so terrible before,
The Gods by me have surely touch'd thy Soul.

App. 'Tis as the gracious Powers foretold it all.

Virg. What Pow'rs? (Dark,

App. Last Night, in the dread Silence of the
When Sleep resembles most his Brother Death,
This frightful Vision shook my lab'ring Soul:

In a vast Forest, desolate, and wild,
By the dim Horrors of the dusky Moon,
Benighted, and alone, I sadly stray'd;
The frowning Heavens in fearful Gloom appear'd,
About my Head a blustering Tempest roar'd;
And the Earth bellowing, underneath me shook,
And like a Sea disturb'd by Winds, it wav'd;
Then under me with monstrous Chasm it yawn'd,
And I ten thousand thousand Fathom fell,
Nor stop't, till I the burning Center reach'd,
Saw the dire Secrets of th' infernal World,
Beheld the severe Judges of pale Ghosts,
The Furies, and th' inexorable King;
Beheld the molten Gold of flowing *Styx*,
That casts a dismal Light, and scares the Damn'd,

Virg. O Heaven and Earth! 'tis terrible, it
shakes me! (ny Eyes,

App. Millions of Ghosts, that star'd with sto-
And gnash'd with Iron Teeth, I there beheld
Toss'd from the Banks, amidst the flaming Gold,
And plung'd by red-hot Prongs of snaky Furies;
'Twas in that place my Father's awful Ghost
Appear'd, and with a hollow Groan, cry'd *Appius!*
Why *Appius*, hast thou sacred *Rome* oppress'd?
Why hast thou strove to tempt from Virtue's
Paths

*

The

The tenderest, faithfull'st, and the chasteſt Maid,
That breathes th' Etherial Air? for what thou
haſt done,

Soon ſhalt thou hither come a guilty Gholt,
And new unheard-of Torments Hell invents
Againſt thy dire Approach : yet one way's left
T' avoid this infinite Abyſs of Woe ;
By ſwift Repentance, and ſevere Remorſe
Obtain Forgiveneſs of offended Mercy ;
For ſhe is Mercy's ſelf ſent down from Heaven
With her ſweet Look, to ſooth the Cares of Mor-
tals. (the Power,

Virg. Oh Horreur ! Horreur ! how haſt thou
Such impious words profanely to pronounce,
After this dreadful Viſion of the Night ?

App. I, as an empty Dream, deſpis'd it all.

Virg. What makes you now regard it ?

App. The Gods, by thee, convince me, that
'tis true ;

I hear it in thy Voice, I ſee it in thy Eyes :
Divinity is in thy troubled Face,
And Heav'n is in thy Air,
By thee the gracious Gods have touch'd my Soul.

[*Bell rings.*

Virg. O ! all ye Pow'rs ! hark ! hark ! the
Knell of Death,

That dreadful Larum ſummons thee to Hell,
That Hell which thou ſo terribly deſcrib'ſt ;
Swear thy Repentance is ſincere, or elſe
Thou dy'ſt the following moment.

App. Sincere as is thy Virtue, or may Death,
May inſtant Death ruſh in upon my Soul,
And ſend me down to ſuffer thoſe dire Torments,
Which

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Which now the cruel Host of Hell prepares
for me. (ment free,

Virg. Swear then that *Rome* is from this mo-
And thou wilt never dare t' approach me more.

App. By my dread Father's awful Ghost I
swear,

By all th' unutterable Powers I saw
In th' amazing Vision of the Night.

(the left,
Virg. Pass thro that Door, then turn upon
And by the glimmering of a winking Lamp
Thou'lt spy a Postern Gate, and here's the Key
Which still I have kept t' avoid thy Violence,
By this thou mayst escape. [*Bell rings.*
Ah Wretch! this moment fly, or thou art lost.

[*Exit App.*
For the last time the fatal Larum rings;
[*Bell rings.*

Pray Heaven he's gone, or else I must prepare
My Ears to hear his last expiring Groans,
My Eyes to see him weltring in his Blood,
And all our hospitable Rights profan'd.

Enter L. Icilius, M. Icilius, Horatius, Valerius,
Publius. Num. Caius Num.

(wait,
L. Icil. Death and Destruction will no longer
No longer will arrest their lifted Arms,
Rome and *Virginia* urge our Daggers home.
Ha! where is the Traitor?

Virg. He's gone.

L. Icil. Confusion! gone!

Hor. The Gods forbid!

Val. The Fate of *Rome* defend it!

L. Icil.

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L. Icil. No, he's not gone, thy Tenderness
would save him. (sav'd him;

Virg. 'Tis his own Virtue and Remorse have
For oh so mild, so humble, and so chang'd,
So penitent is he! (sembler!

L. Icil. He penitent! Oh, damn the vile Dis-
Suppose he were, after a thousand Crimes,
All of the fearful'st, of the blackest Hue,
After he has bound, and robb'd, and murder'd
Rome,

Shall he be quit for half an hour's Remorse?
He never shall, he's in the Toils, we have him,
And every *Roman* here is perjur'd, damn'd,
Who makes not Vengeance sure.

Nor shall our Country lose the great Example;
The noble Deed which we to-night perform,
Shall blast a thousand Tyrants in the Bud;
Ambition shall but hear the dreadful Tale,
And trembling o'er the mortal Sound expire.

Come, my *Virginia* says but this to try me.

Virg. He's gone, by Heaven he's gone.

L. Icil. Impossible! for Death himself stood
Centry, (trance.

And arm'd with twenty Darts, secur'd the En-

Virg. But *Appius* by the Postern Gate escap'd.

All. Ha!

P. Num. Then we are lost.

L. Icil. All's lost!

Val. Farewel Revenge.

Hor. Farewel the Hope of Liberty for ever.

L. Icil. O cursed Chance! O fond Credulity!

Virg. I tell thee, never Man was so much al-
And *Rome's* by this time free. (ter'd,

L. Icil.

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L. Icil. Rome is for ever lost, we all are lost,
And thou, alas, the most undone of Women;
O, by the Gods I pity thee, but why,
O why hast thou reduc'd me to weak Pity?

(disperse,

P. Num. We must disperse, without delay
Or soon the Tyrant with his murdering Guard
Will be upon our Lives: *Icilius* thou,
And thou my Son, must haste to old *Fidena*;
To hoary *Algid*, thou, O *Marcus* hie,
T' inform *Virginus* of his Daughter's Danger;
Publish thro both the Camps the Tyrant's dead,
And then exhort the Troops to furl their Stan-
dards,

And post away to *Rome*: *Horatius* thou,
And thou *Valerius* keep thy Friends in Arms,
And try to raise the murm'ring People here.
I will to *Claudius*, Uncle to dire *Appius*,
Whose grave Authority alone has Power
To turn and bend the stubborn Tyrant's Will;
He may perhaps persuade him to desist
From his accurs'd Attempt. Let us be gone.

All. Let us be gone, away.

Virg. What will become of me? *Icilius*, stay.

L. Icil. Not for the World.

Virg. If e'er thou lov'dst me stay, I charge
thee stay.

L. Icil. No, to preserve *Virginia* I must fly.

Virg. Have I prefer'd *Icilius* to the World,
And he deserts me at my extremest need?

Ah! Canst thou leave me to the Rage of *Appius*?

L. Icil. You to the Rage of *Appius*! Madam!
you!

His

His Patroness! his Benefactress! you
 To whom he owes his Life! his very Being!
 Who sav'd him, when the World could not
 have sav'd him,
 Who frankly sacrific'd your Country to him,
 All your Relations, all your Friends at once,
 And your poor Lover above all—Adieu.

Virg. Thou shalt not go, unless thou tear'st
 my Limbs from me
 T' attend upon my Heart. [*Embraces him.*

L. Icil. Resolve to see me murder'd in your
 Arms,
 Who can defend you from the Tyrant then?
 See, where he comes amidst his curst Guards!

[*Lets him go.*

Virg. Help, Murder!
Lucius, thou hast deceiv'd me, thou unkind one.

L. Icil. Deceiv'd you, to preserve you, which
 nought now

But a Revolt of all the Legions can:
 I, for that purpose to *Fidena* fly,
 But soon, depend upon it, will return.

Virg. O stay one Moment longer.

L. Icil. No, tho I feel the Pangs the Dying feel,
 When Soul and Body part, I dare not stay.
 What ho, within there! See *Cornelia* comes.

Enter Cornelia.

To thy dear Care, *Cornelia*, I commit
 My Life, my Soul, do thou conduct her safely
 To *Numitorius'* House, till my return, (ing.
 Which shall be with the earliest Dawn of Morn-
 Farewel, my Life, farewell. [*Exit.*

Virg. He's gone, and I shall never see him more,
 Ne'er

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Ne'er see the sacred Fountain of my Life,
Virginus, more. (Height,

Corn. Before to-morrow Sun's has reach'd its
They'll both be here, your Father and your Lo-
Fidena lies within the Ken of *Rome*, (ver;
And *Algidum* but twelve miles distant hence.

(night;
Virg. The Tyrant will be here to-night, to-
And who shall save me from his Fury now?
Deliver me, ye Gods, whom I have serv'd
With so much Zeal; or if the rest forsake me,
Come Death and save me from the Tyrant's Fury.

(Glory,
Corn. Come think of Life, of Happiness, of
Think of the warm and tender Love of *Lucius*.

Virg. 'Tis hard indeed to die, and think of *Lu-*
And I must try to live; this dreadful Night; (*cus*,
I'll with my Uncle *Numitorius* stay,
And if my Love returns not with the Day,
To morrow to th' *Asylum* I'll retire
Of awful *Vesta*, and augment the Choir
Of the chaste Maids, who watch th' eternal Fire. }

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Claudius, Publius Numitorius.

Claud. **F**ORCE! Can he barbarously threa-
ten Force? (Person;

P. Num. Yes, threaten both by Proxy and in
And one so proud, so cruel, and so fierce,

As

As if that Nature form'd him for her Ruin,
Is more than like to bring these Threats to prac-
And we have lost all hope to save *Virginia*, (tice,
Unless you kindly shelter her from Fate.
You only he respects, and you esteems
The living Glory of his noble Race;
And your Authority has more than once
Been known to bend his cruel Soul to Mercy.
Then noble *Claudius*, let me here conjure you,
By the bright Honour of the *Claudian* Race,
Which the black Crime that *Appius* now designs
Is like to eclipse with fearful Infamy;
By the high Justice of the Cause it self,
Have pity on *Virginia's* lost Estate.
O did you but survey this mournful Maid,
The Sight of her would surely pierce a Soul,
Much harder to be mov'd than that of *Claudius*.

(much,

Claud. *Virginia's* Danger surely moves me
But Oh this cursed Tyrant's moves me more;
For Oh he headlong to Destruction runs,
And to eternal Infamy.
If he pursues his damn'd Design, he's gone,
His Hour is come; and all his blustering Rage
(O dreadful Scandal to the *Claudian* Race!)
At the foot of the *Tarpeian* Rock will fall.

P. Num. Hark!

Bless me, what noise is that which still grows
nearer?

(shriek.

Claud. Some Women in distress for Succour

(here,

P. Num. What, is there Violence committed
Here, in the publick Streets of *Rome*, by Day?

Now

Now by yon Heaven 'tis poor *Virginia's* Voice:
(true.

Claud. Is't possible? Nay then your Fears were
By Heaven 'tis she, and with her good *Cornelia*,
And who pursues them? O ye immortal Gods!
Fulvius, the Tyrant's most detested Creature;
Who thinks his Master's Power will be perpetual,
And hopes to raise his wretched Fortune by it.
Let us a while observe him at a distance.

Enter Virginia, Cornelia, Fulvius, and others.

Virg. O Earth, and Heaven! What have I liv'd
I charge thee come not near me. (to hear?

Corn. Profane her not with thy detested Touch.

Virg. Nor hurt my Eyes with thy detested

Corn. Begone! (Sight:

Fulv. Yes, I will go, but not without *Virginia*.

Virg. O help *Diana*! help eternal *Vesta*!

Help all ye Powers, Protectors of the Chaste!

Corn. What does the Villain mean?

Fulv. To seize upon my Slave where'er I find
her. (Stones,

You Rogues, who stand unmov'd like senseless
Nay are not half so much alive as Statues,
Dogs! Villains! bear her off, and do your Duty.

Claud. *Fulvius*! Ho! *Fulvius*! *Fulvius*! Stop
I charge thee;

'Tis I, 'tis *Claudius* who commands thy Stay.

Virg. Just Heaven has heard my Prayer.

Fulv. O my good Lord! Stop there, ye Slaves,
a moment;

My noble Lord! You are a Friend to Justice;
This is my Slave, detain'd from me too long
By the unjust Oppression of *Virginias*.

Virg.

Virg. O ye immortal Gods! (dumb,

Corn. See if this Villain strikes not *Claudius*
And harrows him with Wonder! (of!

Claud. Is this thy Slave? O Villany unheard
Unparallel'd! unprecedented Impudence!

Hear me, and ponder what I tell thee well,
For it concerns thee near: If thou believ'st
I am a Stranger to the damn'd Design,
Of which thou'rt made the execrable Tool,
Thou err'st; and if thou ever lov'dst thy self,
Repent, while yet 'tis given thee to repent,
And on thy Knees implore this Lady's Mercy;
E'en now repent, or now the Hour comes on
When thou wilt curse thy self for unbelieving.
And if thou think'st thy impious Lord can save
thee,

Vengeance Divine will undeceive thee soon.
He soon will want the Power to save himself;
For he's a curst Thing cast off by *Jove*,
And to th' avenging Furies given up.

Go tell him this from me. (way,

Fulv. My Lord, he'll in a moment pass this
This will sound better from your Mouth than
mine. (more;

Claud. And by th' immortal Gods I'll tell him
Yes, in his Ears I'll thunder such a Peal,
As his Lethargick Conscience shall awake,
And make him mad to cure him. (leave,

Fulv. I humbly of your Lordship take my
And beg that with me I may take my Slave.

Claud. Now by the Gods, name such another
Word,

I'll pour the *Roman* People in upon thee;

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And Ruin, like a Torrent, shall o'erwhelm thee.
Thou o'ergrown Impudence! Thou frontless
Villany! (thee?)

Can ought that looks like Heaven belong to
Cast but thy Eyes upon that lovely Face,
Then try, if thou dar'st claim her as thy Slave?
Alas I rave! thou want'st the very Power
To look upon her with a stedfast Eye;
The Bird of Night can sooner bear the Sun,
Than thou the sacred Influence of her Eyes.
But with a guilty and a downcast Look
Thou art compell'd to own that thou art aw'd
By a superior and diviner Being. (speak well,
Fulv. My Lord! Your Lordship always could
But still your Words were never yet our Laws;
Therefore I must intreat my noble Lord
Either t' allow this Woman to be mine,
Or else that you and *Publius Numitorius*
Would give your solemn Words, that in an Hour,
She, whom you call *Virginia*, shall appear
In her own Person in the publick Court,
Where it may be determin'd by plain Law
Whether she is my legal Slave or no:
One or the other sure my Lord will grant,
Or else he must obstruct the Course of Justice.

Claud. Justice! O Villain! Dar'st thou barely
name her?

The very Sound should make thee hide thy Head,
As that of Thunder does the Foes of Gods.
And dost thou dare then to persist in this?

Fulv. My Lord, I must, and will persist.

Claud. I plainly see thou dar'st not but persist,
Then here I give my solemn Word.

*

P. Num.

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P. Num. And I give mine.

Both. That in an hour *Virginia* shall appear.

Fulv. Health and long Happiness attend your Lordship!

And so, my noble Lord, I take my leave. [*Exit.*

Claud. Yes, yes, she shall appear, let not that Thought

Disturb thee; but e'er yet the Sun rolls round,
Thou'lt howling wish thou hadst lost thy dear-
That she had ne'er appear'd. (est Blood

P. Num. See where amidst his Guard the Tyrant comes. (him.

Claud. Do you conduct the Ladies, I'll expect

P. Num. Come, sweet *Virginia*, good *Cornelia* come,

We must prepare t' appear before dire *Appius*:
Short is our time, and we have much to do.

Virg. My Time is short indeed, but long e-
To shew I am a *Roman*, and no Slave. (nough

[*Exeunt Virg. P. Num. & Con.*

Enter Appius.

Claud. *Decemvir*, stop a moment.

App. What would my honour'd Uncle?

Claud. Command your *Lictors* to withdraw a while,

And keep the People at a greater distance.

App. Guards, let my Uncle be forthwith obey'd.
Now what would you command me? (self;

Claud. I come to beg thee to command thy
I come to give thee warning of the Vengeance
Which thou'rt about to pull from Heaven upon

App. For what? (thee.

Claud. Dar'st thou, created to establish Law,
Dar'st

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Dar'st thou attempt a thing against all Law,
Even Nature's Sacred and Original Law?

App. What is this horrid thing?

Claud. What! Dare the Judge of *Rome* com-
A Rape on a Free Woman? (mit a Rape?)

App. I commit a Rape?

Claud. You!

App. On whom? (*Virginus.*)

Claud. The young and blooming Daughter of

App. Who told you this? (*Tribunal,*)

Claud. Why is she brought before thy black
On this most impudent Pretence of Slavery?
Who told me this! you take it for a Secret,
When 'tis the universal Talk of *Rome*.

App. Should any *Roman* else but dare to talk,
I'd make him howl, yes by the Gods I would.
Did I acquire this Independent Power,
To be controul'd by the base Scum of *Rome*?
I got it to controul them, and to ride them;
To ride them hard, and use the Spur or Rein
As it seems good to me.

Claud. If you go on,
You'll find them but a wild and dangerous Beast,
Who first will throw, then stamp upon their Rider.
And dar'st thou rashly thus prefer thy self
Before the Body of the *Roman* People?
But this assure thy self, if thou proceed'st,
The People whom so rashly thou contemn'st,
Will make thee feel their Excellence; their
Strength

Will rise, and will revenge *Virginia* wrong'd,
And pour down Ruin on thy cursed Head.

App.

App. I fear them not, they say themselves are
And yet you see they bear it. (wrong'd,

Claud. Because, tho all of them agree in
Thought,

They know not one another; but when Heaven
Would mighty Revolutions bring to pass,
It always for a great Occasion waits,
That may awake and rouse the slumbring World;
And that Occasion thou art going to give,
To do the most provoking of all Wrongs.

The Roman People

Have borne thy Pride, thy Cruelty, thy Rapines,
Thy horrible Oppressions, and thy Murders;
And the same People bore all this from *Tarquin*:
But when he basely came to force their Women,
That rous'd them from their long lethargick
Slumber, (Goddeſs;

Soon they appear'd true Offsprings of Love's
And, like a half-tam'd Lion urg'd to Madness,
Aloud they roar'd, and ramping scar'd their
Keeper. (thee;

That which confounded *Tarquin*, confounds
Yet *Tarquin* dy'd an Exile in his Bed,
But thou wilt from the dreadful Rock be thrown.

App. Well! since at last I am compell'd to speak,
Swear thou wilt keep the Secrets of our House,
And I'll disclose my Soul to thee.

Claud. I swear! (ness love her;

App. Know then I love *Virginia*, even to Mad-
So desp'rate, so outrageous is my Flame,
That to possess I'll venture any Death,
Yes, the most cruel, and most infamous;
For fierce Desire extends me on the Rack,

And of necessity I must possess,
Or in most cruel Torments must expire,

Claud. Die then with Infamy, thou cursed thing!
Thou merit'st it: But has thy bleeding Country
Deserv'd that thou should still inflict more
Wounds?

Think, think thou seest thy great Forefathers all
Arise from Hell to fright thee from this Deed;
And see old *Appius Claudius* at their head,
Thy awful and thy ever-honour'd Father.
Oh! had he but an Arm of Flesh and Blood,
Degenerate Boy, to use a Father's Right,
Here in the midst of this polluted *Forum*,
Here in the midst of all thy cursed Guards,
He'd do what all my Words want power to do,
And with his Dagger pierce thy cruel Heart.

App. No more, thou troubl'st me; all this I give
To my Relation, and the *Claudian* Race:
But trouble me no more, I cannot bear it.

Claud. Yes, tho I die for't, thou shalt bear it all:
But if thou canst contemn the *Claudian* Race,
If thou contemn'st thy dying Country's Groans,
Which might have power to melt a Heart of
Marble;

If nought has force to move thy savage Soul,
But the young blooming Daughter of *Virginus*,
If e'er thou lov'dst her, for her sake desist.
She is indeed so lovely, that she seems
Form'd by the Gods to be desir'd by Men.
But into what dire Ruin art thou plunging
This sweetest, loveliest Workmanship of Heaven?
How will so damn'd a Deed as thou design'st,
De face this wondrous Master-piece of Nature?

Tho

Thou art about to rob her of that Sweetness,
That charms the Eyes and Hearts of all Behol-
ders ;

To render her contemptible and cheap
To all the World, and odious even to thee,
And to her self most loathsome ; and for what ?
For a frail Joy, so fading and so short,
It dies before 'tis thought of ; nay not Joy,
For thy Design has made her strongly hate thee,
Detest thee, loath thee, utterly abhor thee.

(thought,

App. All this a thousand thousand times I have
Have done whatever mortal Man could do,
To tear this cursed Passion from my Breast ;
Or else Hell's blackest Torments were my Due.
I have forborn my necessary Food,
The Food that Health and Life it self requir'd ;
Have past the livelong Nights in Thought pro-
Without admitting Slumber to my Eyes ; (found,
Have weakned Life to mortify my Passion,
But like a strong Disease it still increas'd,
And flourish'd in my Weakness.

Claud. Make an Effort, a violent Effort ;
Persisting, thou grow'st hateful to the Gods,
Detestable to all the Race of Men,
And to thy self most loathsom and most horrible :
You want not Reason, if you would exert it.

(son,

App. I have no power to exert this feeble Rea-
For Oh ! some God, some cruel God has fix'd
This Madness of Desire within my Mind ;
Yes, 'tis the dire Effect of Wrath Divine !
For O I rave ! I rave ! a raging Fever

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Shakes my tempestuous Frame, devours my
Blood,

And scorches and consumes my inmost Marrow.

In vain I struggle in the Toiles of Fate,

I struggle till I roar with burning Fury,

Curse my false Stars, and partial Gods accuse.

The more I struggle, I'm the more perplex'd,

The more by strong Necessity involv'd,

And Rage adds Force and Fury to my Love,

And makes my Reason weaker. Come ye

Claudii,

Come ever-glorious, ever-honour'd Race,

And thou old awful *Appius* at their head ;

Ascend from Hell with all Hell's Rage about you,

Come and survey this miserable Breast,

And here's a sight will turn your Rage to Grief,

And send you back to Hell with such a Tale,

As shall have power to move the Damn'd to pity.

Enter Tribune.

Who art thou that presumptuously intrud'st

Upon our private Talk ? But by thy Garb,

And by thy Air thou shouldst a Tribune be,

Sent by my Collegues on important Matters.

(*mand*

Trib. Yes, sent by the *Decemvirs*, who com-

The Legions that incamp upon Mount *Algid* ;

Who send you Health and this. [*Gives Letters.*

App. Reads.] The Arrival in the Camp of Mar-
cus, Brother to Lucius Icilius, the late Tribune
of the People, has inclin'd the Legions to a Re-
volt, who threaten to pull up their Standards, and
march directly to Rome. The News of your Death
has

has been maliciously spread thro the Camp, to animate the Legions to a Rebellion; and tho we have produc'd Letters from you of a fresher Date than the Report, yet still the Report prevails: several Tribunes and Centurions have already left the Army. If the Torrent encreases, it will be too strong for us to stem; assist us as soon as possible with your Counsels, and with your Power. Farewel.

Come to my House within an Hour, and there You shall receive your Answer. [Exit Tribune. Damnation! these presumptuous Rebels brave me;

Yes, they pretend to force *Virginia* from me, To force my Empire from me, force my Life, Which spite of all their Fury I'll maintain: Let them come on, and by the Gods I'll face them With such a Spirit as shall damp their Rage, And strike it dead within their Coward Hearts. As fiercest Beasts by Men resolv'd are tam'd, I'll humble their rebellious Pride, I will Shew them a Man, a Being that's above them, Born to command, as they are born to obey.

(the Legions

Claud. What Force can you oppose against Encamp'd on *Algid's* Mount?

App. The other Army at *Fidena's* mine.

Claud. No, the other Army burns with noble Thirst

Of great Revenge for their *Dentatus's* Murder, Whom thou wilt now inflame beyond all Patience

By

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By injuring their other Hope, *Icilius*.

App. I have a stedfast Party in them all,
Besides my Guards and Forces in the Town.

(oppose
Claud. Too few, too weak, too wretched to
The solid Body of the Tribes and Legions.

(the Foe,
App. Then by the Gods I'll with them join
March at the head of the victorious *Sabines*,
And lead the conquering *Aequi* to these Walls;
Sink this proud City in a Sea of Blood,
And greatly ruin what I could not rule.

Claud. Hadst thou directly thy Descent deriv'd
From a successive Race of fifty Tyrants,
Thou couldst not speak one more: but be assur'd,
If thou'rt resolv'd on Ruin, 'tis thy own;
Our Patron Gods this City will defend,
As soon thy miserable Fate will shew.

App. Let the Result be what it will, I'll on;
For should I now my high Command resign,
And more ingloriously my Love forgo,
'T would all be imputed to ignoble Fear;
Yes, they would brag they scar'd me like a Girl,
That I my Mistress yielded like a Coward,
And basely ran from boundless Power away.
No, by yon glittering Lamp that rules the Day,
Eclipsing all th' inferiour Lights of Heaven,
From hence I'll to my dread Tribunal go,
As a Pretext to blind the stupid Croud,
Adjudge *Virginia* to be Slave to *Fulvius*.
The Master o'er his Slave has Power of Life
Or Death, and that includes all other Powers;
And *Fulvius* strait transfers his Power to me,
And

And then, ye Gods, I'll seize th' enchanting Joy,
And to the Heaven of Heavens my Raptures
raise. (thy Tribunal?)

Claud. Thou go'st from hence, thou say'st, to

App. Immediately I go.

Claud. I'll meet thee there, and plead *Virgi-*
nia's Cause.

App. You dare not.

Claud. Tyrant, I dare and will.

App. Disclose my Secret, and your Life shall
answer't. (Boy?)

Claud. Ha! dost thou threaten me, degenerate
I value this old Life at the same rate,
As thou the old Honour of the *Claudian* House:
But yet for my own sake I'll keep thy Secret;
For never any of our noble Race
Dar'd to betray his Trust, excepting thee.
But I'll do that which more a thousand times
Shall gall and wring thy Heart.

App. What will you do? (thy Soul,

Claud. I'll pour such strong Conviction on
Even in the Eyes of all th' assembled People,
As shall be follow'd by those dreadful Furies
That wait upon Remorse, and punish mighty
Crimes. (Scorpions,

Yes, they shall scourge thee with a Scourge of
And give thee a Taste of Hell beforehand here.

App. Thou talk'st in vain, I will persist till
Death.

Claud. 'Tis not thy wretched Life I go to save,
I go to save the Honour of the *Claudii*,
And shew th' assembled People that our House,
Our noble House abhors such things as these;
But

But thy brute Soul was shuffled in among us
 By the mistake of some o'er-hasty God.
 As for thy Life, it is not worth my Care,
 That and thy Empire are already lost;
 And so to the revenging Gods I leave thee. [*Exit.*

App. Well, if for Love I Empire must forgo,
 While in her Arms the Joys of Heaven I know,
 I'll learn to scorn the wretched World below. }
 [*Exit.*



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter P. Num. Caius.

Cai. O H honour'd Sir !

P. Num. Oh *Caius* welcome ! Oh a
 thousand Welcomes !

But where's *Icilius* ? speak ! (pen'd ?

Cai. Ye Gods ! what dire Calamity has hap-
 I never saw you thus disturb'd before,

(reason ;

P. Num. Oh ! I have reason ! yes we all have
 But once more where's *Icilius* ?

Cai. He only staid to see the Forces march,
 And then resolv'd to post away to *Rome*.

P. Num. What mean'st thou?

Cai. I left the Army furling all their Standards,
 And ordering all things for a speedy March,
 To meet the other Army on Mount *Aventine*.

P. Num.

Appius and Virginia. 253

P. Num. The Gods be prais'd, then Rome's to-morrow free :

But, Oh ! *Virginia* will be lost to-night.
Do thou post back, and spur thy Courser hard,
And bid *Icilius* haste to save *Virginia*.

Cai. What must I say her Danger is ? (fly

P. Num. Oh I want time to inform thee ; I must
As fast as these old feeble Limbs will let me,
And whisper to *Virginia* what I have heard,
Our only Hope now lies in gaining time.

Cai. But I with speed came here before *Icilius*
To summon you, *Horatius* and *Valerius*,
To meet him an Hour hence at his own House.

P. Num. To urge that Meeting, be thy Father's Care ;
From hence I'll to the Tyrant's black Tribunal,
Then find *Valerius* and *Horatius* out,
Now busy'd in associating our *Romans*
To assert their Country's Freedom, and their own.
[Exeunt.

SCENE draws, Appius, Claudius, Virginia,
Cornelia, Attendants. Guards discover'd.

(heard ;

App. What the Complainant urges, you have
She whom you call *Virginia* is his Slave,
Born of his legal Slave in his own House,
From thence convey'd, almost as soon as born,
At the Request of her reputed Mother,
Wife to *Virginus*, thence suppos'd her own,
And as her own brought up : This *Fulvius* urges,
And this he binds himself to prove, as soon
As from Mount *Algidum* *Virginus* comes,
Where

Where he commands as Præfect of a Legion?
Till he returns then, she remains with *Fulvius*.

Claud. With *Fulvius*!

Corn. Tyrant, no!

Virg. The Gods forbid! (her Freedom,

App. Till he appears who has Right t' assert
The Slave must in her Master's power remain;
So says the Law, and what that says is Justice.

Virg. That I'm a Slave can never be deny'd,
But, Thanks to *Appius*, so is every Roman;
Nay *Rome*, our sacred Mother, is no more:
But tho she is now a Slave, thou foundst her free,
And I with her had Liberty retain'd,
Had *Appius* either Gratitude or Justice:
But thou mayst find that still 'tis in my power
To free my self, and *Rome*. Oh great *Lucretia*!

Claud. Hear her! Is this the Language of a
Slave? (*Appius*,

Art thou the Judge of *Rome*? Think, think, O
The Father will be sent for, and consider,
That Father once was thy most valu'd Friend,
And endless were thy Obligations to him.
How wilt thou bear his vast and boundless Grief,
The Grief of such a Father, one so nice,
So tender of the Honour of his House,
And of his Child so fond, he lives in her,
He doats, and knows no Joy in Life but her?
How wilt thou bear his Looks, by Nature awful,
Now render'd terrible by mortal Wrong?
How wilt thou bear *Icilius*' wrathful Eyes,
And the o'erflowing Torrent of his Rage?

App. I fear him not.

Claud. If not for fear, at least for pity spare
him; For

For what a Grief, and what a Loss will his be?

Let cruel *Appius* take his place a moment,

And be the Lover of this charming Maid.

App. I her Lover !

(around,

Claud. Does that offend thee? Cast thy Eyes

And view this numerous People, view them near-

ly,

(vers,

View thy own Guards, see who are not her Lo-

See how with Eyes and Hearts they all adore her.

Now take a stedfast View of her thy self,

Ha! thou art struck, yes by the Gods thou'rt

caught,

And Love triumphant sits upon thy Brow.

App. Mov'd, but not alter'd.

(of Flesh,

Claud. Yes, thou this moment hast a Heart

And art not more inhuman than thy Murderers ;

How canst thou then resolve the very next

To throw off Nature, be a curst Fiend,

T' inflict a Torment which Hell never knew ?

For if *Virginia's* given to this Wretch,

To be by him abandon'd to the power (him,

Of some more glorious Villain, who suborns

Who proudly thinks he has a Right t' enjoy

Whate'er his Fancy unconfin'd desires,

And whose licentious Will's his only Law ;

Consider how thou robb'st her in a moment

Of all that e'er was counted dear to Mortals,

Her Friends, Relations, Father, Lover, Country,

All lost, and all at once !

O fathomless Abyss of endless Woe !

O infinitely miserable Maid ! (with Patience,

App. You've spoke at large, and we have heard

Nor would I here before the *Roman* People

Disgrace

256 Appius and Virginia.

Disgrace the eldest of the *Claudian* Race!
 Uninterrupted therefore have you spoke.
 But you presume too much on this Relation,
 And to discharge this Slave would raise the Peo-
 All we can do for her, and for *Virginus*, (ple.
 Is to secure her honourable Usage
 Till his Return ; which here we strictly promise.
 So, *Fulvius*, take your Slave.

Claud. O Tyrant !

Corn. O Villain ! amazing Villain !

(Thoughts of Mortals,

Virg. Ye Powers, who view the inmost
 What have I done to merit this ?

Enter Publius Numitorius.

(nish'd all !

P. Num. Ha ! pale and trembling, and asto-
ncilius comes, gain all the Time you can,
 And sooth this impious Judge. (moment

Virg. Lord *Appius*, I have things of highest
 Of which I must inform you, and adjure you
 To give me Audience e'er you leave the Forum.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Appius, Virginia, Guards.

App. Guards, keep at distance.

What are your Commands ?

Virg. Look upon me well ;

Appius, thou know'st me not, for if thou didst
 Thou wouldst not, nay thou couldst not use me
 Is then last Night so utterly forgot ? (thus.

App. No, never, never will it be forgot.

(Death

Virg. Then by the Terrors of that dreadful
 From which thou wert deliver'd by my Hand,
 By

By the more dreadful Torments of the Damn'd
By which you swore, and which even then had
 feiz'd you,

**Had not I cast a Look of Mercy on you,
Revoke this cruel and unjust Decree.**

App. That upon you depends, for be but mine,
And you're not only free, but great and glorious.
(power,

Virg. You know you ask what is not in my
I have already told you I'm another's.

(Charm,

App. Damnation light on him! What curf'd
What Philter has he us'd to touch thy Heart?

Virg. The Charm, the Philter, which he us'd,
was Love.

App. Let it be try'd by Love who best deserves
And he is lost, undone. (thee,

(thee,

A formal Wedlock, and an equal Dowry
Are the dull Proofs that every Fool can give
Of a gross vulgar Passion; but, fond Maid,
What has he done? What has he suffer'd for you?
The greatest Sacrifice that Mân can make
To Woman, nay to Goddess, is Ambition :
That Darling of my Soul to you I sacrifice,
And for the passing Pleasure of a moment,
At once I venture Empire, Life, and Fame.
For well I know the Act to which you force me,
Will soon endanger all.

Virg. I force you !

App. Yes, Cruel, to despair and die you force
And shew no Pity in the very Hour (me,
When for your self you ask it e'en of me.

Virg. Why do you ask such things I dare not
And much less hear ? (think of,

App. He who can sacrifice Ambition to you,
Will sacrifice the World : and therefore know
That all that I desire is holy, just ;
Marriage shall join us by its sacred Rites,
And you my Heart and Empire shall command.

(cians,

Virg. Patricians still must marry with Patri-
'Tis your own Law ; my Father's no Patrician.

(one,

App. That Obstacle's remov'd, he shall be made
And be with Riches and with Honours crown'd.

Virg. Such generous Offers at the least require,
That I with Freedom should disclose my Heart ;
My Father, Uncle, all my Friends are Patriots,
And would disown me, should I marry one
Who has enslav'd their Country and themselves.

App. Ev'n that Impediment I will remove ;
Swear thou art mine, and Rome this hour is free :
To purchase thee I'll part with dear-bought Em-
pire,

And am content you should continue cruel
Till you behold the Roman People rule,
And brave *Virginius* Tribune of the People.

Virg. Nay, then I pity thee. (Soul !

App. Speak on ! O Musick that enchants my
Rise one Step higher, pronounce a softer Word.

Virg. I never can.

App. O yes, you must, you must ev'n now ; I
adjure you (from you,
By all that more than Human Grace that flows
By the soft God who takes his Pow'r from you,

†

And

And in your Eyes as in his Heav'n resides,
And by the Pow'r of Death from which you
sav'd me,

O save me not by halves, for still I die!
Nay more than die, for I but live to Pain;
Pain, without Hope, the Life the Damn'd endure:
But tho' the Damn'd ne'er hope, they never love.
In me Desire adds Torment to Despair:
But O! a Word, a Smile, a Glance from you
Has pow'r to raise me up from more than Death,
And turn the more than Hell I feel, to Heav'n.

(Maid!)
Virg. O Words that might allure a worthier
Oh! *Lucius*! how thou triumph'st in my Heart!
Yet grant me one thing, and we both are happy.

App. Ha! Name it, and 'tis yours.

Virg. As you to Love have sacrific'd Ambition;
Oh make another yet more noble Sacrifice,
And to your Reason offer up your Love.

App. Is that in *Appius*' power?

Virg. Not in your pow'r!

App. No, can a feeble Mortal resist Heav'n?
The Gods, the Gods ferment this mad Desire.

(Crimes,
Virg. Make not the Gods the Authors of your
They gave you Reason to subdue your Passions.

(are sent;
App. Yes, all but those that from themselves
But they come rushing with resistless Fury,
While Reason to Divinity gives way.

I hate my self for this detested Passion;
And my Heart bleeds within my Breast for thee,
O thou divinest, and thou best of Maids,

260 Appius and Virginia.

And thou most wretched, I could die to save thee :
 Yet I, I ruin thee, for I must on ;
 Yes, I am goaded on by mortal Stings.
 O I am stung to Madness ! O Damnation !
 All Hell, all Hell is in my burning Entrails,
 I'll bear no more, I must, I will have Ease.
 Look down, look down, whatever God thou art,
 Who driv'st poor *Appius* on to his sad Fate,
 Behold ev'n now, thy cruel Will obey'd.

(wild,
Virg. O Heav'n ! his sparkling bloody Eyes look
 Look terrible. Now, now ye Powers assist me !
 (mine ?

App. Now speak for the last time, Will you be
 Will you, the Daughter of the brave *Virginus*,
 To Rome and Glory sacrifice your Passion ?

Virg. You ask me e'en to sacrifice my Virtue ;
 And that must last when Rome shall be no more.

App. If coy Denial is the Woman's Virtue,
 Then vigorous Force must be the manly Lover's,
 The Virtue of a Hero and a God :
 By my great Soul, spight of fantastick Pride,
 Or more fantastick Love, I will possess thee ;
 Possess thee as our *Romulus Hersilia*,
 Or greater *Mars* did *Romulus's* Mother.
 Why should a Monarch shrink from such a Deed
 As was the glorious Fountain of his Empire ?

Virg. I'll hear no more.

App. Here, *Fulvius*, take your Slave.

Virg. Villain, approach me not.
 Thus Fate from cruel Fortune sets me free :
 Ah Gods ! my *Lucius* with his Friends appears ;
 [Shout.
 Now

Appius and Virginia. 261

Now Love and Life for me, and for thee, Tyrant,
this. *[Throws the Dagger at him.]*

App. Ha!

He comes indeed, and with a potent Guard;
And shall he tear her from me then at last?
Oh no! Confusion, no! Fly, *Fulvius*, fly,
Fly for thy Patron's Life and for thy own,
And bring the Cohort quickly to my Aid,
That now keeps Guard upon the Mount of *Jove*.

Ful. I fly. *[Exit.]*

SCENE V. *Enter L. Icilius, M. Icilius, Cornelia, Horatius, Val. P. Num. C. Num. and Guards,*

Virg. My *Lucius*!

L. Icil. My Soul!

Virg. My Life!

Oh never, never let us part again!

L. Icil. No, only Death shall ever part us more.
(*ther*!)

App. Confusion! how they cleave to one another!
How their transported Souls, before my Face,
Meet at their burning Eyes, their humid Lips;
How thirstily he drinks her balmy Breath,
As he could quench his Fever with the Draught.
Oh the tormenting Sight! Ho, Guards divide
them. (Death.)

Icil. He who comes near us, comes upon his
Curse on your idle Bugbears made for shew;
Do you think to frighten Men with empty
Scarecrows?

No, if thou wouldst divide us, come thy self;
Compleat the Number of thy monstrous Crimes,
And find the Vengeance of the Gods in me.

R 3

App.

App. How dar'st thou thus audaciously to threat
The chief of all the *Roman* Magistrates,
Ev'n while the Rods and Axes are in view?

L. Icil. Retire, my Life, a-while with good
Cornelia, [*Exeunt Virginia, Cornelia.*

And at thy Father's House expect me soon.
Now, how dar'st thou, who art no Magistrate,
The time of legal Sway being long expir'd,
Threat thy Superiours with the Rods and Axes?

App. My Superiours! (riour,

L. Icil. Yes, every honest *Roman's* thy Superiours.

App. By Hell I'll punish this audacious Insolence! (pice,

L. Icil. No, sooner dar'st thou leap a Precipice
Thou and thy Coward Instruments of Cruelty:
Think not to fright us with thy blustering Pride,
For thou art only proud because thou'rt mad;
What hast thou to exalt thee but thy Crimes?
And Crimes at which a Man endu'd with Reason
Would blush, and hide his ignominious Head.
Yes, thou art proud, because thou art a Tyrant,
That is the most detested thing in Nature:
Proud that thou art chosen, by the angry Gods,
To be the Scourge of *Rome*, without reflecting,
That could those Gods have found one worse than
They would have chosen him. (thee,

(Divine,

Val. To shew that thou wert rais'd by Wrath
The burning Pestilence foreran thy Sway.

Hor. And War and Famine were its dire Attendants. (structive

L. Icil. Yet has thy Cruelty been more detested
Than War, Plague, Famine, that in triple League,
Join'd

Join'd their Confed'rate Horrors; nay, what's worse,

While thou hast been a most indulgent Foe,
Witness the *Sabines* and the insulting *Æqui*,
Most barbarous hast thou been to thy best Friends;
First to the *Roman* People, thy Creators, (sion,
Whom thou hast vex'd with every vile Oppres-
Next to old brave *Virginus* and to me, (thee :
At whose Request th' assembled People chose
Then to his Daughter, who but the last Night
Preserv'd thee tottering on the Brink of Fate,
When twenty Souls resolv'd had vow'd thy
Death,

And twenty Daggers trembled at thy Heart.

App. Ha! for a Knowledge of the Men who bore them! (stantly,

L. Icil. One of them I'll discover to thee in-
And of the foremost, and the boldest one.

App. You dare not.

L. Icil. Tyrant, I dare, I will.

App. His Name? (Arm,

L. Icil. Oh! That his Name were fatal as his
And with the very Sound could strike thee dead;
Thus would I thunder in thy Ears, *Icilius*!

App. Ha! Traitor!

L. Icil. He's, he's the Traitor,
Who has broke all Trust with Earth, all Oaths
with Heaven; (swore.

And laugh'd at the vain Gods, by whom he

App. Thou shalt die for it.

Val. We'll die with *Lucius* all.

App. Perhaps ye may, perhaps ye all deserve
Perhaps ye all are guilty equally. (it;

264 Appius and Virginia.

All. All, all guilty equally.

App. Why then ye all shall die, here seize them

All. Let them come on. (Guards.

Val. Yes, let them come, and the first Man
who stirs——

Let's all at once upon the Tyrant rush,
And tear his Heart from his accursed Bosom.

L. Icil. Let us prevent them, rush upon them all,
And kill the Tyrant and his Guards together,
And shew our selves the Sons of our brave Fa-
thers :

Oh *Mutius* ! where's thy Godlike Spirit now ?
Couldst thou, inspir'd by Love for *Rome* and Glo-
Alone attack *Porfenna* 'midst his Army ? (ry,
And shall not we, to whom great *Jove* has given
Spirit to assert his own majestick Cause,
Which is the Cause of Liberty and *Rome*,
Dare to assault this Traitor to them both,
Defended only by twelve scarlet Rogues ?

(mighty Rage,

App. Down, swelling Heart ! Repress thy
Till *Fulvius* brings the Cohort to thy Aid ;
And then thou shalt be gorg'd with dire Revenge.
By Heaven he comes ! with hasty Steps he
And with him my Deliverers. (comes,
Hold, will ye turn base Assassines at last ?

L. Icil. To assassinate, belongs to *Appius* only :
Hark how *Dentatus*' Blood cries out for Ven-
geance !

Since thou hast banish'd written Law from *Rome*,
We come the Ministers of Nature's Law,
Th' Executors of *Jove*'s eternal Will ;
To punish thee a Tyrant and a Murderer,

The

The publick Foe of *Rome* and of Mankind.

(venge!

Val. Let's sacrifice him strait to great Re-
Hor. To *Rome*.

C. Num. To Liberty.

L. Icil. Vengeance and Death arm every
Hand! fall on.

Enter the Cohort.

All. Fall on, fall on. (appointment!

L. Icil. What's this I see? O murd'ring Dis-

App. What! do you recoil, and shun the
Gods you invoke? (you,

Vengeance and Death you see advance to meet
Vengeance and Death are Ministers of Fate,
And 'tis the Frown of *Appius* that is Fate.

Oh! have I calm'd this Tempest of your Souls?

Here seize them! Nay, Resistance is in vain:

A hundred Hands are arm'd against your Lives.

Twice in the space of one revolving Sun

Ye basely have attempted on my Life,

What Mercy then can ye expect or hope?

L. Icil. Mercy from thee!

Val. How we disdain the Thought!

Hor. What! owe our Lives to thee!

L. Icil. To *Jove* alone we'll owe them,
Jove will protect these sacred Walls and us.

(thee.

M. Icil. Or will revenge us, and will punish
The Army is in a full March from *Algidum*,
Eager and furious to depose thee, *Appius*;
And in two hours the foremost will be here.

App. You think to fright me: Grant that
this were true,

My

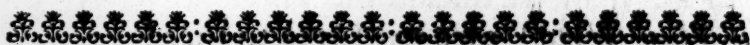
266 Appius and Virginia.

My Empire still exceeds thy shorter Date,
Thou shalt not live an hour; away with them,
And give the Prefect of the Prison charge
That all things be got ready for their Deaths;
Half of you guard them to the Prison Gates,
The rest to old *Virginus*' House must haste,
And bring the Slave that's call'd his Daughter
hither.

[*Exeunt all, but Appius, Fulvius, and Guards.*
(*horts,*

App. I'll go my self, and order four more Co-
T' encompass at some distance this Tribunal;
For first I will make sure of my *Virginia*,
Then crush these Dogs who have seduc'd the
Legions,
And rais'd the Spirit of the clam'rous Croud;
Nor leave, till bleeding Faction headless lies,
And groveling and expiring.

*My Love I'll satiate, my Revenge I'll cloy;
With more than mortal Pleasure I'll enjoy:
And swift as a revenging God destroy.* [Exit.]



A C T V.

S C E N E I. *Prison.*

Horatius, Valerius, L. Icilius, M. Icilius,
P. Num. C. Num.

P. Num. **A**S speedily as certainly we die,
The Instruments of Blood are
now preparing;
The Tyrant is determin'd. *Hor.*

Appius and Virginia. 267

Hor. The Eternal Plagues reward him.

Val. I will not curse, but scorn him.

(selves;

L. Icil. He cannot make us die unlike our
No, equal to our Lives shall be our Deaths :
Our Lives and Deaths, both worthy of the Men
Who know that they were only born t' advance
The great Design of Destiny and Jove,
Which is to make *Rome* Mistress of the Universe.

M. Icil. But two Hours more, and we had
seen her free.

(see it not,

L. Icil. We wrought her Freedom, tho we
And all Posterity shall speak of us,
As of her great Deliverers.

Val. Then let the Instruments of Fate come
Since 'tis as natural to die as live; (on,
The Business is not when, but how we die :
Death's but a Scarecrow, which the Gods have
plac'd

To fright weak Men from tasting Immortality ;
Then Death and *Appius* we alike defy.

All. Yes, Death and *Appius* we alike defy.

L. Icil. O ! *Roman* Spirits in this low Estate,
Fearless of Death as Gods, whom Fate secures ;
Sure they who have the Godlike Force of Mind
To scorn him thus, alone ought ne'er to feel
him :

But yet it grieves my Soul that I must leave
My dear *Virginia* in this dreadful Hour.
Yet with a dauntless Brow I'll meet my Fate :
But oh ! that I could, killing *Appius*, die,
At once triumphing over him and Death ;
Lucius Icilius would commence immortal,

By

By such Revenge as Gods are pleas'd to act.
But who comes here? who should come here
but Death?

One of the Tyrant's Instruments of Blood.
Ha! *Claudius*!

Enter Claudius.

P. Num. Claudius! Amazement! How get
you Admittance,

When 'tis the cruel Tyrant's strict Command,
To let no Friends come near us? (Slave,

Claud. The Prefect of this Prison was my
By me first manumitted, then prefer'd
To *Appius* when he first was made *Decemvir*,
Who thro a grateful Sense of what he owes me,
And on my Oath to stand 'twixt him and Danger,
And on his Knowledge of the Army's March,
Has ventur'd to oblige me.

They say the Tyrant dooms you all to die,
To know the Truth of that Report I came.

P. Num. He just has given us notice to pre-
pare for't. (are the Winds,

Claud. Now by yon Heaven, he's mad as
When for the Empire of the Main they strive.
(t' enquire,

L. Icil. Of Life or Death, I have no time
For my *Virginia* takes up all my Soul.

Claud. Just now I from the *Roman Forum*
Where I have seen a Sight. (come,

L. Icil. Speak on!
My Soul is wrapt in dreadful Expectation,
And listens to thee, as if Fate were speaking.

(trepid,
Claud. Lucius, I know thee manly, brave, in-
One of *Rome's* noblest Offspring: Yet

Yet have I seen a Sight I dare not tell thee,
Thou canst not bear the Hearing. (say on,

L. Icil. By this thou tell'st me much, but yet
And I will bear it all with dauntless Courage.
(believe,

Claud. Then hear what I who saw it scarce
Against plain Proofs of Reason, nay of Sense,
Virginia is adjudg'd a Slave to *Fulvius*.

L. Icil. Ye Furies that have seiz'd my lab'ring
Be still but for a moment. (Soul,

Claud. Which lawless Practice when I could
But vehemently and bitterly reprov'd, (not bear,
And with a Spirit all inflam'd foretold
The dismal Consequence; (Oh! all ye Gods!
Who cou'd serenely see th' unnatural Deed)
I by the Tyrant's Order strait was dragg'd ----

L. Icil. You?

Claud. Yes I, his Uncle, eldest of his House,
Was by his Order infamously dragg'd
Both from the Court and *Forum*. (dragg'd

L. Icil. For which, thou soon wilt see the Villain
To the opprobrious Rock, and thrown from
(thence,
As one whom Nature and Mankind casts out.

Hor. His Cruelty's come home to his own
And he himself must suffer by it next. (House,

L. Icil. But was *Virginus* there?

Claud. Just then arriv'd.
After this base Affront to my old Age,
The Tyrant now shall take my Life, my Burden:
So hearing of the Doom that's past on you,
With you to live and die resolv'd I come.

P. Num.

270 Appius and Virginia.

P. Num. We in this Place are like to be o'er-
heard,

But yonder's an Apartment of this Prison (mal,
That's more retir'd, more gloomy, and more dis-
And fit to talk of Fate. *[Exeunt.*

Lucius Iulius Solus. (Pride,

They're gone! and with them all my towering
And with my Pride my boasted Constancy;
And I am now become like vulgar Minds:

Oh! I am softer, weaker than a Woman,
When I reflect on my *Virginia's* Wrongs,
While I the most undone and lost of Men,
Want Power to help her in this dire Necessity.

Nay, but the following Moment I must die,
And leave her to the cruel Tyrant's Rage. (ness
Leave her to what? Death and eternal Dark-
Come seize me straight, and hide me from that
Ha! (Thought!

What noise is that! bless me! what dreadful noise!
Ah Gods! there Fate is at its bloody Work,

Horatius and *Valerius* cry aloud,
And *Marcus* now is vehement and high,
And *Publius* too, and *Cains*! hark! Confusion!
Their last expiring Groans are in my Ears.

Genius of *Rome*, I come, nor will survive
Thy noblest Sons; do thou, do thou protect
My dearest part which I must leave behind;
Ye Gods, be Guardians to the poor *Virginia*.

[Exit.

SCENE draws. Appius, Virginius, Virginia,
Fulvius, Guards discover'd. (more.

App. What is not Sentence past? I'll hear no
Virg. Oh! *Appius*! I have hitherto had pa-
tience, Under

Under what mighty Grief great *Jove* can tell ;
But when Injustice rages at its Height,
Ev'n Gods can bear no more, much less can
But Oh ! beware the Fury of a Man, (Mortals.
Who much and long can bear.

App. What is it thou dar'st do ?

Virg. Go ask the *Sabines*, *Volsci*, and the *Aequi* ;
They will with *Groans* tell what *Virginus* dares :
Or if thou wouldst thy self be an Eye-witness,
See where the Foes of *Rome*, with their rude
Have writ my bold Exploits. (Hands,
The Wounds thou seest upon my mangled Breast,
In the defence of *Rome* I got, to save
The spotless Honour of each *Roman* Daughter ;
Think'st thou I dare not then defend my own ?

App. Defend her ! where's your Power ?

Virg. Since Right is mine, the Power of *Jove*
(is mine ;
For that's concern'd to vindicate his Justice.

App. That shall be quickly try'd : What *Fulvi-*
us ! Hoa ! (tends thee.

Virg. Villain, stand off ! or certain Death at-
Appius, if thou'rt a Man, thou wilt desist ;
Or mighty *Jove*, resolv'd on thy Destruction,
Degrades thee, to prepare thee for thy Fate,
And takes his sacred Image Reason from thee.
Therefore thou seest not that thou tott'ring
Upon a ghastful Precipice's Brink, (stand'st
While Hell beneath thee yawns for thy Re-
ception. (ter burst,

App. Tho Hell it self should from the Cen-
And blast the Day, I'd not be fear'd from Justice.

Virg.

Virg. From Justice! O Blasphemer!
 O impious Mock of a most sacred Name!
 Hear it ye dreadful Judges of the Damn'd,
 And in your Adamantine Books record it;
 That when from the *Tarpeian* Rock he plunges
 To lowest Hell, he may have dismal Justice.

[*Appius descends from his Tribunal.*

App. Fulvius, command the Guards to keep at
 And let *Virginia* with respect be treated: (distance,
 Hear me *Virginus*! thou wert once my Friend,
 My lov'd and valu'd, best and kindest Friend;
 Of all our *Romans* thee I most esteem'd,
 And I rever'd and lov'd thy God-like Vertue.
 I see thou art disturb'd, and the just Grief
 Of one who once was to my Breast so dear,
 Has touch'd my Soul, obliging me to tell thee,
 There still is one way left to save thy Daughter.

Virg. Name it! (mine.

App. Persuade her to be mine, by Marriage

Virg. Thou know'st she is contracted to *Icilius*.

App. My Rival's dead.

Virg. Dead!

App. *Icilius* and his Brother both are dead,
 Thy Brother *Numitorius* and his Son,
 And those two publick Fools, *Horatius* and *Va-*

Virg. Is't possible? (*lerius.*

App. I gave my Orders upon pain of Death;
 And passing by the Prison-Gates my self,
 I heard their dying Groans.

Virg. *Icilius* murder'd! and must I persuade
 My Daughter to espouse his Murderer?
 The Murderer of her Husband, Cousin, Uncle,
 And those two best and bravest of the *Romans*,
 Illustrious

Illustrious Patriots, *Horace* and *Valerius* !

If being guilty of such Infamy (rish.

Wou'd save the World from Ruin, it shou'd pe-

App. My time is precious, and brooks no De-
lay, (ter.

For this last time I leave thee with thy Daugh-

Hoa! *Fulvius* ! let your Slave be left a while

With her reputed Father :

Short is the time allow'd thee; use it well ;

Either prevail upon her to be mine, (grant,

Or thou shalt die ; and what thou wilt not

By boundless Power I'll take. *Fulvius* !

Ful. My Lord !

App. If this disdainful Beauty don't comply

In half an hour at farthest, let her Father

Be hurry'd to his Fate in the same Prison

Where the *Horatii* and the rest expir'd :

And bring the Daughter home to thy own House,

Aptly adjacent to the *Roman* Forum ;

Whither with utmost Secrecy I'll go,

Attended with two faithful Servants only,

My Guards I leave with thee: Ho ! Guards, attend

On *Fulvius*, and on pain of death obey him.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent *Virginius*, *Virginia*.

Virg. Ah poor *Virginia* ! we must part, *Virginia*.

Vir. You part from your *Virginia* !

And am I not your Daughter then at last ?

Your dear, your valu'd, tho your wretched

(Daughter ?

Yes, by th' unequal'd Honour which I bear you,

And by that mighty Grief, which kills my Heart

Vol. II.

S

Within

Within my Breast, but at the Name of parting,
I find I am your Daughter. (Passions

Virg. And let my Grief, and all the dreadful
That rend my miserable Heart asunder;
Let those assure thee, that I am thy Father.

(sure ;

Vir. Then while I live you will not leave me
You cannot leave me to the Tyrant's Fury,
Nay, must not, shall not ; still there is a way,
By which I may avoid it.

Virg. There is indeed, and he himself propos'd
But such a way—— (it,
How much below thy Honour and my own !
'Tis in thy Choice to be the Tyrant's Wife.

Vir. No, *Lucius*, I am faithful still to thee,
Tho thou art absent from thy dying Bride.

Virg. Of him, as of thy Lover, think no more.

Vir. Not think of him !

Virg. He has for ever left us.

Vir. He leave us ! he ! no, he was ever true,
And ever kind, and bears a Godlike Mind ;
He would not leave the lost *Virginia* sure.

Virg. Thou of *Icilius* judgest as thou ought'st,
No Faith, no Truth could ever equal his ;
But oh ! thy tender and thy faithful Lover,
The Pride and Flower of *Romans*, is no more.

Vir. O Earth and Heav'n ! my *Lucius* then is

Virg. Ay, murder'd. (dead.

Vir. Ah murder'd !

Virg. Yes, by the most inhuman Tyrant mur-
The Fate thy Father is to undergo, (der'd ;
As soon as e'er he leaves thee.

Vir.

(Horrou!

Vir. Ah Gods! my Father too! O Horrou!
Lucius is dead, my Father too is dying,
 And can *Virginia* live? (ing?

Virg. What, can thy tender Spirit think of dy-
 Canst thou relinquish all the Sweets of Life?

Vir. Death has robb'd Life of all that it had
 To make himself inviting. (sweet,

Virg. Yes, to preserve thy Vertue pure and
 (spotless;

Oh! that a Father should pronounce that Doom,
 Thou Darling of my Soul, thou needs must die.

Vir. Then strike, I am prepar'd.

Virg. What hast thou said? Is that a Father's
 Thou mak'st a fearful, horrible Request, (Office?
 Which Heav'n forbids, and Nature starts to hear.

(Nature,

Vir. Law is the sacred Child of Heav'n and
 And *Roman* Law gives *Roman* Parents power
 At pleasure to resume that Life they gave.

Virg. Yes, to resume it from their wicked Chil-
 Thy Virtue's absolute as is thy Beauty, (dren;
 And thou, who justly wert before esteem'd
 The most accomplish'd of our *Roman* Virgins,
 Has now discover'd new amazing Vertues:
 And can thy wretched Father give thee Death?
 When he admires thee most, when his fond Heart
 Dissolves with Tenderness, and breaks with

(Woe:

Not *Jove* was fonder of his own Creation,
 When it appear'd so wondrous, good, and fair.

Vir. Vertue and *Jove* himself cry out aloud to
 To free my Soul, and to secure my Vertue; (you,

Since 'tis impossible to live with Honour,
Th' immortal Gods have summon'd me to die.

(thy me !

Vir. O Greatness, worthy *Rome*, and wor-
O ! Thou'rt the perfect Image of my Soul,
And all our Gods, as well as I, confess thee.
Now by yon Heaven my Soul is all on fire !
O ! thou hast rous'd it to immortal Greatness,
And my Breast teems with some prodigious Birth :
And thou dread God——

Whatever God thou art, who command'st Nature,
And forcest her to Deeds she most abhors,
Assist me with thy dreadful Spirit now ;
Recoil thou Sun, as at the Feast of *Atreus*,
And hide the World in universal Darkness ;
That neither Heaven, nor Earth, nor Gods, nor
Men,

May see a Deed that will amaze the Universe.
My Soul ! my Soul ! oh what art thou about ?
Strike me with Madness, some propitious Power,
That I may lose all Thought, and all Remem-
brance,

(forms :

And never know what my curs'd Hand per-
And thou, great *Jove*, who gav'st me my *Virginia*,
Thy best, thy noblest, thy divinest Gift ;
Pure as thy Heaven thou sent'st her down to me,
Spotless as Heaven receive her now again.

And thus in spight of the mad Tyrant's Rage,
Oh ! thus thy Father vindicates thy Freedom,
And thus secures thy Virtue : Tyrant, Tyrant,
Thus with the sprinkling of this sacred Blood,
I consecrate thee to the infernal Powers.

Vir. I am free ;

And

And *Rome*, that will its Freedom owe to me,
Upon the Wings of her victorious Eagles
Shall thro all Times and Places bear my Virtue :
I die a *Roman* now, and die your Daughter,
And worthy of *Icilius*, who expects me. [*Dies.*
(Father ;

Virg. Tell him that soon he may expect thy
Or rather tell him I expect him here ;
Bid him arise, and bring Revenge to-day
From its infernal Mansion.

Enter Fulvius.

Ful. What hast thou done ?
So black a Deed not Hell it self e'er saw.

Virg. Then Villain hie to Hell, and tell the
Damn'd [*Kills him.*
Here's one on Earth that has outdone them all ;
And now the amazing Vengeance is begun,
And now the Regions of pale Ghosts are mov'd :
I hear, I hear th' infernal Thunder roar,
And dire Revenge the dreadful Larum takes ;
And with a baleful Equipage ascends,
A thousand bleeding Ghosts by *Appius* murder'd,
And at their Head th' invincible *Dentatus*,
Valerius, *Horace*, and the *Numitorii* ;
But above all the fierce *Icilius* rages,
And breathes Destruction to the bloody *Appius*.
Ha ! either Reason now gives place to Madness,
Or I in very Deed behold him yonder ;
O Heaven and Earth ! 'tis he, 'tis he himself,
And I grow stiff with Horrour and Amazement.

Enter Attendants, L. Icilius.

L. Icil. Here are the Villains ; Bloodhounds,
My Father ! (seize them all.

Virg. Art thou *Icilius* ?

(*Appius* ?

L. Icil. Where is *Virginia* ? Is she safe from

Virg. She is safe from *Appius's* Power.

L. Icil. Where is the Tyrant ?

Virg. Each moment I expect him.

L. Icil. But why this Grief ? this Horror !
this Amazement !

Virg. They told me thou wert murder'd,
Thou and the rest of our illustrious Friends.

L. Icil. Why yes, the Tyrant had design'd
it well. (Groans,

Virg. Nay, *Appius* says he heard their dying
(expiring,

L. Icil. I thought my self I heard the rest
As in the next Apartment of the Prison
I was lamenting my *Virginia's* Danger ;
But flying to their Aid, I quickly found
Their Murderers were dying, and not they.
The Præfect of the Prison gain'd by *Claudius*,
Had given them Weapons ; and I found 'em
fighting

With that Success, that nought was left for me.
But can *Virginus* hear of our Deliverance,
And yet retain his Grief, when his Friends Safety
Is follow'd by the Liberty of Rome ?

Virg. The Liberty of Rome !

L. Icil. The everlasting Liberty of Rome !
Horatius and *Valerius* have conven'd
The Senate, who in full Assembly vote
The Abolition of the curs'd *Decemvirate*.
Your Brother *Numitorius* and his Son
Have part by Promises, and part by Threats,
Prevail'd upon the Forces left at Rome

To

To abandon *Appius*; and my Brother *Marcus*
Joins the tempestuous Legions from *Fidene*,
That now are entering *Rome* with furious March
To join the other Army.

I have assembled here the raging People
To rescue my *Virginia* from her Danger,
And crush the impious Tyrant. (Jove

Virg. O! would th' avenging Thunderbolt of
Fall down amain on this devoted Head,
And drive me headlong to th' infernal Powers.

L. Icil. Ha! Why these Starts! this Horrour,
Where is *Virginia*? (and this Trembling!
(loves thee,

Virg. My *Lucius*! be advis'd by one who
Fate has made thee the Godlike Instrument
Of raising up thy Country from a State
Of Wretchedness to Liberty and Glory:
Let *Rome* and Glory be henceforth thy Mistress,
And never think of thy *Virginia* more.

(chief happen'd,
L. Icil. Damnation! There has mighty mis-
And I can bear no more; where is *Virginia*?

(ours?
Virg. Art thou prepar'd to taste infernal Hor-

L. Icil. Even for the worst of Fates I am pre-
par'd. (Eyes,

Virg. If thou dar'st see a Sight will blast thy
Look there, and see where poor *Virginia* was.

L. Icil. Ha! where she was indeed;
Ay! here's the dreadful Thunderbolt of Fate,
That drives the lost *Icilius* to the Grave.
She's gone, for ever gone, the King of Terrors
Lays his rude Hand upon her lovely Limbs,

280 Appius and Virginia.

And blasts her Beauties with his Icy Breath.
The cruel Gods but let her just appear,
Just sent her down from Heaven to shew the
Earth

There are diviner Forms, more perfect Beauties,
Than we frail Mortals use t' admire below ;
Then greedily they snatch'd her to themselves,
As too Divine to be enjoy'd by Man.

Virg. Oh *Lucius* ! *Lucius* !

L. Icil. Oh my Father !

But for one Hour I will have Truce with Woe,
And Vengeance in my Soul shall take its room.

Virg. Wilt thou revenge her ?

L. Icil. Will I revenge her ! yes, at such a rate,
That even the World's last Age shall hear and
tremble :

Where is the Wretch who did the dreadful Deed ?

Virg. Then swear as soon as e'er he's in thy
power,

Thou'lt strike thy Dagger to his impious Heart.

(Dear-one,

L. Icil. Then by the Soul of that departed
Who hov'ring in the mournful Air attends me,
I swear that I, that only I will kill him :

As I could bear no Rival in my Love,
So no one in the dear Revenge shall share.

Virg. Then strike !

L. Icil. Ha ! where ?

Virg. Here. (wretched Man !

L. Icil. What hast thou said ? O wretched,
Disastrous Beauty ! execrable Tyrant !

And, Oh ! the woful Father's dire Necessity !

Virg. Why dost thou stand tormenting a lost
Wretch ? Why

Why hast thou not already pierc'd my Heart?

L. Icil. No,
You held the Dagger, *Appius* struck the Blow,
And he's the Visitant that Hell expects.

Where is the Tyrant? (*Forum,*

Virg. At *Fulvius'* House that borders on this
To which he privately retir'd, to which
He order'd that dead Dog to bring *Virginia*,
Unless she would consent to be his Wife.

L. Icil. Damn'd, damn'd Villain! (*Order,*

Virg. I who was near him overheard that
Which urg'd *Virginia's* miserable Fate. (*Death,*

L. Icil. Then he is wholly ignorant of her

Virg. He yet can nothing know of what has
past. (*comes.*

L. Icil. Now by th' avenging Furies here he

Virg. Attended as he went by only two;
Let us dispatch him instantly.

L. Icil. No, hold!

Respect the Oath I've taken, and retire.

Virg. Farewel! th' accurst *Virginus* will retire,
But to the Place from whence there's no Return;
My poor *Virginia* was the only Tie
That held me fast to Life; but she is gone,
And pulls her Father after her. [*Exit.*

(*withdraw,*

L. Icil. To some small Distance you my Friends
For I would take the Villain in his height;
Yes, in the height of his presumptuous Pride,
And in the foam of all his blustering Rage:
And when he's most secure, and highest soars,
Then dash him from his Mountains heap'd on
Mountains,

And

And from his Affectation of Divinity,
Down, down to the Abyfs ; but dash him so,
That he may feel the Blow, and die blaspheming :
Humble his Pride, extinguish his mad Rage,
And kill the Tyrant first, and then the Man.

Enter Appius.

(holds

L. Icil. So the base Murderer starts when he be-
The fearful Spectre of the Man he murder'd.

App. Perdition light upon thee ! Is it thou ?
Know that I started out of Hate, not Fear,
As from an odious thing that shocks my Nature.

(knows

L. Icil. Yes, by a sure Prefage, because she
That I am sent by Fate for her Destruction.
But e'er thou dy'st, I'll make thee feel thy Death ;
Which that thou may'st, I'll shew thee here a
Sight,

That will at once astonish thee, and grieve thee :

[*Shews him Fulvius.*

Behold one Murder done without thy Know-
ledge !

(unpunish'd.)

App. Hast thou done this, and hop'st t' escape

L. Icil. Has this provok'd thee ?

See then another that will make thee rave,
And howl and tear thy very Flesh for Rage.

[*Shews him Virginia.*

App. May Lightning blast thee ! thou hast
basely done this,

(from me.

Because thou hadst no other way to send her
But by th' immortal boundless Love I bore her,
I will revenge her, and her Murderer dies.

L. Icil. Thou rav'st,

Thy Instruments of Mischief all have left thee.

App.

App. No matter, thou and all the World shall see,
Appius to kill thee, wants no help but *Appius*.

(needs,

L. Lel. Now thou shalt see what help *Scilius*
 And what a hideous Change one Hour has made
 In thy most abject Fortunes; thou art lost,
 While thou wert brooding o'er thy Bestial Lust,
 And shunning like a Bird obscene the Day.

The Legions of both Armies have deserted thee,
 The Senate have declar'd thy Empire void,
 Thy own flagitious Troops have left thee naked,
 Left thee their Scorn and utter Detestation;

The People raging like the stormy Main,
 Aloud for thy immediate Ruin roar :

See where in waving Crouds they all surround
 And at the smallest Signal that I give (thee,
 Will like an Inundation pour upon thee.

But yet because 'twill please *Virginia's* Ghost,
 That thou shouldst die by her *Scilius's* hand,
 And I have sworn that only I will kill thee,
 To single mortal Combat I defy thee.

Yes, I will kill thy Pride before thy Person;
 And thou shalt die convicted, thou'rt so far
 From being worthy to command the *Romans*,
 That thou'rt not equal to the meanest *Roman* :

No I, the meanest of the Sons of *Rome*,
 Have Power from Nature, and from Fate above
 thee ; (thee,

Have Power to take thy Life and Empire from

App. Back in thy Face I throw thy bold Defi-
 Firmly resolv'd to kill thee or to die : (ance,

Know, next my Ardour to possess *Virginia*,
 My eager'st Wish has been to cope with thee ;

And

And let unequal Gods, and partial Fortune,
 Dispose of my uncertain Life and Empire
 As it seems good to them ; I'll make them know
 Th' immortal Greatness of my Mind's my own.
 If I do fall by thy most hateful Hand,
 I'll fall like *Appius* still, with such a Look,
 With such a Voice, with such a dauntless Mind,
 That Gods and Men, and thou thy self shalt own,
 Spite of thy Malice, I was born for Empire ;
 And that the Man who dar'd like me to die,
 Deserv'd to live to lord it over thee,
 And over all the *Romans*.

(Frenzy,

L. Icil. This is the Language of thy Pride, thy
 But bleeding soon will bring thee to thy self.
 Thou hov'ring Soul of my ador'd *Virginia*,
 And thou immortal Liberty look down,
 Behold the dreadful Vengeance that I take.

App. Thy Deities are absent, mine are here,
 My vast Ambition, and my own right Hand,
 The only Gods that *Appius* will invoke.

L. Icil. Then perish, *Appius*, and his Gods to-
 gether !
 Now where's thy Pride, thy Rage, and thy Pre-
 sumption ?

Now where's the Look, the Voice, the dauntless
 Mind,

(pire ?

That Gods and Men should say deserv'd an Em-
 They're gone, and in their Doom is dismal Hor-
 ror,

Trouble, Despair, Distraction, and Amazement !
 That hideous Mein that's fit to welcome Hell,
 That passes its eternal Bounds to meet thee.
 Be gone thou Loiterer, dispatch, descend,

Take

Take that for brave *Dentatus*, that for *Rome*;
 And this, and this, for my most wrong'd *Virginia*.
 Ah! in that Groan he comes; immortal *Rhadamanthus*,

The Tyrant comes, prepare him a Reception
 Which Hell ne'er saw before: Attend ye Furies,
 Attend ye skreaming Ghosts of murder'd *Romans*;
 Behold! your Judge now sentenc'd in his turn,
 And doom'd to Pains at which the Damn'd will
 And take their own for Joys. (tremble,

Enter M. Icilius.

M. Icil. My Brother!

L. Icil. Oh *Marcus*! Oh my Brother!
 Thou art a Stranger to what Fate has done.

M. Icil. No, as I came, I met the raving Father,
 Who in three words has told a sadder Tale
 Than all the long Records of Time can parallel:
 Which made me fly on all the Wings of Fear,
 Left Grief might hurry thee to something fatal,
 Below the Greatness of thy Mind and Name.

L. Icil. No *Marcus*, no, my Brother:
 The Greatness of my Love and of my Grief,
 Not by unmanly Moan or black Despair,
 But by unparallel'd Revenge I'll shew.
 Look there! (length,

M. Icil. The Tyrant here extended at his
 And slain by thee! It was a Godlike Act!

(bleed,
 L. Icil. That's not enough, for all the Ten must
 And all their chief Accomplices must fall.

(shalt see
 M. Icil. Come to Mount *Aventine*, and thou
 Revenge in all her Pomp, and all her Fury,
 Where

286 Appius and Virginia.

Where she impatiently expects thee, *Lucius*.
 For there the People and the Legions mingled,
 Shew the delighted and the wond'ring Gods,
 A Spirit worthy of that chosen Nation,
 Predestin'd under them to rule the World :
 And great Revenge, and Liberty, is now
 Their universal Cry. Just as I left them,
Horatius and *Valerius* were arriv'd, (Grant
 Who from the Senate brought them the full
 Of all their antient Rights, their lov'd Appeal,
 And power to chuse their Tribunes as before.
 On which, thou *Lucius* first of all wert nam'd,
 The Father of *Virginia* next was mention'd,
 And both with universal Shout applauded.

L. Icilius.

*Suspend we then a-while these Traitors Doom,
 Till we restore the antient Rights of Rome ;
 Then shall just Vengeance strike the World with
 awe,
 And make Mankind respect Celestial Law :
 Which he who breaks, like Appius, runs so long
 From less Injustice to more crying Wrong,
 That some intolerable Crime at last
 Pulls halting Vengeance down for all that's past.*

[*Exeunt.*





*A Plot and no Plot: or,
Jacobite Credulity.*

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in
Drury-Lane.

*Militia quamvis piger & malus, utilis urbi,
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari.*
Hor. Epist.



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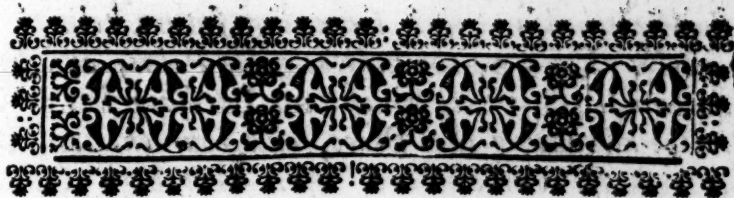
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ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



To His Excellency

Robert Earlof Sunderland,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's
Houſhold, one of the Lords of his
Majeſty's moſt Honourable Privy
Council, one of the Lords Juſtices,
and Knight of the moſt Noble Order
of the Garter.

MY LORD,

GRATITUDE, as well as Juſtice, re-
quires; that a Poet ſhould addreſs his
Labours to him who procures the Ad-
vancement of his Art; and 'tis ſuffi-
ciently known; that 'tis in a great meaſure to the
Wiſdom of Your Lordſhip's Counſels, that we owe
the near Proſpect of a glorious Peace, which alone
can make Poetry flouriſh: A Proſpect without which
we Writers ſhould be, as Men in the World, with-

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T

bat

out Hope; Hope, which is the present Happiness of the Wretched, and their Earnest of future Felicity.

MY LORD, the indefatigable Pains, and the unwearied Diligence which Your Lordship has us'd in the advancing that Peace, and Your entring, at this happy Conjuncture, upon that high Office, which brings those, who write for the Stage, immediately under Your Jurisdiction; give us Assurances of what we may expect from Your Lordship's future Protection.

'Twas immediately after that Mecenas had secur'd Repose to the World, and its disputed Empire to Augustus, that he begun to animate those mighty Genius's, which were equal to the Majesty of the Roman People.

MY LORD, when we, who write for the Stage, cast our Eyes around us, we conclude unanimously, that if we our selves were to chuse our Protector, we should be proud to make the same Choice which the King has already made for us. Tho at the same time I humbly beg leave to acquaint Your Lordship, that neither Your Birth, nor Rank, nor Your Capacity for Affairs; tho this is great, as those are illustrious; could determine us to that Choice. No, MY LORD, You have Qualities which weigh more with us, than all those glorious Advantages; and those are, the Fineness of Your Discernment in matters of Wit and Eloquence, and the Delicacy of Your Taste; Qualities by which we hope to get the better of the Enemies of the Commonwealth of Learning, which are cold Versifiers and false Critics, as by the Wisdom of Your Lordship's Counsels we have humbled the Enemies of the State.

The

The foremention'd Qualities, which are so conspicuous in Your Lordship, are such alone as can capacitate a great Man to protect good Writers, and which alone can gain him their Homage. For that which animates them in their Undertakings, is chiefly the Thirst of Glory, and they desire to be distinguish'd as well as supported; and therefore are proud when they can at any time address themselves to a Judge, who never yet confer'd his Favours upon one who was undeserving of them; and the Reputation of whose authentick Applause may serve at once to confirm their Friends, and to convert their Enemies.

That I have at least the Ambition of such Writers, no Man can doubt, who sees me subscribe my self,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most humble, and

Most devoted Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.

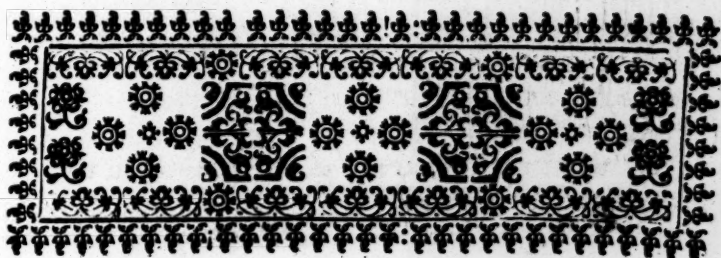
The Persons.

<i>Bull f.</i> A Banker, Father to <i>Bull j.</i> and Uncle to Mr. <i>Belvil</i> , and Guardian to <i>Belv.</i> and <i>Sylvia</i> .	}	Mr. <i>Dogget</i> .
<i>Bull. j.</i> His Son, just arriv'd from <i>France</i> .	}	Mr. <i>Cibber</i> .
<i>Belvil</i> , Nephew and Pupil to <i>Bull f.</i> and in Love with <i>Sylvia</i> .	}	Mr. <i>Harland</i> .
<i>Baldernoe</i> , a Player in Disguise.		Mr. <i>Penkethman</i> .
<i>Rumour</i> , a News-monger.		Mr. <i>Hains</i> .
<i>Macfleer</i> , a Bully.		Mr. <i>Lee</i> .
A very young Beau.		Miss <i>Allison</i> .
<i>Greg.</i> Servant to <i>Bull f.</i>		
<i>Brush</i> , Servant to <i>Frowzy</i> .		

<i>Sylvia</i> , a young Lady, Ward to <i>Bull f.</i> and design'd for his Son by him, but engag'd to <i>Belvil</i> .	}	Mrs. <i>Rogers</i> .
<i>Frowzy</i> , a campaigning Baud, just arriv'd from <i>Flanders</i> .	}	Mr. <i>Bullock</i> .
<i>Friskit</i> , her Daughter.		Mrs. <i>Kent</i> .

Servants, Sham-Officers, Fiddlers, Dancing-
Masters, &c.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden*.



*A Plot, and no Plot : or,
Jacobite Credulity.*

ACT I. SCENE *A Garden.*

Enter Belvil and Baldernoe disguis'd.

Bald. DOES my Disguise become me?
Hah!



Bely. Every Disguise becomes thee : Thou hast a comprehensive Genius for Roguery.

Bald. Nay, I thank my Stars, I have made a shift to make my self a sort of a Name.

Bely. An immortal one: Thy Merit is so extraordinary, that Fame cannot do thy Actions too much right, and Fortune can do thy Designs no wrong : but that which is most to be valu'd in thee, is, that thou art the only Rogue alive who never pretended to be honest ; other Rascals owe their Success to Virtue. Thou alone hast a Genius to go thro thy business without the help of Hypocrisy.

T 3

Bald.

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Bald. No, 'sbud, I never pretended to Honesty ; I set up for Religion once.

Belv. Why ay, there's it ; so sudden a setting up for Religion in so vicious a Dog as thou art, was to renounce Morality by a publick Act.

Bald. But for what reason, Mr. *Belvil*, have I *Baldernoe*, by Vocation Player, Dancing-master, Mountebank, and Solicitor, Pimp, Poet and Fortune-teller ; for what reason have I quitted all these to turn Lacquey to Mr. *Belvil* ?

Belv. Why you must——But look you, you had need be very dextrous, and very well assur'd ; for you are to pass for an important Person upon——

Bald. Very dextrous ! and very well assur'd ! Ha, ha, ha, look in my Face, and give me that Counsel ! Do you know what this modest Gentleman has done within these three days ? 'Sbud I baffled an impudent *Irish* Chancery-man in his own blundering way ; I put *Eikon Basilike* out of conceit with himself, and damnably out of countenance ; I caldes'd a Judge while he was taking my Depositions, and I banter'd a Bishop while I was asking him Blessing.

Belv. Very well !

Bald. And then for passing for an important Person ; do you know, Sir, that in *France* once I palm'd this Identical Person of mine for Quality upon my Friend *Lewis* ? Do you know this, hah ! And that at *Rome* I topp'd Signior *Giuseppe*, wicked Signior *Giuseppe*, Pagan Signior *Giuseppe*, for a Saint upon old Infallibility ? But what is it I must do for you ?

Belv. The Garden in which we are walking, you must know, belongs to my Uncle : You have heard of the famous Mr. *Bull* ?

Bald. What, the great Banker, who is every Spring and Fall regularly clapt up for a Plot ?

Belv. The same : And who first gave his Brethren the noble Example of refusing their own Bills.

Bald. He who has Colonel *Medley's* five thousand Pounds in his hands ?

Belv.

Belv. Yes, and refuses to pay his old Friend, and one of the warmest of his own Party, one poor hundred Pounds, tho he has all his Fortune by him. This Uncle, you must know, has not only the Right of Guardianship over me, but the Disposal of me in Marriage; and if I refuse the Wife that he provides for me, then the one half of my Estate is to descend to my younger Brother.

Bald. And remain in your Uncle's hands till your Brother comes of Age?

Belv. This Uncle is Guardian at the same time to a Lady whose Name is *Sylvia*, who is at present in the House, and is just come to Town by his own Order: He has over her much the same advantage which he has over me. But see, he comes!

Enter old Bull, looking on his Watch.

Bull sen. Let me see! 'Tis now turn'd of four. Oh Nephew, you are punctual! But hey day! whom have we here?

Belv. 'Tis my new Servant, Sir.

Bull f. Faith and troth I have seen that Face somewhere. Zounds! what a Leer was there! In that single Cast was the Villany of twenty Stock-jobbers.

Bald. I can't help my Face, Sir; but I was never accus'd of doing any thing against my Conscience.

Bull f. Here's a Rogue! Here's an impudent Dog! Perhaps, Sirrah, you've no Conscience.

Bald. Not so much, I must confess, as your Worship: My Conscience is not so large, but that I can carry it about me.

Bull f. The very Modesty of this Fellow is Impudence.

Bald. But I can hardly be said to want Conscience, because, like your Worship, I am contented with what I have.

Bull f. What horrible Rogue is this? Gadsbud I am amaz'd! Sirrah, I say you do want Conscience.

Belv. Why faith, old Gentleman, if he did want Conscience, 'twere a hard case to despise any single Person for Poverty, at a time when there is no body rich. You know Conscience at years of Discretion is become a Notion and nothing else, as very a Chimera as is a Maidenhead at years of Discretion; they both pass away in Contemplation, as soon as we come to know what they are.

Bull f. Say you so, Sir? A very hopeful young Dog I have to deal with! But come, Sir, are you resolv'd to do what I expect you shall do to-morrow?

Belv. To-morrow, Sir! Marry to-morrow!

Bull f. To-morrow, Sir! Marry to-morrow! Ay, ay, to-morrow, to-morrow. Hey day! what a Devil is here to do? Why pray, Sir, who am I? Ay, come Sirrah, I say who am I?

Belv. Who are you, Sir?

Bull f. Ay Sir, I say who am I?

Belv. Why don't you know, old Gentleman?

Bull f. It may be not, Sir.

Belv. Faith it may be so too, Sir: For if thou didst but know thy self never so little, thou wouldst never talk at so damn'd a rate. Marry to-morrow! why dost thou not know, old Gentleman, that Marriage and Death are two things, of which a wise Man will consider all his Life-time? and would you provide me a Matrimonial Noose, with as little Ceremony as a Grand Signior sends a Bassa a Bow-string? 'Sdeath! let me be executed at least like an *Englishman*; let me have fair warning, time to prepare for another World, to take leave of my Friends, and so be truss'd up with Decency.

Bull f. Sirrah! hast thou no way to show thou art no Blockhead, but by railing at Matrimony, the vilest Common-place of the most abandon'd Fop that ever set up for a Wit?

Belv. But pray, Sir, what sort of Woman have you provided for me? perhaps I can't love her.

Bull f.

Bull f. Why, you impudent Dog, do you take me for a Pimp? Zounds! not love her, quoth a! why who the Devil, at this time of day, ever so much as thinks of Love the day that he hears of Matrimony? However, she whom I have provided for you is no Scarecrow, Sir, but one who has Wit and Beauty, Sir, and is absolutely the finest bred Gentlewoman in all Cumberland.

Belv. Nay then, she must needs be a glorious Creature, and her Name is—

Enter Rumour hastily.

Rum. Mr. Bull, I have something of importance to impart to you, and must desire your ear immediately.

Bull f. With all my heart, old Boy! Little Rumour of the World! my dapper Intelligencer! 'twere a hard case, if a Man should not have one ear at his service, who has so often ventur'd both for his Friends. Nephew! I'll be for you immediately.

[*Bull and Rumour whisper on one side of the Stage.*]

Bald. to Belv. S'bud! I shall be infallibly discover'd; Rumour will certainly know me.

Belv. Peace! he does know thee, and is here by my appointment to prepare the way for you. But what do you think of my Uncle? you have now had time to observe him.

Bald. What do I think of him? Why, before Rumour came in, I took him for a whimsical hair-brain'd Coxcomb, but now he is come to his Politicks, 'sbud he looks very wisely, and very circumspectly. And if this is the Man I have to deal with, let me tell you, I shall have a hard—

Belv. Thou art an Ass! a Man who looks sometimes very wisely, is certainly sometimes a very Coxcomb, and never so much a Coxcomb, as when he looks very wisely; he who is truly wise is equal, and appears for the most part alike.

Bald.

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Bald. Nay, Mr. *Belvil*, your Uncle is not the only Fool of our Acquaintance, who sometimes looks grave and wise.

Belv. No, not by a hundred: a Gown and Gravity frequently disguise a Blockhead. Folly has its Hypocrisy as well as Vice, and it is as common a thing to see a Sot grave, as a Villain devout.

Bald. Or a Drab squeamish.

Belv. As if Wisdom maliciously sat on his outside, on purpose to inform the World that he is an Ass within; like a Spy that repairs to the Enemies Frontiers, purposely in order to make Discoveries, and to convey back Intelligence. For my Uncle, thou shalt attack him to chuse, in the midst of his Gravity and of his Politicks; and when he most depends on his own Sufficiency, thou shalt dextrously make that Self-conceit an Accessory in his Trepan.

Bull f. [*aside, on the other side the Stage.*] A pox of this Intelligencer! He stinks worse than *Baldernoe*, my Nephew's Footman. It is not the least Inconveniency that attends us great Statesmen, that we are forc'd to stand buff against all the various Whiffs that come puffing from our politick Whisperers: This morning I was attack'd by two at once; one whispered in my right Ear a *French* Invasion, at the same time that the other communicated a *Scotch* Rebellion to my left: The one of which had swallow'd Garlick, and the other at that very instant, Gadsbud, was chewing Tobacco.

Rum. For Godfake what is the matter with you, Mr. *Bull*?

Bull f. Horribly attack'd with Vapours on the sudden.

Rum. Once more your ear, Mr. *Bull*.

Bull f. Prithee, my dapper Intelligencer, since we are out of that Rogue my Nephew's hearing, speak a little louder.

Rum. We Politicians, Mr. *Bull*, hold that even Walls have ears.

Bull f.

Bull f. Gadzooks let them: As long as they have no Tongues, I warrant they keep a Secret.

Rum. Once more your ear, Mr. *Bull*.

Bull f. A pox on thee, take it then. [*They whisper.*
Already landed! [*In the ear.*

Rum. I say already landed. [*In the ear.*

Bull f. Colonel *Macruby*, and Brigadier *Bloody-bones*, and the Countess and her Daughter, whom Fame reports so beautiful!

Rum. All landed, I say. [*In the ear.*

Bull f. And a French Marquiss come over to be the chief Agent!

Rum. The famous Marquiss *de Mascarille*.

Bull f. Oh blessed News! Oh joyful Hearing! Well, for this, my little *Rumour*, we will sup together to-night; for thou, my Bully, get'st thy Living like Fame, and art nourish'd by Intelligence. But at present I must desire thy Absence, for I have business with my Nephew. [*Exit Rumour.*

[*To Belv.*] Well Sir, what say you to the business?

Belv. Why, pray who is the business, Sir?

Bull f. Who is the business, Sir? Why the business is Justice *Dowdy's* Daughter, Sir.

Belv. 'Sdeath! and would you have me link'd to that Northern Monster?

Bull f. Sirrah! by the Contempt you show for her, I should swear you were already link'd to her, but that I know she is hardly yet come to Town: But I expect her with her Father by eight. And my Will and Pleasure is, that you wait upon her as soon as she comes, for you are to be marry'd to-morrow to her.

Belv. But perhaps my Affections are engag'd.

Bull f. Yes, to *Sylvia*; we know your Engagements, Sir: But I charge you see her no more till to-morrow, when she and my Son *Batt* are to be dispatch'd by the same Black-coat who is to do your business.

Belv.

Belv. Why, he has not been three days in *England* yet, nor she five in *Town* : She never saw him yet, and when she does see him, she will certainly laugh at him.

Bull f. You are very saucy methinks, Sir : But if she thinks him a Fool, she'll marry him to chuse ; for a Fool is the fittest thing for a Woman.

Belv. The fittest ! ay, for some Women indeed.

Bull f. For all, Sirrah, for all : Do we not see that they are all fond of Fools ? And do you think Nature has not given them Affections for what is convenient for them, as well as she has given the rest of the Animals ?

Belv. Was there ever such an old Beast ? [*Aside.* But let me tell you, Sir, there is such a thing as a wife Woman. And *Sylvia*——

Bull f. But let me tell you, Sir, a wife Woman is still a Woman. We see by experience, that a wife Woman will chuse a Fellow indeed that has Sense for her Parlour, but a Fool, you Dog, for her Bed-Chamber.

Belv. Then it is not their Folly, it seems, that makes Women fond of Fools ?

Bull f. Their Folly ! no, 'tis their Prudence, Sir, and the Genius which they have for Business. Much Contemplation hinders Business, Sirrah, and they know it well. Why should Nature, that can as easily make a wise Man as a Fool, make a hundred Fools for one wise Man, if she did not know Fools to be most proper for the carrying on her grand Design ?

Belv. Nay, at this rate indeed your Son——

Bull f. I tell you, Sirrah, when *Sylvia* sees *Batt*, she'll like him ; for *Batt*'s a lusty Dog, let me tell you ; a confounded Fellow on occasion ! Gadsbud, if he is not, he is no *Bull*, Sirrah ! Gadsbud if he is not, he is a Bastard on both sides. His Mother was a Hummer in her time, and the Jade would

kick between sleeping and waking, like an unback'd Filly.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, one from Colonel *Medley* would speak with you.

Bull f. Sirrah, conduct him in.

Belv. [*Aside.*] I am glad this Bully is come, for my Patience is quite at an end. I suppose, Sir, [*To Bull f.*] I may be gone.

Bull f. Sirrah, I tell you you must not, I have not done with you yet.

Enter Macfleur.

Macf. Sir, the Importance of my Business will excuse my Want of Ceremony. Colonel *Medley* sends you this with his Service.

[*While Bull f. opens the Letter, Belvil retires with Baldernoe to the other side of the Stage.*]

Bald. 'Sbud! the very Bully that was with the Colonel and us at the *Rose* but now. Is the part that I taught him there, to be acted here?

Belv. It is. In the mean while step into the House, and deliver this as dextrously as you can to *Sylvia*.

[*Exit Bald.*]

Bull f. [*Reads the Letter.*] Some Persons come lately from France, are just arrived in Town; I desire that you would provide Lodgings only for to-night, at your own House, for a French Marquis, an English Countess and her Daughter: for with you I am confident they may be safe. You must not refuse me this, if you love me or the Cause. The Bearer of this is one of their Company, and though at present somewhat rough, is a Man of Merit, and has suffered. He will conduct you to me, where I desire to speak with you instantly.

Bull f. [*After having read the Letter.*] Gadzooks, Sir, you are welcome, and I am proud to embrace a Man that has suffer'd.

Macf. Faith, Sir, I have both done and suffer'd. My Name is *Macfleur*: I had formerly the honour to be

be Captain-General of all the Rapparees in *Ireland*; where in cutting above five thousand Throats, I received above fifty Wounds: besides that, I was twice hang'd in the Woods of *Tipperary*, but reliev'd both times by our own Party, and cut down in the nick.

Bull f. Twice hang'd, Sir!

Macf. Twice, Sir.

Bull f. Gadsbud, Sir, I honour you. Five thousand Throats cut! [*Aside.*] and twice hang'd! Well, this is in our modern *English* a perfect honest Man. How do all your Friends abroad, Sir?

Macf. Faith, lusty all, and longing to be with you. Hark you! Your Ear, Mr. *Bull*. [*Whispers.*

Bull f. All embark'd, say you? Forty Thousand!

Macf. Before I came away, I tell you, and only expecting—— [*Whispers again.*

Bull f. Gadzooks, I will be very drunk to-night.

Macf. The next News you are to expect, is, that your Ships are burnt in their Harbours, your Towns consum'd to ashes.

Bull f. *La Lol, Dera, Lol Dera.* [*Capers.*

Macf. Then will you behold this City flowing with human Gore, your Virgins ravish'd, your Matrons violated, and your Widows——well diverted. But Time calls upon us, and the Colonel stays.

Bull f. Sir, take but one turn, and I'll be with you in a moment. I have but two words with an idle Rascal here. [*Macfleer walks.*

Well! Come, Sir, to the Premises: what say you to the Justice's Daughter?

Belv. What do I say, Sir? Why, that you are a fine facetious old Gentleman, and rally very agreeably.

Enter Baldernoe.

Bull f. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! Here's a Rogue! Here's a Villain! A fine facetious old Gentleman, and rally very agreeably! Why, thou young Dog, art thou resolv'd to bring my grey Hairs with Sorrow to the

the Grave? Have I liv'd to a good Old Age without Infamy, and must I be dubb'd a Wit at Three-score? The first of the Family of the *Bulls* that ever incur'd that Ignominy! The *Bulls* have been always grave——

Bald. Blockheads.

[*Aside.*

Bull f. And politick——

Bald. Rascals.

[*Aside.*

Bull f. But no Wits, Sirrah. 'Tis well known that I am so far from a Wit, that a Songster who frequents *Will's* Coffee-House threaten'd to bring an Action of Scandal against me, for commending his Madrigals. But, come to the point: Will you comply with me or not? or are you resolv'd to be an *Afs*?

Belv. I shall be no *Afs*, Sir, for I shan't marry. Could you in Conscience marry me to one whom I condemn and detest?

Bull f. Humph! Could I in Conscience? There I must confess thou hast touch'd me, Nephew. For the universal World I would not do a thing against Conscience. Marry one whom I condemn and detest! Humph! Other People condemn and detest after Marriage; but here's a Rogue detests and condemns before Marriage. Why, 'tis but detesting and condemning a month before the usual time; and for that very reason thou shalt have her, old Boy, that thou mayst not be tax'd with Inconstancy. Well, remember what I have said to you, and think of your Father's last Will, and tremble, Sirrah. But come, *Teddy*, thou wilt be a good Boy. Go, get you gone and furbish, you little young Dog! But hold, take a little Advice with you first: He who is in pursuit of a Country Lady, must do as if he were stalking for Wild-Fowl, hide the Man behind the Beast; for the more Fool there appears, the less thy will your Game be.

Come, [*To Macfleer*] now, Sir, I am for you.

[*Exeunt Bull f. and Macfleer.*

Bald.

Bald. Well, Mr. *Belvil*, did the Bully manage his Tackle tightly?

Belv. Rarely! and the old Jack greedily struck at the Bait.

Bald. 'Sbud! But that any thing like this, should pass upon one who has common Sense! If we Players should show any thing like this on the Stage, it would be certainly damn'd as improbable.

Belv. Not by those who had Judgment to weigh it: For is not this seen every day in the world? Are not more discerning People than my Uncle drawn daily into the grossest Snares upon the like occasions? The showing which would therefore be just and instructive Satire upon Mankind in general, and would plainly show us how the clearest-sighted are blinded by Affection; how easily we believe what we eagerly desire; and what a constant Cully Reason is to Passion: whereas the exposing the Credulity of an errant Ass, could never show us any thing. Besides, I have taken so many precautions, that every Part of this Design is the likeliest in the world to succeed. There are some Gentlemen of my Uncle's Party, in whom he perfectly confides: Men indeed of Worth and Honour, who were formerly my intimate Friends, and from whom Humanity has oblig'd me since not wholly to withdraw my self. Colonel *Medley*, who is the chief of them, and the *Primum Mobile* of this whole Affair, has been cheated of Five Thousand Pounds by my Uncle, which is almost all his Fortune, and which we pretend to retrieve by the Success of our Stratagem; and you know common Interest to be the powerful Uniter of all Parties: The rest of those Gentlemen I have engag'd in my Design, by remonstrating to them the Villany of my Uncle's Intentions, and the Innocence of my own, and by the Hopes of Diversion. The Gentlemen and my Money together have secur'd some Rascals, who perpetually haunt my Uncle; and all his Ser-

vants

vants have embark'd on the same bottom: so that we are safe on all sides. But have you been with my Mistress?

Bald. I have.

Belv. And what says the charming Creature?

Bald. Rapture! 'Sbud a certain sign that these two have hitherto done nothing but talk'd together.

Belv. And will she meet me at the Play?

Bald. She says she will not: For her Guardian has commanded her not to come into your company, and therefore she thinks it her Duty to tell you, that she intends to sit in the Stage-Box on the right hand, that you may be sure to avoid that place.

Belv. A very odd way of making an Affignation! But come, let's away to the Play-house: I have promis'd to meet *Frowzy* at the Curtain before the Play begins; for she is to act the Countess that comes from *St. Germain's*, and *Friskit* is to play her Daughter.

Bald. *Frowzy*! How long has the Bawd been in England?

Belv. She is just come piping hot from *Flanders*, and designs this night to appear at the Curtain in Triumph.

Bald. In Triumph!

Belv. Yes, they say she swears she alone has made the Confederates an Over-match for the *French*, that she plots Propagation for more places than they contrive Destruction, and that she alone by her wise Counsels repairs the Ruins of the War.

Bald. The Raillery is something strong; I long to see the Bawd.

Belv. Faith, to give the Jade her due, she was very well worth the seeing before she went out of *England*: She did not as most Bawds do, like a Novel, consist of Intrigue alone; but, like a Comedy, besides Design, had Wit, Folly, and Humour in her; was officious, discerning, subtle, impertinent, whimsical, fond of her Condition, and proud of Infamy.

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This she was, but Campaigning must still have improv'd her Character, and she will now come forth a Farce with additions.

Bald. But, Mr. *Belvil*, where is the famous *Marquiss de Mascarille*? who is to play him?

Belv. Who? who the Devil but thou! Thou who couldst top a Count upon *Lewis* the Fourteenth, mayst very well impose a Marquiss upon my Uncle.

Bald. 'Slife! he'll know me again.

Belv. I have contriv'd a Disguise that will hide thee even from thy own evil Genius. Besides, we shall take such care of him, and give him so many Alarms to-night, that he shall neither have time nor power to make much observation.

Bald. Hah! Say you so? Then pray, Sir, know whom you are before. *Venez done, Chapeau bas, Venez. Morbleu vite, & faites une Reverence a Monsieur le Marquis.* So, now let's away to *Frowzy*; who, as I can perceive, wants nothing to make her compleat in her Calling, but my knack of Fortune-telling. For, as my Brother *Butler* says,

*One predicting Pimp has the odds
Of whole Chaldrons of downright Bawds.*

A C T II. SCENE the Play-house.

Frowzy, Friskit, Brush, appear at the Curtain.

Frowzy. Daughter *Friskit*!

Frisk. Mother!

Frowz. Is Mr. *Belvil* come?

Frisk. He has sent word that he'll be here immediately. You heave and puff strangely, Mother: How do you find your self?

Frowz.

Frowz. Almost bowzy, by this Light, Daughter! Prethee contemplate my Phiz a little: Hath it not a damnable hue with it? I warrant it is as comically hideous, as that old hatchet-fac'd Beau's, who stands grinning in the Front-Box over my Lady What-d'ye-call her.

Frisk. And appears like the Dragon that was Guardian to the golden Fruit. But why should you come hither in this woful condition, Mother? Gemini, in what a heat you are! Jesu, how you are tumbled!

Frowz. Ay, so are you too, Daughter: No matter, the more like Women of Business. *Brush!*

Brush. Madam!

Frowz. Where's the Delight of my Soul? Where's my Gallant in ordinary?

Brush. Here, Madam! A Brandy-Bottle [*Aside.*] is the *Vade Mecum* of a travelling Bawd.

Frowz. [*To the Bottle.*] My Life! my Joy! my darling Sin, as *Medley* says, let me kiss thee.

Frisk. 'Sheart, Mother! For shame step into the Scene-Room.

Frowz. For shame! Yes, I am a very bashful Person indeed: Modest *Su. Frowzy!* what a rare Monster would she be? But let Sinners be ashamed, I am virtuous, Daughter!

Frisk. Vertuous!

Frowz. Vertuous! Ay, Vertuous. For pray who boasts of receiving the last Favour from me? Now, let Ladies do what they will besides, let them censure and rail, and dissemble and cheat, nay, and drink their four Bottles a day, if they do not grant the last Favour, they are Vertuous. Nay, I know a Gentlewoman at Court my self, who because she does not cuckold her Husband, thinks she has a privilege to beat him. Formerly indeed I was one of the Wicked, for I gave my Husband his choice, whether he would have me a chaste, repining, obstreperous

perous Turtle, or a silent, dutiful, humble Jilt; and the good Man chose Cuckoldom and Quiet. In troth, he was a very good Man, Daughter! He was wont to say, that the Wife who upbraided her Husband with her Chastity, imply'd that she cornuted her Monster in Spirit abundantly.

Frisk. Right, Mother: For she did not cuckold him actually, because she had no mind to cuckold him; where a devil lay the Obligation to her?

Frowz. So that, as I was saying, Daughter, my good Wretch chose Cuckoldom and Quiet; one for the Happiness of this World, and the other for that of the next. And thus I was formerly one of the Wicked: But for these fifteen Years last past, I have taken off my Bottle, and been vertuous. But thou art mighty ignorant in Spiritual Affairs; so taken up about Carnal Matters. *Brush!*

Brush. Madam!

Frowz. Go to the *Rose*, and see if you can hear of Mr. *Belvil*: He knows I have a Calling to look after, and that I am oblig'd in Conscience to mind it. Well, Daughter, is it not more comfortable being here than in a Camp?

Frisk. Ay, Mother, here we are in expectation of no Battels, but those which the Players fight on the Stage.

Frowz. Or those which the Bullies act in the Pit. But hold! Let me examine a little: Thou hast not study'd Faces for nothing, *Su. Frowzy.* Lord! what a numerous Herd of Cullies is here! I have not seen so comfortable a prospect the Lord knows the time! Daughter, Daughter, I gad you'll do your business well here! If I had but thy Youth, Child, I would lay a Tax of Five Hundred a Year upon yonder Limbo of Vanity. [*Pointing to the Side-Box.*]

Frisk. If you were but to talk with the Door-keeper, he'd quickly assure you that you'd find the Fund deficient.

One from the Side-Box. Look yonder is *Frowzy*, arriv'd piping hot from *Flanders*!

Another from the other Side-Box. *Frowzy*, upon my Life! Was there ever such an impudent Bawd!

Frowz. Impudent Bawd! Dost thou hear that foul-mouth'd Rogue, Daughter? Well, great Virtues have been always persecuted, and rare Talents have been always envy'd. But does that senseless Puppy know what extraordinary Qualities are requir'd to compleat what he is pleas'd to stile a Bawd? What Parts? What Education? What Discipline? What Observation? What—— Oh a thousand things more than I can think of at present!

Frisk. And 'tis very well known, Mother, that you have all the Qualifications which can accomplish the most Reverend Matron.

Frowz. Nay, Faith, all that know me, do me the honour to say, that for our Profession there is not a greater Person living than my self. Yes, Faith, all that know me——

Frisk. And that is all *Europe*.

Frowz. Do me the honour——

Frisk. The justice, you mean, Mother.

Frowz. To assert this: And that there is not a Woman breathing, who has a larger Capacity for the Calling.

Frisk. All the World allows it.

Frowz. Nor a greater Genius.

Frisk. 'Tis the Voice of Fame, Mother.

Frowz. And that my Education has been as liberal. Faith and Troth I was brought up at the University, Daughter; went through a Course of natural experimental Philosophy there, perform'd my publick Exercise with applause; and when I came to be of compleat Standing, pass'd the Examination of several Masters, and regularly took my Degree. After that, I came to be publick Professor of the Mathematicks in that place.

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Frisk. But with this Preferment, how came you to change your Station, Mother?

Frowz. You must know, that my Fame increasing with my Vertues, and both growing too large for that narrow Sphere, it was unanimously voted, in full Congregation, that I should be convey'd from thence to the great City, at the publick Expence, for the publick Benefit. Oh! your most humble Servant, my Lord! Your humble Servant, Sir *Arthur*! Noble Colonel, I am yours. [*Bowing to several in the Pit.*]

Enter Belvil.

Frowz. Bless my Eyes! What do I see! Ah Gadson, you ravish me.

Belv. Well! You are welcome into *England*, Mother: I hope you have made your Markets in *Flanders* well.

Frowz. My Markets, Son! I wonder you should talk at that rate: you know I act for Glory. And truly, I hope I have behav'd my self so, that he who writes the History of this War, will mention *Su. Frowzy* with honour. Ah Son, that you had been but an Eye-witness of my Actions! To see the rare Discipline that I observ'd among them. I have done wonders among them, my Boy! I have made the *German* active, the *Spaniard* humble, and the *Dutchman* lean and liberal. Ha, ha, ha! There was an old *Dutch* Captain, who when he first came into my hands, was a lubberly, wheezing, unwieldy Wight, that was fit neither for a Charge nor a Retreat: but by that time I had had him three months, he became a pretty, slender, nimble, mercurial Fellow; and at the Battel of *Landen*, as Gad shall save me, ran away at the head of his Company.

Belv. But, hark you Mother, I have a world of Business with you.

Frowz. Hast thou so, my Boy? and Faith I'll do it effectually for thee. If she's in the Play-house, give

give me but thy Biller, and the Orange-Wench shall deliver it immediately to her.

Belv. Indeed that Business you have often done for me, but this is of another nature.

Frowz. Let it be what it will, it must be done before eight of the Clock; for then I am to meet some Statesmen upon a politick Conference, and to-morrow I return for *Flanders*.

Belv. How! I was in hopes we should have had you till *June*.

Frowz. Jesu! Why the Army will be in the Field within these three Weeks.

Belv. And cannot they lie there without you, Mother?

Frowz. Yes, I'd have you to know I seldom lie in the Camp, but in the next wall'd Town, still like the great Ladies of *France*, to provide for the Necessities of the Army: But *France* is the Place, Son, where Merit is regarded. Some of them now are Ministers of State, I am but poor *Su. Frowzy*. Yet, I gad, as simple as I stand here, in one of the former Reigns I was a Cabinet Counsellor.

Belv. But Mother ———

Frowz. Right Child! Since I am to return so suddenly, you would ask me why I came over? Why for Recruits, Child! The Forces that I rais'd last Spring are some of them dead in the Service, others wounded, but harra's'd, damnably hara's'd all.

Belv. Death and the Devil! This Jade's Impertinence will quite ruin my business. *Mrs. Frowzy!* Look, there is your retaining Fee. I must have a word apart with you immediately.

Frowz. Humph! Five Guineas! I have not had so much these two Campaigns from a Major General. Son, my Soul is yours. [*Belv. and Frowz. talk apart.*]

Frisk. Am I grown old or ugly, that I stand unattack'd here? or am I neglected as an unfortify'd Place, that lies open to all Invaders? I'll e'en put

on my Mask, and try what that will do. That will attract some Fop or other. For an Owl loves not the Face of Night so much as a Fool is fond of a Vizor.

Enter a very young Beau.

Hey day! What Stripling comes here? This is one of those young Would-be-Sinners, whom we may call wicked Platonicks, and who make leud Love without Desire.

Beau. Demmee, Madam!

Frisk. What! Before you are capable of being a Sinner! All in good time, sweet Sir. The Devil does not care for these Tit-Bits; he's for a more substantial Morsel, a Morsel that may be felt in the going down: And truly he and I are much of a mind. But come, for what have you a mind to be damn'd, young Sir?

Beau. For you, with all my heart, my Dear. Come, shall you and I go aside, and divert one another?

Frisk. Why, I can laugh at you here, and that is all the Diverfion that thou canst give me, poor little Animal.

Beau. Nay, but this is speaking without Book. Come, come, come and see.

Frisk. No, I'd have you to know, I am a little too old for a Puppet-show. No, Sir, no, I am for none of your Diverfion.

Beau. 'Sdeath, if you are not for Diverfion, will you do Bufinefs?

Frisk. Bufinefs! What a Boy, and talk of Bufinefs? No, no, Youngster, you are not grown up to Bufinefs yet.

Beau. What a Devil can this be? She talks too well for a common Punk, and too leudly for a Woman of Honour. Ten to one some Actress who is rehearsing her Part to me. Adieu Jilt! *[Exit.]*

Frisk. The most effectual way of jilting thee, were to grant thy Request. *Belu.*

Belv. to *Frowz.* Nay, no Reply, you know the time presses, and *Baldernoe* expects you. But be sure you remember the Letter.

Frowz. I warrant you Daughter, come along Child.
[*Exeunt Frowz. & Frisk.*]

Enter Sylvia in the Stage-Box.

Belv. But *Sylvia* comes adorn'd with every Grace,
And Love and Death sit sporting in her Eyes.

Sylv. And for what weighty Reason, Mr. *Belvil*,
have you drawn me hither?

Belv. To expose my Rival to you.

Sylv. A very frank Confession! You are jealous then?

Belv. I should be very unworthy, if I should be jealous after the engaging Assurance which you gave me this morning. When you see my Rival, you will be convinc'd that I am not jealous.

Sylv. Why am I then come hither?

Belv. That the full Knowledge of the Husband which my Uncle designs for you, may give you the juster Excuse for refusing him.

Sylv. But can your Uncle dare to use his Authority in such an arbitrary manner, as to oblige me to take for a Husband to-morrow, a Man whom I never saw?

Belv. My Uncle has several Reasons for this Precipitation: But this is not the meanest of them, that the longer you know his Son, the more nauseous you'll find him.

Sylv. But since this Gentleman is to be shown in the Playhouse, pray do what is done in our Comedies, and let me know something of the Character, before I see the Person.

Belv. Why, then for his Parts, Madam, Nature has been a very Niggard to him: She has made him a poor Dog, but he is contented, and so far he may be said to be rich.

Sylv.

Sylv. Nay, this you have spoken in his Commendation : For Content, where Murmuring will not mend the matter, denotes a Man of Judgment.

Belv. True, Madam : But, like some old Philosophers, he is not only contented in his Poverty, he is proud in it : Like a Stoick, at the time that he is scandalously necessitous, he affirms that himself is only rich. An humble Fool is one of God's Creatures, and consequently very good : Ignorance and Stupidity are Nature's Follies, and Nature is always lovely : But Affectation is a Coxcomb's own.*

Sylv. Nay, we have certainly reason to bear with your downright Fool, for native Folly is a necessary Foil, and serves to set off the Brilliant of Wit ; but Affectation is false and counterfeits it, to cheat us of our good Opinions.

Belv. Right, Madam : He who courts our Applause, by affecting Wit, is a cheating Beggar, who asks Alms with a false Certificate ; and every pretending aspiring Fop is a Knave as well as a Fool. In short, this is so vain a Coxcomb, that he would be contented to feel himself miserable, that others might imagine him happy ; and would be satisfy'd to be a Sot in his own Judgment, that he might pass for a Wit in the Opinions of other People.

Sylv. But have a care : Are only Fools vain, very vain, Mr. *Belvil* ?

Belv. Yes, a Man of Sense may be puff'd up sometimes, because he cannot always reflect ; but a conceited Fool is eternally vain, because he is never thoughtful.

Sylv. Then Vanity, like Wine, it seems, works most violently upon the weakest Brains ?

Belv. It does ; and Vanity makes the Sot as conceited of his fancy'd Capacity, as Wine made the Beggar proud of his imaginary Quality. [*Aside.*] But upon my Life here comes my Cousin, and a Letter in his hand, which *Frowzy* and *Friskit* have sent him
by

by my Appointment. But that this Lady must not know.

Enter Bull junior.

Cousin, your humble Servant. [To Bull jun.

Bull j. Damme, how dost thou do, *Ned*?

Sylv. [*aside.*] Well, a Fop and a Monkey are the most familiar of God's Creatures.

Belv. Do you stay the Play out?

Bull j. Dost thou know, *Ned*, that I am just now come out of *France*?

Belv. And what of that?

Bull j. And what can you see in my Face to persuade you, that I, who come from *Moliere* and *Racine*, should stay out one of your damn'd foolish things here?

Belv. Why have we nothing but foolish things then?

Bull j. No, Sir, if my Judgment may be taken; and I hope my Judgment may be taken for a foolish thing as soon as another Man's.

Belv. No doubt on't.

Bull j. As I was just coming into the Door, I met three or four Wits going out; They were all of them down to the ground immediately to me: Your most humble Servant, sweet Mr. *Bull*. And thus I return'd the Salute: *Jack* how dost thou do? *Will*, I am heartily glad to see thee. Rot me, *Tom*, thou look'st execrably to-day. *Ned*, I always treat People *De haut en bas*, who have not a great deal of Money.

Belv. What if they have Merit?

Bull j. Merit without Money! Thou talk'st like a *Bantamite* or a *Chinese*, let me perish; and not like an Inhabitant of this side of the Globe. There is an Air of Greatness in Tutaying-Men. *Ned*, thou behav'st thy self so gently to all sorts of People, that let me die if I am not ashamed of thee.

Belv.

Belv. Nay, I must confess thou dost treat most People with a surprizing Familiarity.

Bull j. That is, *Ned*, because for most People I have a very hearty Contempt.

Belv. And so have all who have thy noble Accomplishments. For [*aside*] a Man of Sense may hug himself as long as he pleases, with the Thought of his contemning a Fop: a Fop is sure to be even with him; nay, and to have the advantage of him. For a great Understanding only qualifies a Man for the contemning those who have less. Nor always indeed for that, since it often makes him diffide in himself; but Ignorance and Vanity undoubtedly qualify him for the Contempt of all who are above him too.

Bull j. On what the Devil art thou musing Man? As I was saying, *Ned*, thou knowest that I am lately come out of *France*.

Belv. Very good.

Bull j. Thou art very perfect, I know, in the *French* Tongue.

Belv. Oh God, Sir, you rally me.

Bull j. *Non, que le Diable m' emporte.* And thou hast a very pretty Stile in *English*. Now I have thought of a Business that may get thee some Reputation.

Belv. As how, pray?

Bull j. Why, I have brought over with me about a Bushel of Billet-Doux, which I receiv'd from the Wives, and Sisters, and Daughters of Dukes and Peers of *France*, and which I would have thee translate for the Benefit of our *English* Ladies.

Belv. I am the most unqualify'd Man in the World for such an Employment.

Bull j. The most qualify'd Man in the Universe, let me perish for it, our Language stands in want of these things. You will find in them, to a Miracle, *Le Galant, le Doux, le Tendre, le Delicat, & le bien Tourné.*

Belv.

Belv. Is that one of them in your hands ?

Bull j. No, that is a Letter which I have just receiv'd from a Dutcheſs.

Belv. May I read it ?

Bull j. You may.

[*Belv. Reads.*

Your Merit has engag'd a Woman of the firſt Quality to wiſh you well. Be at the Playhouſe before the Play begins ; you ſhall either hear of me there, or elſe at the Chocolate-houſe immediately after the Play is begun : but be ſure you be diſcreet, for the leaſt Vanity will ruin both.

Belv. Pſhaw ! Pox ſhe does not know thee, or ſhe would never have given thee that Caution. 'Tis now [*aſide.*] high time to ſnub this Puppy.

Bull j. There is not a Man in England who is more ſhock'd at Vanity than my ſelf.

Belv. Or who loves a vain Coxcomb more.

Bull j. I don't underſtand you.

Belv. Of all Loves, Self-love is the blindeſt.

Bull j. Tho perhaps if I had a mind to be vain.

Belv. Nature has given thee as good Grounds to be ſo, as ſhe has done any Man breathing.

Bull j. Right.

Belv. For ſhe has made thee as great a Coxcomb.

Bull j. Humph !

Sylv. [aſide.] What can Mr. *Belvil* mean by all this ? This Coxcomb can never be ſo odiouſly baſe as to bear it. Heavens ! How I tremble.

Bull j. I would deſpiſe another Man for this, but thee I pity, *Ned.*

Belv. This Billet, I'll lay my Life, comes from ſome Drab who has heard what a Fop thou art, and who by neceſſity is reduc'd to abandon her ſelf to thee, which is enough, even in this leud Age, to brand Fornication with Infamy.

Bull j. A Drab who is reduc'd, you ſay ? Prithce let's hear that again.

Belv. Yes, reduc'd ev'n to flatter thee, which is ſtill a more vile and a more abominable Proſtitution.

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Bull. j. [*aside.*] By the Lord, this Kinsman of mine is a dismal Dog, a very woful Monster, if a Man durst but tell him so. But tho this Fellow has the Jaws of an Afs,, yet a pox on him, he has the Hoofs of a Stone-Horse, and can kick upon occasion unmercifully. Look you, *Ned*, some People would decently cut your Throat about this Business. But—

Belv. You dare not, it seems.

Bull. j. I will only tell thee that the Lady, from whom this Letter comes, is just as great a Drab as I am a Fop, and I am just as great a Fop as she is a Drab: Ha, ha, ha! And so adieu.

Belv. Nay, Faith, you shan't go.

Bull. j. Faith but I must, *Ned*: For, look you, the Fop at present is busy, nay very busy: For the Drab, do you see, has sent the Fop an Affignation, and the Fop is resolv'd to be punctual. Ha, ha, ha!

Sylv. This is wonderful.

[*Aside.*]

Belv. But can you resolve to go to a Whore to-night, when you know you are to be marry'd to-morrow?

Bull. j. Ay, to chuse, *Ned*, and for a very good Reason.

Belv. Name it.

Bull. j. That I might not be tempted to do so damn'd an unfashionable thing, as to be immoderate with my own Spouse to-morrow night.

Belv. Have you seen *Sylvia*?

Bull. j. No.

Belv. How do you know whether you shall like her?

Bull. j. I never concern my self about that: For who would trouble himself about marrying one whom he likes, in an Age in which every well-bred Man professes the hating his Wife? Has she all her Teeth, two Eyes, and a Nose?

Belv. Yes sure.

Bull

Bull j. Rot me, I had as live she had not: For nothing can make a Woman so abominable as Wedlock, and all Wives are hideous alike. For my part, of all things in the World, I would chuse to marry the Woman I hated most.

Belv. The Devil thou would'st?

Bull j. Let me perish, *Ned*, but I would: for whom a Man hates he would be glad to avoid, and People marry now-a-days on purpose to live asunder.

Sylvia [*aside.*] And is this Fellow design'd for me! If there were only him and my self in the World, the Race of Men should perish.

Belv. Mr. *Bull*, if *Sylvia* were here now?

Bull j. Faith, if she had been here, it had been all one.

Belv. Faith, I believe thee.

Bull j. Well, *Ned*, adieu.

[*Exit Bull j.*]

Belv. So, Madam! How do you like Mr. *Bull*?

Sylv. Infinitely. There may be Men in the World who have greater Understandings, but he is extremely handsome.

Belv. Nay, now I am sure you dissemble, for it is the hardest thing in the World for a Woman, who finds that a Man wants Wit, to find that he is extremely handsome.

Sylv. You did not hear me say that he wanted Wit; for my part I think that he is very brisk.

Belv. And at the same time very melancholy.

Sylv. I don't know what you may think, but I am sure a great part of what he said would pass for Wit with others.

Belv. Yes, and make him pass for a Fool with them.

Sylv. How! Wit make him pass for a Fool with them? I thought People had pass'd for Fools for want of Wit.

Belv. No, Madam, 'tis for want of Judgment.

Sylv. And do you think to make your Court to a Woman by saying this?

†

Belv.

Belv. Yes, to a Woman who can despise the little Follies of her Sex, as much as she detests their Vices. But, Madam, you are sensible of the Choice to which you are reduc'd, if you will not accept of me to-night, you must e'en take my Rival to-morrow.

Sylv. You draw strange Consequences.

Belv. You know, that by the Indiscretion of your Father, your Guardian has the same Advantage over you that he has over me.

Sylv. You know him to be utterly averse to your Desire.

Belv. But if within these two hours I obtain his Consent, will you promise to give me yours?

Sylv. Upon that Condition I may promise any thing, and run no risk of Performance. But I must think of removing: For so long a Conversation in so publick a Place, has drawn all the Eyes of the Playhouse on us.

Belv. Then you shall give me leave to wait upon you to your Chair.

Sylv. You may spare your self the Trouble, for I have brought my Gentleman-Usher with me. Your Servant.

[*Exit Sylvia.*]

Belv. Madam, your most humble Servant. Well! Thus far I have only expos'd my Cousin, but that is not sufficient, he must smart too. My Uncle's ill Usage has been intolerable: His Years, and the Relation which I have to him, restrain me from revenging that Usage upon himself immediately. No, I will punish it in his ridiculous Offspring, and visit the exorbitant Sins of the Father, upon that extraordinary Rogue the Son. Since I have depriv'd him of the Wife design'd for him, I will put very fair for the providing another for him. In *Friskit* I have made a proper Choice for him: For so extravagant a Drab, and so extraordinary a Fop are Tallies to one another; so surprizing a Match may be very instructive, and show the ridiculous Vanity of some Coxcombs

Coxcombs who are now in my Eye ; for they are but Copies of this Original, and the Conclusion of all their boasted Intrigues is the same.

Those Plagues of the Fair Sex, of ours the Scum,
Got doubly drunk with Vanity and Stum,
Their highborn Mistresses in Brimmers toast,
And to their Friends their false good Fortunes
boast :

But the Wine drunk, and the vain Frolick o'er,
Departing, reel to some abandon'd Whore ;
And with her fancying Quality, and Charms,
Enjoy fair Dutchess in a Bulker's Arms.



ACT III. SCENE *Old Bull's House*

Frowzy, Friskit, Brush, Gregory.

Frowz. **M**R. *Bull* not at home, say you ? Nay then—

Greg. Nay, I beseech your Ladyship : My Master sent word but now that a little unexpected Business detains him, but that in less than an hour he'll wait upon you. In the mean time he commanded me to tell you, that the House is your Ladyship's. A Gentleman is in the Garden, who desires to know if he may wait upon you.

Frowz. His Name ?

Greg. Mr. *Dorant*. At least [*aside*.] he commanded me to tell her so. But what should oblige the Fop to change *Bull* for *Dorant*, I must confess, is above my Apprehension. But that which is more strange, is, that Mr. *Belvil* gave us notice beforehand, that young Mr. *Bull* would tell this Lye, and oblig'd us all to confirm it. But Mr. *Belvil* is so honest, so

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worthy, so liberal a Gentleman, that we have all engag'd to run thro Fire and Water for him. Will your Ladyship send any Answer to him ?

Frowz. Tell him, that I'll but dispose of some things, and send to him. [*Exit Greg.*] Do you remember, Daughter, that I told you that this Mr. *Dorant* is young Mr. *Bull* ?

Frisk. Mother, I do remember it.

Frowz. That Mr. *Belvil* told us, that *Dorant* was his *Nom de Guerre* in *France*, where the Fool was ashamed of his own ?

Frisk. I remember that too.

Frowz. And that it was agreed by Mr. *Belvil* and me, that at my first meeting Mr. *Bull* at the Chocolate-house, I should salute him by the name of *Dorant*, as by a name that was very well known in *France* to me ?

Frisk. Nothing of this has slip't from me.

Frowz. For that it would be necessary to make him go by an *alias*, because it would be necessary to make him pass for a Person of Quality. You remember this too ?

Frisk. Perfectly.

Frowz. And you have not forgot the Reason of it.

Frisk. The Reason is, that his going by a wrong Name, and his passing for a Person of Quality, would help us to conceal this Design from the Father.

Frowz. Right, Child ! or if he came to discover it, would oblige him to be assistant in the carrying it on against his Son and himself.

Frisk. And the Servants of the House you say you are secure of ?

Frowz. Mr. *Belvil*, who has oblig'd them all along by the Goodness of his Humour, and by the Mildness of his Carriage towards them, has distributed fifty Pounds among them this very morning.

Frisk. Nay, that will corrupt any Family now-a-days.

Frowz.

Frowz. Daughter, have you the rest of your Instructions perfect?

Frisk. Mother, you give your self a vain Trouble.

Frowz. Then, *Brush*, go tell the young Gentleman that I should be glad to see him; and, by the way, Sirrah, be sure you behave your self as I have commanded you.

Frisk. If you should be deceiv'd now in your Expectation, Mother, and this Fop should not listen before he comes in?

Frowz. Never fear that. But are you sure, Daughter, that you can act a Fit of the Mother well?

Frisk. Ay, and top my part too, Mother.

Frowz. Well said! But have a care of over-topping it, Child, as I have seen a young buxom Widow do at the Grave of a rich impotent Husband, and by that means make a Farce of a Funereal. But as I live he comes!

Bull jun. and Brush at the door.

Bull jun. Talking of him who is to marry the young Lady, do you say?

Brush. Ay, Sir, and earnestly.

Bull jun. Wilt thou do me the Favour to go and see for my Man? In the mean time I shall make bold to listen. *[Aside.]*

Frisk. And has your Ladyship seen the dear Man, do you say?

Frowz. Lord! That I must tell my Story twenty times over! I tell you I saw him at the Chocolate-house, while you was with Mr. *Bull* at the Colonel's.

Frisk. And is he not alter'd a jot, since we saw him at *Paris*? How does he look?

Frowz. Ravishingly. Nay, I gad, Child, I can't blame thee in the least. 'Tis a most delightful Figure. Then he will talk, good Gods how he will talk!

Bull j. A judicious Person, let me perish.

Frisk. Nay, every one esteems him a Prodigy : But I hope your Ladyship gave him no occasion to say any thing of me

Frowz. Why, what if I did ?

Frisk. What if you did ? Jesu !

Frowz. Nay, look you, *Peggy*, don't be in a Passion, you have not heard me say that I told him ; but supposing I had.

Frisk. Why then that dear Creature would utterly despise me for my Weakness.

Frowz. What, despise thirty thousand Pound ? Why you don't take him for a Fool, *Peggy* ?

Frisk. No, but I take him for a Wit tho. A Wit always hates and rails against Marriage : A Wit won't be a Slave for all the Mony in the World.

Frowz. But if a Wit will not, an *Englishman* will ; as we who come from *France* know by some very good Tokens. Thirty thousand Pounds, *Peggy* ! Shew me one *Englishman* in forty, that will not sell himself and all his Posterity for a tenth part of the Sum. Besides, *Mr. Dorant's* a Courtier, a true thorough-pac'd Courtier ; and consequently for half thirty thousand Pound would marry me, ev'n me, tho I had twice my Age, four times my Fat, and not half my Virtue.

Bull j. This old Lady shews a great Understanding of the World. [*Apart.*]

Frisk. And then your Ladyship has told him all ?

Frowz. Nay look you, as I said before, don't be in a Passion, *Peggy* : We shall have you play the Fool, and have one of your Fits. Could I see you die for *Mr. Dorant*, as the young Marchioness did at *Versailles*, without letting him know it ?

Bull j. This is News : I warrant I have done a plaguy deal of Mischief in my time, more than I know of. [*Apart.*]

Frisk. Are you sure he is a Man of Quality ?

Frowz.

Frowz. Yes, yes, he says he is Son to Viscount Dorant, otherwise thou shouldst sooner have dy'd than have marry'd him.

Frisk. And so I would : for I had rather the Devil should have me than a little Fellow.

Frowz. He'll be here in a quarter of an hour, and then——

Frisk. Why, has your Ladyship been so barbarous as to tell him my Lodgings ? I won't see him.

Frowz. I should laugh at that.

Frisk. How does your Ladyship think I can look a Man in the Face——

Frowz. Nay, look you, Peggy, you had best play the Fool and lose your Love——For

Frisk. Eh ! Gad I am sick.

Frowz. He tells me that he has an old Father, who designs to marry him to-morrow to a rich beautiful Heiress.

Frisk. Eh—— [Shrieks, and seems to be fainting.

Frowz. Ah, Lord ! What have I done ? Why, Daughter !

Frisk. Stand off, I can hardly fetch my Breath ; Heav'n's how my Heart pants ?

Frowz. Nay, Peggy——

Frisk. And my Head shoots——

Frowz. Nay, dear Peggy——

Frisk. And my Back opens and shuts——

[Counterfeits a Fit.

Frowz. Ah, Lord, I have kill'd my Child, I have murder'd my dear Child. Help, help.

Enter Bull jun. and two Maids.

Maid. For Heav'n's sake, Madam, what is the matter ?

Frowz. Ah ! my dear Child's dead.

2d Maid. Oh, Heavens help ! Quickly let's have her to Bed, and chafe her.

Frowz. I vow Sweetheart thou speak'st well. Have her to Bed, and get her soundly rubb'd——

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1st Maid. And then if she shews no sign of Life—
Frowz. In troth she's dead with a vengeance.

[*They carry her off.*]

Bull j. [*To Frowzy.*] Madam, your most humble
Servant!

Frowz. Ah Gad, Sir, is this a time to answer
Compliments?

Bull j. Madam, the Devil take me, I am heartily
sorry.

Frowz. Sorry, quoth-a! What would you be, if
you knew the Occasion?

Bull j. Madam, I know every thing; for I over-
heard all.

Frowz. Did you so? That was well contriv'd,
and handsomely done. Well, Sir, I must go look
after my dear Child; if you'll stay, I'll be with you
as soon as I possibly can. [*Exit.*]

Bull j. Well! The Devil take me, all this is very
surprizing! I am sometimes almost in doubt, whe-
ther this be a Dream, or real. Hold! let me see!
[*Pulls out his Pocket-Glass, and looks in it.*] A Dream!
No, thou dear, damn'd, doubting Dog, 'tis real.
Well, *Batt*, tho thou hast always pass'd for *un homme*
a bonnes Fortunes, yet is this the finest of all thy *Bel-
les Avantures*. But now, to push it *Cavalierement*,
when first I saw the Countess at the Chocolate-house,
I was very glad to find that she and her Daughter,
by Colonel *Medley's* Recommendation, were lodg'd
here at my Father's: because that shews that what
they pretend to be, they really are, Women of For-
tune and Quality; but of that, what happen'd just
now, would convince an Infidel. Yet, when I found
that this old Lady was as passionate an Admirer of
Quality as I am my self, and that she was resolv'd to
have a Peer for her Son-in-Law; why then I wish'd
them fairly remov'd to another place. I told the Coun-
tess that my Name was *Dorant*, Son to Viscount *Do-
rant*, for Viscount *Bull* would have sounded hellishly.
Besides,

Besides, it would have made a discovery, for she knew me by my other Name in *France*. I have order'd the Servants here to confirm my Lye, which they have undertaken to do. The Lady is desperately in love with me, that is certain: if I can secure her before my Father sees me, all is well, otherwise all is ruin'd; for he will infallibly use me like a Dog, and so discover me to be the Spawn of a Cit. But see, the Countess!

Enter Frowzy.

Pray, Madam, how does the young Lady?

Frowz. How does she do! Well, I vow I found her in a lamentable pickle, stretching her self out, and heaving and gasping for Life: but chafing her and rubbing her, has fetch'd her again.

Bullj. Madam, I beg leave to wait upon her.

Frowz. As Gad shall save me, not for the world, Sir; the bare mention of such a thing had like to have thrown her into a second Fit: She swears she'll die a thousand times, rather than look a Man in the face, who knows that she has been so weak as to love him before she was sure of his Heart.

Bullj. She gives herself a vain Trouble, let me perish. For, may I pass for the errantest Coxcomb in nature, if I were not the first in love of the two. The first time I had the happiness to be near her, was in Carnival-time, in a certain place where I had a fancy to appear in disguise; and where I fell desperately in love with her. It was a fortnight after that, that she first cast her eye upon me, as I was walking in the *Tuilleries*.

Frowz. Lord! to see how good Wits will jump! I ventur'd to tell her something like this to appease her, but she said that was not sufficient to justify her: For when my Weakness comes to be divulg'd, says she, People who have a mind to be censorious will say, Supposing he did love her first, how could she know that, when he had never spoke to her?

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Bull j. Never spoke to her!

Frowz. Nay, they'll say, continu'd my Daughter, that supposing she could have known that he lov'd her, without hearing him speak, how could she tell but that he was a Fool? For in troth, *Mr. Dorant*, a Fool's Face may do as much execution as yours. Now she who can love a Fool, says my Daughter, must certainly be little better. Is it then for *Mr. Dorant's* credit or mine, to have it said that the Conquest of me is owing to his Eyes alone? If it were known that he had made love to me, People would attribute that Conquest to the Force of Beauty and Wit in conjunction.

Bull j. Gad, she's in the right of it.

Frowz. And then the Effect would be as excusable in me, as the Cause would be glorious in him.

Bull j. *Pardieu* [aside.] *voila une Fille qui a del Esprit!* But, Madam, has my Lady Margaret forgot me so far, as to affirm that I never spoke to her?

Frowz. Indeed I think so, I can't be positive: but I am confident she says you never had any Conversation with her in private.

Bull j. Why, there's it, Madam; but in publick places I have convers'd a hundred times with her. In the *Tuilleries*, at *Luxemburgh*, at the *Palais Royal*, at the *Gobelins*. But Love made publickly at *Paris*, passes for Gallantry.

Frowz. But since you were in love with my Daughter, how chance you never came home to our Lodgings, whither all the People of Quality, both *English* and *French*, resorted?

Bull j. Lord! Madam, I waited upon your Daughter twice; and immediately after that, I receiv'd Commands to return for *England*.

Frowz. I vow 'tis a sad thing to grow old, *Mr. Dorant*: I had perfectly forgot this. In what part of the Town did we lodge then, for we had three Lodgings at *Paris*?

Bull

Bull j. 'Twas, Madam, in the very last Lodging that you took ; which was in——let me see——Rot me, I am a Dunce to-night. For the Blood of me I cannot think of the name of it: What does your Ladyship call the Street ?

Frowz. [*aside.*] I have gone too far with this Fool, and am at a nonplus; for I have travell'd no further than the Camp, nor do I know the name of any one Street in *Paris*. Why, the Street was call'd——But it was a nasty Lodging, and a filthy Place. Foh! I abominate the very Name of it.

Bull j. Nay, then I have it. Oh! You lodg'd in the *Fauxbourg*, Madam.

Frowz. It was indeed in the *Fauxbourg*.

Bull j. In the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*.

Frowz. [*Mimicking him.*] In the *Fauxbourg St. Germain*.

Bull j. In the *Butcher-Row*.

Frowz. In the *Butcher-Row*: Ha, ha, ha!

Bull j. [*aside.*] Rot me, I am afraid I have not hit right. But all the *English* that ever I knew at *Paris*, lodg'd in the *Butcher-Row*.

Frowz. [*Mimicking.*] The *Butcher-Row* is a most whimsical place, let me perish, for a Woman of Quality to lodge in; Ha, ha, ha! But my *Peggy* has such odd Fancies, as would make a body die with laughing. Ha, ha, ha!

Bull j. Oh all, Madam, all the *English* lodge there. Before they go over, they are terrify'd with the Report of the Scarcity of Flesh at *Paris*, and therefore as soon as they come there, to make sure of Beef, they intrench themselves in the *Butcher-Row*.

Frowz. So that my Daughter and I, to make sure of Beef, intrench'd our selves in the *Butcher-Row*. Rot me [*aside and mimicking.*] if this is not a great Wit, and a very gallant Person. Look you, Sir, the case is this: My Daughter is in a dangerous condition; she's desperately in love with you. For that
Face,

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Face, that Air, and that Mien of yours, have done devilish execution upon her.

Bull j. Rot me, your Ladyship rallies your humble Servant.

Frowz. No, as Gad shall save me, Sir, who but a Sot would pretend to rally you, Sir? But as I was saying, my Daughter loves you, and you assure me that you love my Daughter?

Bull j. *Ouy: Dieu me damme, Je l'adore.*

Frowz. Gallantly declared, as Gad shall save me! And you made this *French Declaration* in *France* to her?

Bull j. A hundred times, Madam: Witness it, O ye flowry Beds of the *Tuilleries*, and ye sandy Walks of *Luxemburg*!

Frowz. [*aside.*] This Fellow is at last come to a proper Stile for Fiction.

Bull j. Nay, Madam, I made too an *English Declaration* in *France* to her. Hey! Boy! [*Enter Boy.* Sing me the Song that I gave you yesterday.

Song, by Tho. Cheek Esq;

WHEN, Cloe, I your Charms survey,
My wandring Senses run away:
My trembling Heart goes pit-a-pat,
Can you not guess what I'd be at?
Sometimes in gentle Sighs I move
The Air with softest Breeze of Love:
Sometimes like Gun of largest Bore,
I vent my Sighs with dismal Roar:
Disorder'd, know not what I do,
And all, my Dear, for Love of you.

Frowz. Very pretty, as I hope to breathe. And you are ready to own this in *England* for her Reputation and your Honour. For you may assure your self, that no one will believe that you could frequent any one Person of Quality, without conversing

versing with us, because we frequented them all.

Bull j. Nay, look you, Madam, as for the young Lady's Honour, I am ready to marry her immediately, and then her Honour is mine.

Frowz. Well said ! That is spoken like a Man of Honour. As for your Estate——

Bull j. Of that you shall be satisfy'd when you please. But [*aside*] I hope to secure your Daughter first.

Frowz. Hang an Estate ; my Daughter has enough to make you both happy, and I can augment her Fortune considerably out of my own Jointure, which is sufficiently known. In short, my dear Child's Life is in danger, and I value her Life above a thousand Estates : But I'd have you to know, I value her Honour a thousand times more than her Life. And as Gad shall save me, I had-as-lieve see her follow the Camp, as married to a vulgar Person. Sir, I beg your pardon, but I must be satisfy'd that you are a Man of Quality.

Bull j. Madam, as I told you at the Chocolate-house, my Father is the most considerable Viscount in *England*.

Frowz. Viscount *Dorant* ! In troth a very pretty sounding Business ! But this is a Viscount that I never heard of. You don't know the Gentleman who owns the House, for I must consult with him, and must be govern'd by him.

Bull j. Madam, I told you at the Chocolate-house, that he is my Enemy, and that I desir'd not to be seen by him : And I beseech your Ladyship, that you would refer this Business to some other Person.

Frowz. I have promis'd that you shall not be seen by him, and what I have promis'd I will perform. But in troth, I am sorry such a Man as he is your Enemy, for in troth he is a very worthy Person.

Bull j.

Bull j. Why faith, Madam, the Man is what they call an honest Man, and that is all ; but a strange humourfom, obstinate, old Scoundrel, and a paultry Cit, the Devil take me, to boot.

Frowz. But, Sir, how comes a Man of your Quality, so familiar with a Cit, as to quarrel with him?

Bull j. Why you must know, Madam, he has a Son who is a very pretty Gentleman, and one for whom I have a greater Kindness than I have for any one, excepting your Daughter : And I have wonder'd a hundred times how so very a Bear as the Father, could get so witty, so gallant a Person as the Son. I suppose he had help, and some interloping Courtier sily came in for his snacks. And yet the Monster his Father uses him like a Dog ; for which I hate him, and for which I have sworn not to come near him, when I can at any time avoid him.

Enter Brush running.

Brush. [apart to Frowzy] Madam, Madam, Mr. Belvil gives you notice, that the old Man will be here immediately, and desires that you would be prepar'd to receive him. He bids me tell you that Colonel Medley has half fox'd him.

Frowz. Gads my Life, how unlucky's this ! Well, and Baldernoe ?

Brush. Bald. sends word that he'll be behind him but a quarter of an hour at the farthest. He sent word by the Messenger, that the Engines are ready, and all things prepar'd for a general Assault:

Frowz. Very good ! Sir, Sir, [to Bull j.] the Enemy approaches, and you had best in time make good your Retreat. If you have a mind to wait upon my Daughter, here's one shall conduct you. I'll follow you in a moment, and see what I can do for you.

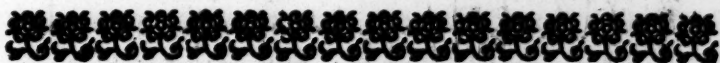
Bull j. Madam, you oblige me eternally.

[*Exeunt* Bull j. & Brush.]

Frowz. In troth, Saky, this is hard Fortune, to be bilk'd of thy Bubble when thou hadst taken so much pains

pains in the working him up. If the old Man had staid but a quarter of an hour longer, in all likelihood *Friskit* had been coupled, and the Fop had been sped. If any thing should retard the old Fellow, this blessed Match shall go on. But in taking all this pains with the Son, I have laid in for the deceiving the Father too: for if he discovers the Son's Designs, the Fop will infallibly boast of his Acquaintance in *France* with us, and the Consequence of that cannot but be to our advantage. But if there is any likelihood of such a Discovery, I must prevent it, and must discover first; make the old Fellow a false and a half Confidence; and concealing the Name of his Son, communicate the rest of the Affair as a Secret to him, upon which I shall beg his Advice; make him acquainted with my false Fears, and my pretended Jealousies; inform him of the Attempts which are made upon my Daughter, but at the same time conceal the Temptations and the Encouragements which I industriously give underhand to them.

Thus will I cheat him, as the marry'd Jilt
From the suspecting Cuckold hides her Guilt:
First she the Gallant's lewd Design reveals,
Then to the secret Affignation steals.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Table and Chairs. Bull sen. Frowzy, Gregory.

Bull f. **M**ADAM, 'tis the very best in the three Kingdoms. Here, Sirrah, take the Key of my Closet, and bring the two-quart Bottle of

of Brandy to the Countess. I wonder his Lordship is not come yet.

Frowz. I expect him every moment: He sent word that he would come in the Dusk, and come mystically. Indeed all that he does is done in the Dusk, and mystically. Oh 'tis a very mysterious Person!

Bull f. Nay, Gadzooks, they all say he is a great Person, and has more out-of-the-way Politicks than any Man in the three Kingdoms.

Frowz. Oh! quite another sort of a thing than your clumsy awkward *British* Politician: He has often a whole Intrigue in one single Grimace, and his Jests and his Frolicks are all of them Master-pieces of State.

Enter Greg. with the Brandy.

Bull f. I long to see him. Sirrah, fill a Glass. Madam, my hearty Service to you. Come, a Health to the young Lady.

Frowz. Ay, poor Creature, she wants it.

Bull f. Faith and troth I am sorry to hear she's so ill. Sirrah, fill to her Ladyship.

Frowz. Mr. Bull, on the other side of the Water this Liquor is grown mightily in use among Women of my Quality. Do they use it here?

Bull f. Gadsbud, Madam, they drink nothing else; formerly, saving your Ladyship's Presence, only Bawds drank Brandy, but now the poor Jades can't go to the Price of it; and as some great Ladies have taken their Trade out of their hands, they have taken their Liquor.

Frowz. But did the Colonel acquaint you, say you, with the Misfortune which my Daughter met with in *France*?

Bull f. He told me she was deeply in love with a Gentleman, who left her in the height of her Passion, and came for *England*. Does your Ladyship mind the Colour of that Brandy?

Frowz.

Frowz. A lovely Completion indeed!

Bull f. And the young Lady saw the very Person as she was coming to my House?

Frowz. Ay, just at the Corner of *Bow-street*.

Bull f. And the Sight renew'd her Disorder?

Frowz. To both our Sorrows, God knows.

[*She smells to the Glass.*]

Bull f. How does your Ladyship like the Flavour?

Frowz. A most alluring Flavour in troth. Come, Sir, my Daughter's Health to you. [*drinks*] Upon my Honour this is right *Namz*: I warrant this costs you ten and eight pence a Gallon at least. At the last Conference that I had abroad for the publick Benefit, there was some quantity of it drunk; since I have tasted nothing like it. As Gad shall judge me, this is a Treasure.

Bull f. Your Ladyship is a true and nice Judge.

Frowz. Nay, tho I say it, for Politicks——

Bull f. And Brandy——

Frowz. There is no Woman alive comes near me. But still I forget my dear Child. Oh Lord, Mr. *Bull*, I mightily want your Advice. At least I would have him think so. [*aside*] For, as Mr. *Belvil* says, People never believe we are so sincere as when we flatter them most.

Bull f. Why look you, Madam, if the Lady's Condition is so desperate, the Gentleman must be told that she loves him.

Frowz. Ah God, Sir, he knew it in *France*.

Bull f. And did not love her again?

Frowz. Oh! doted on her.

Bull f. What, and left her?

Frowz. The old whimsical Fop his Father would have it so.

Bull f. Then it is his Estate, concerning which you have a mind to be satisfy'd. Your Ladyship has reason: For your Daughter has thirty thousand Pound. Bless me, what a Fortune there is! And
your

your Ladyship can increase it considerably out of your own Jointure, which I know to be three Thousand a Year.

Frowz. And pray, Sir, who gave you this Information?

Bull f. Tho I never had the Honour to see your Ladyship nor your Daughter before, yet I am acquainted with the Circumstances of every considerable Person in the Kingdom. It is partly my Trade, Madam.

Frowz. Then the Gentleman about whom I enquire—

Bull f. Tell me but his Name, and I'll tell you his Estate immediately.

Frowz. I make no Inquiry after his Estate. Shall I stand upon a little Dirt, when my dear Child's Life is at stake? The thing that I want to be satisfy'd of, is, whether he is a Person of Quality: For I'll see her die a thousand times, rather than she shall marry a filthy little Fellow.

Bull f. Could your Ladyship be so cruel as to see her die rather?

Frowz. To see her die! Ay, to see her damn'd rather.

Bull f. Oh Lord! Oh Lord! damn'd!

Frowz. Ay, damn'd; I mean in an honourable way, Mr. *Bull*, and as a Woman of Quality should be damn'd.

Bull f. How does your Ladyship call the Gentleman?

Frowz. Mr. *Dorant*.

Bull f. Mr. *Dorant*!

Frowz. Ay, Mr. *Dorant*, Son to Viscount *Dorant*.

Bull f. Gadsbud, I never heard either of the Name or the Title.

Frowz. That's strange, he says he knows you very well, and has lately had a Quarrel with you for your Severity against your Son.

Bull f.

Bull f. Pray, Madam, where is he to be found?

Frowz. Here in your House.

Bull f. In my House!

Frowz. Ay, he is at present with my Daughter.

Bull f. With your Ladyship's leave, I'll go talk with him immediately.

Frowz. Sir, by no means, he has sworn not to see you by reason of the foresaid Quarrel, and I have promis'd him that he should not.

Bull f. Gadsbud, Madam, your Ladyship is abus'd. This is some Rogue, some Cheat, some Fortune-hunter.

Frowz. It is impossible, he does not look like any such Man.

Bull f. Madam, those Vermin swarm, and multiply as fast in this itching Age, as Rats do at Sea in a Ship laden with Salt.

Enter Bull jun.

Bull j. This damn'd Father of mine won't be gone, and the time presses. If I can steal out while his back's turn'd, the young Lady has promis'd to follow.

Frowz. [*spying Bull j.*] So *Friskit* has follow'd my Instructions, and sent him out, for he behaves himself so extravagantly, that he would certainly discover himself, and therefore I resolv'd to discover him first. Mr. *Dorant*, your Servant.

Bull f. [*turning about*] Bless my Eyes! What do I see! Gadsbud I am giddy, my Head turns round. Madam, is this the Gentleman?

Frowz. The Gentleman! Why don't you know him then?

Bull f. Oh extremely well! Mr. *Dorant*! Sweet Sir, your most humble Servant. [*In a rallying Tone.*]

Bull j. [*aside*] I am discover'd. Impudence assist me. Honest *Bull*! How dost thou do?

[*Staring him in the Face, and shaking him by the Hand.*]

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Bull f. [aside] Oh horrible Insolence ! Oh Prodigy of Impudence !

Frowz. [aside] I am sure 'tis none of my Business to be at this Eclaircissement. Well, Gentlemen ! Now I have seen you together, I'll go see how my dear Child does. *[Exit.]*

Bull f. So ! God be thanked. Now I can let my Fury fly. Sirrah ! Rogue ! Dogbolt, tho I bear something like this from my Nephew, who is such a Heathen, as to make a jest of Passive Obedience, shall I see my own Flesh rise in Rebellion against me in my old Age ?

Bull j. But, Sir ! Hear me a little.

Bull f. I will hear nothing, you Rogue ! To shew my Arbitrary Power, I will execute first, and examine afterwards. *[Beats him]*

Bull j. But, Sir, Sir, Sir.

Bull f. Here's to decide the Quarrel between us, you Rogue ! And here's for the Affront you put upon *Sylvia*.

Bull j. Sylvia ! Rot me, I never saw her.

Bull f. Sirrah, you lye ! She says she will sooner espouse Infamy than you ; and that an old paralytick bed-rid Beggar is a Prince to you ! Then, Sirrah, here's for your talking insolently to your Father. And here's for your going like a Rogue by an *alias*. Mr. *Dorant*, you Son of a Whore !

Bull j. If I am a Son of a Whore, pray from whence do you take the Privilege of using me thus ? And if I am a Son of a Whore, Gad, I don't know but *Dorant* may be likelier to be my true Name than *Bull*.

Bull f. Oh Rogue ! Rogue ! *[Lifts up his Stick again.]*

Bull j. Look you, Sir, will you fairly hear me three Words ? If not, I shall fairly take up my Heels and be gone.

Bull f. Speak, Sirrah !

Bull j.

Bull j. Why then do you know that the young Lady, who lies in your House to-night, has taken a Fancy to this Son of a Whore's Person?

Bull f. Which, I must confess, [*aside*] I am amaz'd at. And therefore, Sirrah, you are aham'd of your Father and your Family?

Bull j. My Family! Why you assure me that I have reason enough to be aham'd of my Mother, who is one part of my Family; and as for my Father, till I know who he is, rot me, I don't know whether I have reason to be aham'd of him or no.

Bull f. Here's a profligate Villain! [*Lifts up his Stick.*

Bull j. Sir, Sir, one word more. Do you know that the old Countess has as great Passion for Quality, as her Daughter has for this Son of a Whore?

Bull f. Humph!

Bull j. And is *Bull* a fit Name for a Viscount's Son?

Bull f. Well, I am a cholerick old Coxcomb, that is certain.

Bull j. Look you, I had an Opportunity of making you and my self. What I undertook was chiefly for your sake, but now I leave you to repent at leisure.

[*Offers to go.*

Bull f. Why, *Batt*!

Bull j. He bien!

Bull f. Nay, good *Batt*!

Bull j. Vous plait-il quelque chose avec moy?

Bull f. Now is this Rogue calling me Names. [*aside.*
Nay, dear *Batt*!

Bull j. Jusqu' a revoir. [*Offering to go still.*

Bull f. Nay, dear *Batt*, tell me but one thing. Didst thou know this young Lady at *Paris*?

Bull j. A pretty Question! The Countess will resolve you. He bien! Serviteur.

Bull f. Nay, but *Batt*, why wilt thou be so obstinate?

Bull j. To prove my self legitimate.

Bull f. Batt! here are fifty Guineas for thee, and retrieve this Business.

Bull j. Well, for once! But 'slife, here comes the Countess. Come, come, off with your Hat quickly, and shew the Respect that is due to a Person of my Quality.

Enter Frowzy.

Frowz. I suppose by this time they may have consented to have carry'd this Cheat on against themselves. So, Gentlemen, is the old Difference like to be reconcil'd?

Bull j. We are just upon the point, Madam. And you confess then [*to his Father*] that you are a testy petulant old Fool?

Bull f. I have been to blame in troth; was there ever such a Dog?

[*Afide.*]

Bull j. And that you have us'd your Son like a Beast?

Bull f. Something too roughly!

Bull j. And you promise Amendment?

Bull f. If he behaves himself for the future as you give me hopes.

Bull j. Well! Put on your Hat, put on your Hat: Thou art a sad old Scoundrel, but for this once I receive you to mercy.

Bull f. [*afide*] Oh Rogue! Abominable Rogue! But I shall find a time.

Enter Friskit with her Hoods and Scarfs.

Frowz. Bless me! Whither is the Girl going?

Bull f. Madam, your most humble Servant.

[*Salutes her.*]

Frowz. Whither away, I say?

Frisk. Madam, I am going to take—Ha, ha, ha.

Frowz. To take what?

Frisk. Only the Air a little. Ha, ha, ha.

Frowz. It seems you are mightily tickled.

Frisk. I shall be, Madam, before I sleep—Ha, ha, ha.

Bull j. Madam, I wait upon you. [*Ex. Bull j. Frisk.*]

Frowz. Jesu! Was there ever such a fond Fool?

Bull f. Nature, Madam, Nature!

Frowz.

Frowz. I thought, Sir, you had not known this Gentleman.

Bull f. Why faith, Madam, the pronouncing his Name the *French* way, caus'd my Mistake.

Frowz. Well! I vow he's a fine Person. Don't you think so?

Bull f. Why truly, Madam, I think so, and my Son thinks so.

Frowz. At *Paris* every body thought so.

Bull f. But here some ridiculous Rogues swear he is come over a mere Fop.

Frowz. Envy and Aversion to different Customs! Ever while you live, observe, that your Fop at *London* is at *Paris* your finest Gentleman; But do you know the young Gentleman's Father?

Bull f. What! My dearest Friend! For tho the Viscount be my Superior *quatenus* Viscount, yet, in all things else, he does me the Honour to esteem himself my Equal. Faith and troth, Madam, there are few Friendships like ours. I esteem no body thorowly but him. And 'tis thought, and perhaps with some Justice, that he loves no body cordially besides my self.

Frowz. Will you be so kind as to break this Business to him?

Bull f. Madam, I will. I'll go down to his Seat in *Northamptonshire*, where I shall certainly find him, and about a Month hence I'll give your Ladyship an account.

Frowz. Jesu! Mr. Bull, I must be in *France* long before that time.

Bull f. And your Ladyship has a mind to see this Business dispatch'd before you go?

Frowz. Do you think I would leave my dear Child in Convulsions?

Bull j. You are not over sollicitous, you say, concerning the Jointure?

Frowz. Not a jot.

Bull f. Why then, e'en let the young People take their Course.

Frowz. What will the Father say to that ?

Bull f. Say ! He'll think the Alliance an Honour to

Frowz. Will you answer for that ? (him.

Bull f. I think I know him, and I can govern him, I'll answer for it.

Frowz. Why then, as you say, e'en let the young People take their Course.

[*A great knocking at the Door.*

Bull f. Hey day ! Who should knock so imperiously ? Somebody has mistaken my House for my Neighbour *Midnight* the Midwife's : Four or five times a week that happens to me, and my Sleep, like a Pandor's, is disturb'd for other Folks Leachery.

Enter Gregory.

Greg. Sir, Sir, there are at the Gate half a score—

Bull f. What, Sirrah ?

Greg. Why, Sir, surly, snarling, four-look'd Fellows.

Bull f. Who are they ?

Greg. Why at first, Sir, I thought they had been the Club of ugly Faces that is kept yonder in the City, and that they were come hither in a Body to give your Worship an Invitation.

Bull f. Sirrah, I shall trepan your Skull in good time. But what would these Fellows have ?

Greg. They come to look for a *French* Marquiss, who they say is newly come over.

Bull f. Ha !

Greg. And besides, Sir ?

Bull f. What besides, Sir—

Greg. Some Officers are searching Squire *Grumbleton's* House, by an Order of Council, and threaten to be here immediately.

Bull f. Take that for your News, you Rascal. Do you hear that, Madam ? Half a score ill-look'd Rogues come to look for my Lord Marquiss ! And
Officers

Officers just now coming to search my House! I must tell your Ladyship I don't like this: No, not a jot. This smells of Hemp, strongly, gadsbud, strongly.

Frowz. Lord! that I must tell you things twenty times over. Why, he comes mystically, *Mr. Bull*, mystically, and wherever they see him, they'll least of all think of finding him. But, hark, what Noise is that?

[*Enter Baldernoe in a Chair, singing, and whimsically drest. Three or four Fiddles before, and five or six Persons dancing by the Sides: He gets out of the Chair.*]

Bald. Chairmen! Take away your Shair presfaunt; and Violons attauud in de Anti-chambre.

Frowz. Monsieur le Marquis!

Bald. My dear a Countess!

Frowz. How overjoy'd I am to see you again!

Bald. Quese suis Ravi de vous trouver ici.

Bull f. [*Who had been all this while holding up his Hands and his Eyes, and marching up and down like one amaz'd.*] And is this he who is come over to be the chief Manager of the Plot? Is this the great Politician? Bless us! What will become of me? Is this the great Politician? I'll e'en try to slip my Neck out of the Collar, while it is time, and to save my self, we'll very fairly hang up the Marquis and the Countess. [*As he is going.*]

Bald. Meestre *Bull*! Have you a forgot a me?

Bull f. Forgot you! No, gadsbud, I han't forgot you, for I never saw you before.

Bald. Ha! Meestre *Bull*, you have too mush of de Jugement to have de Memoire. Me vas formerly here vid *Barillon*, and have receiv'd many good Lettre de Change of you Meestre *Bull*, and have had de ver mush Frolick vid de Money. *De Francois* have de ver great Passion for de Frolick, Meestre *Bull*. But me ver glad to see you Meestre *Bull*, ver glad to see you.

Bull f. I am sorry to see you, with all my Heart.

Bald. Jernie! Dat be de veritable dam *Englisch* Civility.

Bull f. Why, gadsbud, I shall see your Lordship hang'd. Here are Politicks for the Devil! We shall be infallibly found out. Did ever Politician appear in such an Equipage?

Bald. Ver well! Begad! ver well! Vee had de *Anglisch* Civility before, now we have de veritable *Anglisch* Politick: Because never Politick did appear in such an Equipage, derefore vee shall be infallibly found out. Morbleau, derefore vee shall infallibly not be found out.

Bull f. I tell your Lordship we shall be all hang'd. The Officers are just now a coming to search the House. Look you, my Lord, I am downright, I am dunstable, Gadsbud, and must speak the Truth. Did ever any Man in a Conspiracy behave himself at your rate? Who the Devil would take you to be a Plotter?

Bald. Ver good again! Ver plaissant, Begad! Who de Devil vould taken me for de Plotter? Who de Devil do desire to be taken for de Plotter? Not de *Francois*, Meestre *Bull*: De *Englischman* do desire to be taken for de Plotter, and he is hang'd for de Plotter.

Bull f. Well! I begin to think that I am an Ass, and that the Marquiss is a wise Man.

Bald. Madam La Comtesse!

Frowz. My Lord!

Bald. Have you yet spoke vid de Viconte?

Frowz. Not yet, my Lord.

Bald. Do you know, Madam, dat de Duc has been vid me, and has meake me de promise to appear at de head of feeve thousand Men? Meestre *Bull*, de Countess, Morbleau, be de brave Dame, and bear always about her de veritable Marque of de Voman of Condition.

Bull

Bull f. Pray what should that be ?

Bald. You must know dat in *France* de Voman of Condition be distingue from de common Voman by de Kisse.

Bull f. Gadsbud, that's odd, as how pray ?

Bald. Look you, Meestre *Bull*, van in *France* you kifs de Dame upon de Mout, if she do stink of Brandevin, do you compround me, Meestre *Bull*; if she do stink very strong of Brandevin, Jernie dat be de veritable Voman of Quality.

Frowz. And, Mr. *Bull*, the Men of Quality in *France* too are distinguish'd by their Savours.

Bald. Sometime, Mr. *Bull*, sometime.

Frowz. As for Example; the simple Gentleman smells modestly, and you may approach if you please. The Chevalier stinks more proudly, and you must keep some Distance; but the stately Marquis has an inaccessible Hogo.

Bald. Diantre! Dat be plaissant; de Countess, Meestre *Bull* be de Raillense, de Countess be der ver good Drole, Meestre *Bull*.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Officers are come, and want to speak with you.

Bull f. Gadsbud, we are all undone, here are Frolicks for the Devil!

Bald. Meestre *Bull*, you have no Apprehaunson at all, no Apprehaunson of any thing, Meestre *Bull*. Stand a you still, and receive dem, and let me alone vid de reste. Allons; Violins, strike up de Minuet.

[*The Musick plays a Minuet, the Officers enter during the Dance.*]

1st Offi. Sir, we have an Order of Council to search the Neighbourhood for Persons who are in the Proclamation, but because we know you to be a civil Gentleman, we shall take your word. Is this all the Company that you have in your House?

Bull f. All, upon my word, Gentlemen.

1st Offi.

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1st Offi. Why then we wish you a good night, Sir ; for I'll swear these People are not in the Plot.

2d Offi. He were a Devil who could take these to be Plotters.

[*Exeunt Offi.*]

Bull f. Well, this Marquiss is a great Man. [*Aside.*]

Bald. Vat say you now, Meestre *Bull* ? Who vud taaka us to be de Plotters ? Vat had become of you, if you had plotted vid de *Englischman* ? Ven de *Englischman* doe plot, begad all his Politiq be on de outside of him, and his Countenance be as terrible as if it vere already upon de Pole.

Frowz. His Lordship's in the right of it. When an *Englischman* goes about to cut a Throat, faith and troth he looks like a damn'd Rogue.

Bald. Ouy, Morbleau : He appear to be de Felon, de Sauvage ; he have de Devil of Malice in his Visage. But van de *Fraunchman* do go about to cut de Troat, Oh de plaissant Man ! he be absolument de best humour'd Creature in de universal Vorld ; so civil, so frolic, so gay, dat dere be Plaisir, dere be Satisfaction in having de Troat cut by de *Fraunchman*. Meestre *Bull* ! Van de *Fraunchman* do medite de grand Mischief, he always copie dat bel original de Monkey ; he show de ver plaissant Grimace, he make the Shattering and de Noise, dat signifie just noting at all. Begad, you voud swear he had no meaning in the universal Vorld : He dance up and down, and play de tousand pretty Tricks, and begad do ruin twenty, forty, a hundred People, vile dey are making de Ridicule upon him.

Frowz. His Lordship tells you but the naked Truth.

Bald. Meestre *Bull* ! You must put a your Scrawl to dis Paper ! [*Pulling out a Pocket-Book.*] Vat are you villing to contribute to de grand Expedition ?

Bull f. What your Lordship thinks fit. But, my Lord, before I set my Hand [*Apart*] would it not be convenient to send away these Dancing-masters ?

*

Bald.

Bald. Jernie ! you take a dese Gentlemen to be de Coquin, de Maistre de Daunce ? Dese be some of de plus grand Personages de France, who be come over deguisee, to rendre Service to your Nation : Dis be Monsieur le Marquis De Coupee.

[He presents them one after another, and Bull salutes them.]

Bull f. I am your Lordship's most humble Servant.

Bald. Dis be de Viconte Baladin.

Bull f. I am your Honour's most obedient.

Bald. And dis be de Baron De Bellefigure.

Bull f. Your very humble : If your Lordship will be pleas'd to let me see the Book, I'll set my Hand to it.

[He signs.]

Bald. [Looking in the Book.] Barnaby Bull a thousand Pound ! Very good, Meestre Bull, you shall have de ver good place for dat.

[A knocking.]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the Officers who were here are come back with Mr. Bungy the Constable, who has assur'd them that there are suspicious Persons in the House.

Bull f. Damn'd Rogue !

Serv. I refus'd to open the Doors till I had given notice of it.

Frowz. Oh Lord, Mr. Bull, what shall we do ?

Bald. Ah, we shall do ver well, ver well, Begad. Madam la Countesse, let a me alone, and no aprehaund any ting. Run a you all [To those who are about him] and bring me de tings which I ordered to be left a in the Antichambre.

[They run and fetch Disguises : Baldernoe disguises himself like a Constable, and his Attendants like Watchmen. He places himself on one Side the Door, and as Bungy and his Attendants enter, Baldernoe lifts up his Stick, and half knocks him down, and at the same time speaks.]

Bald. Vho goe dere ?

Bung. [Returning the Blow.] A Friend.

Bald.

Bald. Vat Friend? vat be your Name?

Bung. My Name is *Bungy*; my Name is pretty well known, Friend.

Bald. *Bungy*! vich of the *Bungys*? Dere be *Bungy* de Cuckol, and *Bungy* de Vittal: are you de Cuckol or de Vittal?

Bungy. Hey day! what have we here? a *Walloon* Constable!

Bald. *Walloon*! Jernie you lye in your troat, me be de ver good *Gascon*, and de high Conestable of *Soho*.

Bungy. The high Constable of *Soho*! That, I must confess, may be; that may very well be indeed. But look you Brother Constable, here's an Order of Council to search the House:

Bald. My dear a Broder, me have already cherched the Hoofe, and me find just noting at all.

Bungy. Have you look'd in the Cellar?

Bull f. There is nothing in the Cellar, upon my word Gentlemen, but two Pipes of Claret, and four Hogheads of *October*.

Bungy. Claret! That is *French*?— Do you hear that, my Boys? The Enemy's at hand, and in a strong Body.

Om. Fall on, fall on, fall on: Huzza! Huzza!

Bungy. But hearkee, Brother, I have orders to take up every one that I find in this House, Officers only excepted. Now the thing that I would know of you, is, whether Mr. *Bull* and that fat Gentlewoman are comprehended in that Order.

Bald. Qiy Begad, dey are comprauded. Dat old Man have de Look, Brother, of de ver dam Rogue.

Bungy. Then some of you away with him, while I with the rest search the Cellar; for I shall not be satisfy'd till I see all the Vessels empty'd, for fear there should be Gun-powder or Fire-Arms hid there.

Bull f. But hearkee, Mr. Constable, hear me a word.

Bald.

Bald. Morbleu Broder, you no hearken to any ting; away vid him prefaunt.

Bull f. Do you hear this, Madam? Dog of a Marquiss!

Frowz. Mr. Bull, he only does this for a Blind, that he himself may pass unsuspected: For he knows that you can receive no harm, unless they take up him, who has your Hand-writing in his Pocket.

Bull f. Humph! Gadsbud, that's true. Well this is a wonderful Man.

Bungy. [To his Followers.] Hearkee Gentlemen, what do you stay for? Away with them immediately!

Omn. Away with them! Away with them! Away with them!

[Some of them carry off Bull f. and Frowz.]

Bald. So! Now let's call in the Fiddles, and rejoice for our good Success.

*Enter Fiddles. After a Dance,
A Drinking Song, by Mr. Wycherley.*

I.

A Merry Cup, Faith, let us drink,
To be more wise the less we think;
Since Thinking is a silly thing
Which brings us Care,
Fear and Despair,
To leave off Thinking, we should sing.

II.

We'll sing and drink eternally,
Who thinks too much, too soon will die,
Too much Thought, is too little Sense:
He's sad who thinks,
He's glad who drinks,
He who thinks least is most a Prince.

III.

Wise Turks, that they may never think,
Take Opium, and wise Christians drink:

Thought

*Thought drains and dries the fertile Brain,
But moistning it,
Judgment and Wit
Will flourish and spring up again.*

IV.

*A merry Cup then let us take,
That Dreams asleep, nor Cares awake,
May break our Rest, our Peace destroy;
When we drink deep,
Cares, Sorrows sleep,
Drowning our Care, buoys up our Joy.*

V.

*The Thinker is the greatest Fool,
He without Thought the true great Soul,
Who lets the World jog on as 'twill;
Knowing all Thought
Is good for nought,
But Minds to torture, Men to kill.*

Bald. So! Now Gentlemen, while you are drinking out the old Fellow's Wine, I'll make use of my utmost Art to terrify him, that I may prepare him for what's to come.

Bungy. But hearkee, Friend *Joseph*, thou who art a profess'd thorow-pac'd Rogue, hast appear'd as unconcern'd all this while, as if thou hadst been only acting. But I am sometimes ready to tremble, when I think what Consequences this Business may have.

Bald. Pshaw! If the worst comes to the worst, that which brought thee on, will bring thee off.

Bungy. What's that?

Bald. Why, your Landlord *Belvil's* Mony, old Boy. But fear nothing, for 'twill be in our sham Plot, as 'tis often in real Conspiracies,

Where poor Rogues 'scape, who first the Plot begin,
And the rich Sots are swing'd, who are drawn in.

ACT V. SCENE *Old Bull's House.*

Enter Belvil and Baldernoe.

Bald. **A**ND what do I deserve now?
Belv. A Statue: Thou art *Mercury* himself, the very Genius and Power of Cheating, and all the Herd of Under-Rogues shall worship thee. But did my Cousin receive his Bride with so much Joy?

Bald. With Rapture.

Belv. Fools are most subject to little Transports, because they are presently struck by Appearances, and never reflect on Consequences. But are you sure that neither my Cousin nor *Friskit* knew any thing of carrying away my Uncle?

Bald. I am very sure. But what should oblige you to conceal it from *Friskit*?

Belv. Because at their Return, I promise my self very good sport from their Ignorance. About what time do you expect my Uncle back?

Bald. Much about this time. After that I Justice *Baldernoe* had examin'd your Uncle and *Frowzy*, at my Friend Mr. *Palmer's* House, and had commanded my Clerk to draw up their *Mittimus*, I told your Uncle, that to shew him what favour I could, he should have the privilege of going in a Chair, and that *Frowzy* and his Guards should follow at a distance; so I order'd the Chairmen, before they brought him hither, to trot twice round the Garden with him, dismiss'd the Myrmidons, threw off my Disguise, and brought *Frowzy* along with me.

Belv. Are the Chairmen to be depended on?

Bald.

Bald. They are my Sub-Pimps, and pick up a Penny under me. But can you think to succeed in your Attempt, of making your Uncle's House pass upon him for *Newgate*?

Belv. Are you sure you order'd the Chairmen to bring him up to this very Chamber?

Bald. I did. And trusty *Joe*, who acts the Jaylor, is planted at the door, with Instructions to receive and guide them.

Belv. This Chamber, you must know, is dignify'd by the name of the Devil's Apartment. It has been nail'd up these twenty years, upon the belief of its being haunted. And besides, I have caus'd it to be disguis'd with as much Art, as so short a warning would let me. But is my Uncle sufficiently scar'd?

Bald. Yes, damnably; and to terrify him more, there happen'd the luckiest Accident in the world. For just as the Chairmen were carrying him along, the Hawkers roar'd out a Proclamation just publish'd for the apprehension of Conspirators who are just now discover'd, and I gave one of the Hawkers Half a Crown to bellow out your Uncle's Name; so that when he came to be examin'd, he never so much as look'd once upon me. I never saw a more patibulary Phyz: I'll tell you exactly for all the world how he look'd.

Belv. How, prithee?

Bald. Did you never observe a Fellow, who, while the House has been all on fire beneath him, has been measuring with his Eyes the Leap from the Garret-window? Did you never observe such a one? Hah!

Belv. Why, Faith, no——

Bald. Why then you never had the best diversion in the world. That would have given you an exact Image of your Uncle.

Belv. Nay, at this rate we may make him believe what we please. But hark he comes, let us step in quickly.

[Exit.
Enter

Enter Bull f. in a Chair, and Joe with a Bunch of Keys in his hand, Bull f. gets out of the Chair, and the Chairmen take away the Chair.

Bull f. Pray, Mr. Keeper, let the Lady who follows me be well us'd.

Joe. She shall have all the Favour I can shew her.

Bull f. Have you never a better Room than this, Mr. Keeper?

Joe. Why, what ails the Room? A great many very good Men have been hang'd out of this Room.

Bull f. Gadsbud, what a Commendation there was! Well! This is the only Jail in Town that I have not yet been in. But I don't like coming to this *Newgate* a jot. As I came out of the Justice's Door to take Chair, I stumbled at the Threshold, and fell flat on my face: that was boding. Immediately my Nose burst out a bleeding: another devilish Omen! And to confirm both, news was immediately brought me, that my Lord Marquiss was taken in his Constable's Habit. Pray, Mr. Jaylor, let me have Pen, Ink, and Paper.

Joe. Do you design to impeach any one?

Bull f. Sir, I design to write my Narrative, and pray don't be troublesome: My Narrative! Good! Narrative *Bull!* This Morning I had some little Stock of Reputation left in the world; and now before night I am turning Author and Evidence: Two very pretty creditable Businesses!

Joe. May I ask whom you design to accuse, Sir?

Bull f. Perhaps you, Sir. Pray Friend don't be troublesome.

Joe. Me, Sir! I defy you, I am innocent, Sir.

Bull f. Innocent, Sir! Well, Sir! And I am an Evidence, Sir. Look you, Friend, I must produce Traytors to save myself, and Gadsbud I'll take the first Persons I can light of: I'll give my self as little trouble as I can.

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Joe. Hark you, Sir! If it were not for the Duty I owe Mr. *Belvil*, and the Obligations I have to him, I would load you with Irons till you roar'd, for this.

Bull f. Why, do you know my Nephew *Belvil*, Friend?

Joe. Know him! I think I have reason, Sir. He help'd me to the Employment which I am in.

Bull f. How?

Joe. He is one of those who stands bound to the Gentlemen who lent the Money which purchas'd it. He has just now sent to me, that in case you were committed—

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, is this Prisoner nam'd Mr. *Bull*?

Bull f. Friend, it is.

Boy. A Gentleman without desires to speak with you.

Joe. Sir, before he can be admitted, I must go search and examine him. [*Exeunt Boy, Joe.*]

Bull f. I am glad to hear that my Nephew has so much influence upon this Fellow. Instead of Evidence, I shall now turn Suborner, and do what I can to corrupt the Jaylor. I'll send for my Nephew immediately, and to engage him closely in my Interest, release my Right of Guardianship, which by his Father's Will was to continue till Marriage. What if I should likewise bestow his Mistress upon him? Humph! I'll do't: For *Sylvia* refuses to marry my Son, and *Batt* will be better provided for.

Enter Rumour.

Ah! my little Intelligencer!

Rum. Ah, Mr. *Bull*, my Heart bleeds to see this sight!

Bull f. Nay, prithee little *Rumour*, don't talk thus: Thou bringst the Tears into my Eyes. Prithee now what News, my Boy?

Rum. Ah! Mr. *Bull*.

[*Shakes his Head.*
Bull

Bull f. Nay, Gadsbud, speak to me.

Rum. Mr. *Bull*, I come from the Council-Chamber.

Bull f. Well !

Rum. That damn'd Marquifs ! That damn'd Marquifs !
[*Shrugs, and lifts up his Eyes.*

Bull f. Thou shrugst as much, as if thou wert Dean of the College.

Rum. That damn'd Marquifs !

Bull f. What of him ?

Rum. Has produc'd a Table-Book——

Bull f. Gadsbud, I am a dead Man. [Aside]

Rum. You tremble and look pale, Mr. *Bull*. So glorious a Cause, and Want of Resolution ! What afraid, Mr. *Bull* ?

Bull f. No, no, afraid ! I am not afraid : But the noisome Smell of the Jail raises the Vapours, and will certainly suffocate me.

Rum. Why, then I bring you Comfort, Comfort, Mr. *Bull*. Can you have patience till Friday ?

Bull f. Why, what of Friday, little *Rumour* ?

Rum. Nay, all that you hear me say is, Can you have patience till Friday ?

Bull f. Nay, but my dear Bully, give me some satisfaction.

Rum. Before Friday Night you'll be out,

Bull f. How dost thou know ?

Rum. Why they design to have you try'd to-morrow, and hang'd before Friday-Noon. Can't you have a little patience till Friday ? Our Friends, Mr. *Bull*, have great Expectations from you, great Expectations !

Bull f. What Expectations ?

Rum. Why, that you will go off bluff ; and hang with such an Air, with such a Grace, that the monthly Spectators at *Hide-Park* Corner may say unanimously, We were never so well pleas'd in our Lives here.

Bull f. A pox please them! Dost thou hear any news of my Son *Batt*?

Rum. Your Son and the Countess's Daughter are both in the Proclamation: the Messengers are searching all over the Town for them. They have set a Thousand Pound a Head upon them.

Enter Belvil and Sylvia.

Bull f. Oh Nephew!

Belv. Ah Sir, I am throughly afflicted at this sight.

Bull f. Are you here too, Madam?

Sylv. Can you wonder at that, Sir?

Bull f. Nephew! Thou wouldst be the most welcome Man in the world to me, if I were not conscious to my self, that I have us'd thee so like a Rogue, that I am asham'd to look upon thee. Canst thou forgive me?

Belv. Can you be so good as to ask it, Sir?

Bull f. Nephew, to shew you that I design to be a kind Uncle for the future, I here before this Gentleman release my Right of Guardianship, both to you and to this Lady: and she may now dispose of her Person and Fortune, as she herself thinks fit.

Belv. Sir, you oblige me in the most sensible part of me: And before I have slept, I shall endeavour to deserve this Kindness.

Sylv. It was but this Afternoon, Sir, that you design'd me for your Son. This is a very sudden Alteration.

Bull f. 'Tis true, Madam. But other People now have a design upon *Batt*, a pernicious double Design. Poor *Batt* is like to be swing'd: there is both a Licence and a Proclamation out against him, and before three days are at an end they threaten both to marry and hang him.

Belv. Now, Madam, may I presume to claim the Performance of your Promise? What, no Answer? But what Answer could be so favourable to me as Silence?

Bull

Bull f. Nephew ! Consider that the Halter is now about your Uncle's Neck : Some other time for Courtship, good Nephew. The Jaylor gives me to understand that you have some Influence over him.

Belv. Otherwise he were a very ungrateful Rogue. I have been just speaking to him in your behalf, and have with much ado prevail'd upon him——Hark you, Sir, a word in your ear. Who is that Gentleman ?

Bull f. A very honest Fellow.

Belv. Is he to be trusted ?

Bull f. With any thing in the world——that he can't pawn. The Dog will entertain Folks rather with his own Invention, than with his Friends Secrets.

Belv. Why then, Sir, with much ado, I have prevail'd upon the Keeper, to let you make your escape : but it must be upon his own Terms.

Bull f. Upon any Terms, Gadsbud, upon any Terms.

Belv. You must know then, that so many who were committed for Treason, having lately got out of this Prison, he lies under a strong Suspicion, and consequently must be oblig'd to make his escape with you, and to leave his Employment.

Bull f. Very good !

Belv. This Employment cost him Three Thousand Pound, which is still a Debt, and must be discharg'd before he goes off.

Bull f. It shall be paid to-night.

Belv. And then Two Thousand Pound will be the very least Penny that can make compensation for his abandoning all, and provide for his Subsistence in a foreign Country. Do you consent to the Payment of that too ?

Bull f. Gadsbud, 'tis a great deal of Money.

Belv. Look you, Sir, you have but a moment to resolve ; for your Tryal comes on to-morrow, and

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consequently your Escape must be made to-night:
And if you determine to pay the Mony, you must
give your Orders immediately.

Bull f. No Abatement?

Belv. None.

Bull f. 'Tis very hard, but I must submit: I have
Notes for the Mony in my Pocket, which will be
paid at sight. *[He gives him the Notes.]*

Belv. 'Tis very well! I will go and give all ne-
cessary Orders, and attend you again. Madam, I
wait upon you. *[Exeunt Belv. & Sylvia.]*

Rum. Mr. *Bull*, your most humble Servant. *[Exit.]*

Bull f. This is a melancholy Business, in troth, a
very melancholy Business; but here comes *Batt* and
the young Lady.

Enter Bull j. and Friskit.

Bull j. Hey day! What a Devil makes him in this
Room, which has been nail'd up for these twenty
Years? Yesterday he was afraid to pass by the very
Door. Mr. *Bull*, your Servant.

Bull f. Mr. *Dorant*, your humble Servant. Madam,
your most humble Servant. Are you two Prisoners?

Bull j. Prisoners! Ay, Prisoners for Life, old Boy!

Bull f. Perhaps not so neither.

Bull j. How, not so neither!

Bull f. Madam.

Frisk. Sir.

Bull f. Bear up, don't be dejected.

Frisk. I am always contented with my present
Condition, Sir.

Bull f. Spoken, Gadsbud, like a wise Woman.

Bull j. And for my part, I am both glad and proud
of my Captivity.

Bull f. This was always a vain Rogue, and always
will be. Glad and proud of his being in *Newgate*!
Senseless Puppy, *[aside]* who secur'd you?

Bull j. Who secur'd you? How every old imper-
tinent Fop can be satirical upon a new-married Cou-
ple!

ple! Why, if you call it securing us, Parson Goggle secur'd us.

Bull f. Did he so? He may be asham'd of the Office.

Bull j. [*aside*] What will this World come to? When a Parson is esteem'd the most contemptible Pander, and marrying Folks is thought the most scandalous sort of pimping; nay, and by such Reverend Grey-bearded Rogues too.

Bull f. Who do you think did my Business and the Countess's?

Bull j. Why are you too in Limbo, to carry on the Allegory?

Bull f. In Limbo! Why what the Devil do you think I do here?

Bull j. [*aside*] In Limbo! Why what the Devil do you think I do here! A very odd Answer! Very absurd, let me perish! Yet why should I wonder at that? When this was always an impertinent Fellow; But who was it did you the blessed Office?

Bull f. Why that treacherous Rogue my Neighbour Bungy, the Constable.

Bull j. My Neighbour Bungy!

Bull f. Ay, Mr. Dorant.

Bull j. Bungy the Constable!

Bull f. The very same.

Bull j. That marry'd you and the Countess! Ha, ha, ha.

Bull f. Marry'd! Is that the cant Word for sending a Man and a Woman together to this place?

Bull j. The cant Word for sending a Man and a Woman together to this place! [*aside*] Light-headed, by all that's good! Well! But if you and the Countess are link'd, I wish you joy, much joy of your Fetters, Mr. Bull.

Bull f. Look you, Mr. Dorant, don't rally your Friends in Adversity, for that may breed ill Blood: I give you fair warning.

Bull j. [*aside*] So! Marriage has so far lost its Credit, that it is christen'd Adversity; and now-a-days, if you wish a marry'd Man joy, he immediately thinks you rally him.

Bull f. Madam, this is a sad place for Friends to meet in. I hope you'll excuse ———

Bull j. Prithce honest Mr. *Bull*, no Apologies, for she and I had as lieve see thee here, as in any place in *Christendom*.

Bull f. Let me tell you, the *Press-yard* is but a sad place to see a Friend in.

Bull j. The *Press-yard*! Why who has any Friend in the *Press-yard*?

Bull f. Why is there no body in the *Press-yard* whom you esteem your Friend, and for whom you are concern'd?

Bull j. Look you, between you and me, Mr. *Bull*, I hope to see all the Friends I have in the *Press-yard* very fairly hang'd.

Bull f. [*aside*] Damn'd unnatural Rogue! Hark you! A word in your ear, Sir. Are not you a Dog, to insult over your poor Father in Affliction?

[*In the ear.*]

Bull j. In Affliction!

Bull f. [*aside.*] Ay, Sirrah! when you too are in the same Condition, and you don't know what may become of you.

Bull j. Become of me!

Bull f. Ay, Sirrah! As soon as I get out of this place, I shall remember this Behaviour with a vengeance. 'Tis true indeed, I am now in a Jail, and bound to my good Behaviour.

Bull j. Ha! His Skull's crack'd, by Heavens. [*Aside.*]

Bull f. But I shall not be always in *Newgate*.

Bull j. Stark staring mad, let me perish! [*aside.*] Ha! I must humour his Frenzy: For when he was sober, he would use me like a Football, if at any time

time I contradicted him : What will he do now he's mad ?

[*Aside.*

Bull f. I tell you, Sirrah, I shall have my liberty sooner than you may imagine.

Bull j. Alas ! I know it very well, Sir : The Keeper inform'd me of it as I came in but now.

Bull f. And how durst you say then, that you hop'd all would be hang'd that were in the *Prefs-yard* ?

Bull j. Lord, Sir, I thought the *Prefs-yard* had been on the other side *Newgate*.

Bull f. Oh ! Did you so ? Did the Keeper tell you how much I gave him ?

Bull j. He said nothing of that.

Bull f. Five thousand Pound, you Dog ! A swinging Sum ! But mum, you Rogue ! Gadsbud not a Syllable. Hark you, the Keeper makes his Escape with me. But upon your Life not a word ! [*In the ear.*

Bull j. This is very strange. He was well enough within this half hour, he talk'd as sensible as I my self can do : But these things will happen.

Bull f. Madam !

Frisk. Sir.

Bull f. Don't be dismay'd, don't be dejected.

Bull j. Hark you, my Dear, in your ear : Stark staring mad, by Heavens ! Humour him a little in his Frenzy, while I go fetch some to take care of him.

[*Exit Bull j.*

Bull f. Look you, Madam, you shall not be in *Newgate* three days longer, assure your self.

Frisk. In *Newgate*, Sir ! Lord ! How wildly he looks !

Bull f. No, for if some People make good their Promise to me, you may assure your self that the first thing I shall do after I have my Liberty, shall be to take care of yours.

Frisk. I expect the appointed time, Sir.

Bull f. As for my own part, I design for *Flanders* ; but if I have any Friends or Interest in the World,

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I shall leave those behind me, who shall solicit your Business powerfully.

Frisk. Well ! this is very wild, and yet something consistent too. How do you find your self, Sir ?

Bull f. Why faith, Madam, pretty well in Body, but grievously troubled in Mind. A troubled Spirit is a grievous Burden, Madam. I am afraid I behave my self after a mad rate : But you'll have the Goodness to excuse all.

Frisk. He seems something sensible of his Condition ; a sign that his Case is not desperate.

Enter Belvil, Bull j. Baldernoe and Frowzy.

Bull j. [*to the rest, who stop just by the Door*] Look you, say as I do, and I'll observe what you say : For, as you say, *Ned*, it is necessary that we should make him sensible of his Condition, and cure him of this Conceit of his being in *Newgate*.

Belv. You must. For if, as you say, the Fear of hanging has seiz'd so strongly upon him, as long as that continues, he'll grow worse.

Bull j. But then, *Ned*, for fear, as you say, that as soon as he is convinc'd that he is not in *Newgate*, he should grow unruly, and refuse to undergo the Remedies which may be proper for him ; we must e'en make him believe that he is *in Salva Custodia* in another place.

Belv. And that his Friends, who study'd his Welfare, made use of the Address of making him believe he was sent to *Newgate*, only that they might convey him gently to that other place.

Bull j. Ay, ay, as *Bedlam* for example ; but be sure you say as I do. [*They go forward.*]

Bull f. [*spying them*] Oh Nephew, where have you left your Mistress ?

Belv. In a place where she has engagingly chang'd that Name for a kinder.

Bull f. [*to Frowzy*] Madam, I am sorry to see you here, I hope the Jailor uses you kindly.

Bull j.

Bull j. Jailor! What Jailor! Here's no Jailor.

Bull f. Where's no Jailor?

Bull j. Why not within a Mile of this Place.

Bull f. Hey day! What! I warrant there's no Jailor to *Newgate*.

Bull j. *Newgate*! Why there we have it again.
Newgate! What *Newgate*? Rot me, here's no *Newgate*.

Bull f. This Fool ought to be shut up in *Bedlam*.

Bull j. Why there's it, the Fool is already shut up in *Bedlam*.

Bull f. What does the Fop mean?

Bull j. Why the Fop has no meaning at all, and therefore he was sent hither. Look you, old Gentleman, I will touch this matter as gently as I can to you. Your Friends taking notice that you were grown something foolish, whimsical, absurd, and so forth, thought fit to have you sent to the College here, that you might go thro a Course of Philosophy, and be cudgel'd and firk'd into a little Wisdom, by the surly Professors of this Place.

Bull f. What can this Dog mean?

Bull j. But considering that you were always an obstinate Scoundrel, they thought it might be convenient to make use of a little Address with you. So taking you up for a sham Plot, they had you before a sham Magistrate, and instead of carrying you to *Newgate*, convey'd you to the Southside of *Moorfields* here.

Bull f. Was ever such a hellish Rascal heard of?

Bull j. Why look you, would any one but a Cit, who was out of his Senses, call a Person of my Quality Rascal to my Face?

Bull f. A Person of your Quality, you Rogue! Sirrah! What do I say or do like a Madman, that you dare to talk at this impudent rate to me?

Bull j. Every thing thou say'st or do'st, let me perish. Will you put it to the Judgment of the Company?

Company ? If thou canst give but so much as a reasonable Answer to any thing ; if thou either knowest what thou art, or where thou art, or with whom thou art, then will I be contented to be thought mad, and dieted and flogg'd in thy stead.

Bull f. Say you so ? Come on, Sir ! I take you at your word.

Bull j. Come then, old Bully, answer to thy Catechism. What, and where art thou ?

Bull f. Sirrah, to answer both in a Breath, if I were not in *Newgate*, I would quickly prove to thee by very weighty Arguments, that I am thy own natural Father.

Bull j. Exceedingly foolish, let me perish ! Come, come, Judgment, Judgment, the Judgment of the Company. Is this old Fellow in *Newgate* or in *Bedlam* ?

Omn. In *Bedlam*, in *Bedlam*.

Bull j. Very good ! Do you believe now that the Inside of your Skull is a little out of repair, or no ?

Bull f. I am so amaz'd, that I know not what to think.

Bull j. Oh, Oh, are you thereabouts ? Now, let only this Lady answer. Madam, [*To Frisk.*] Do you own this old Fellow to be your Father or no ?

Bull f. Sirrah ! Did I say I was her Father ?

Frisk. Sir, if you are his Father, you must be mine, for this is my Husband.

Bull f. Is he so ? I am glad of that however. [*Aside.*] Madam, he may be your Husband, but I'll make him know that he is my Son.

Bull j. Raving mad, let me perish ! Now, *Ned*, do you answer : What is this old Gentleman's Name ?

Belv. Bull.

Bull j. Very good. And, Madam [*To Frowzy*] what is my Name ?

Frowz. Dorant.

Bull j. A *Bethlemite*, a *Bethlemite*, a *Bethlemite* !

Bull

Bull f. [To Frowzy.] Tho his Name is *Dorant*, he is my Son. I shall satisfy your Ladyship about that Business another time.

Belv. Pray, Sir, who is that whom you call her Ladyship?

Bull f. Why, the Countess there.

Belv. The Countess! Ha, ha, ha! Why that is *Frowzy* the *Flanderkin*.

Bull f. The Countess! Ay, ay, this is *Frowzy* the *Flanderkin*! Well said little *Ned*, [*Aside to Belvil*] banter him *Ned*.

Belv. And this is *Friskit* her Daughter.]

Bull f. Ay, this is *Friskit* her Daughter. Ha, ha, ha! Well had ever Man such Diversion?

Bull f. Well, either this [*Aside*] old Countess is a damn'd Jade, or else it is a moot Case, whether I am in *Newgate* or *Bedlam*. *Frowzy*, have a care what you say: Nephew! she's a Bawd. This a Lady of Honour and Quality!

[*Baldernoe*, who had kept behind all this while, comes and stands before him, while *Belvil* says what follows, and stares him in the face.

Belv. For my part, I won't say this Reverend Gentlewoman is a Bawd. But she's very famous for her Charity, I'll say that for her: A great Doer of good Offices, a Reconciler of Differences, and a Promoter of Christian Union.

Bull f. [To *Bald*.] Oh, is your Lordship there? It seems you have accus'd me.

Bald. [Grinning.] Do you speak to me, Sir?

Bull f. Ha! Are not you my Lord Marquiss?

Bald. My Lord Marquiss? Alas, poor Gentleman! Let me see. (*Pulls out his Almanack*) Full Moon March the first, three quarters after seven at night.

Belv. Why this is my Man *Baldernoe*, Sir.

Bull f. Damnation! What do I hear? This is a Rogue. I both see him, and hear him, and smell him. Let me go, let me go, a Plague confound you all, let me go.

*

[*They*

[*They strive to hold him, he breaks from them, and runs towards the Door.*]

Now let me see a little whither they have brought me, whether this is *Newgate* or *Bedlam*. [*He runs to the Door, and looks out.*] Death and the Devil! I have been all this while in my own House. But tho I am not at present in *Bedlam*, I am not like to be long out of it. Was ever Man serv'd as I have been? I have been us'd like a *Bartholomew Cokes*; I have been cheated of five thousand Pound, have been made to pass for a Madman; and my Son, in all likelihood, is marry'd to the worst of Drabs. But hold, let me consider a little. That Fop there is my Son, and in affirming the contrary they are mistaken; and this is my own House: In saying it is not, they lye. But that Rascal yonder is not a Marquis: So far they are in the right. Now what that old Gentlewoman and her Daughter are, it lies upon me to examine: For tho my Son is an unnatural Rogue, yet I cannot wholly cast off the Concern of a Father for him. Besides, both my Credit and Interest will suffer in his Misfortune, and I am sure I must be concern'd for those, Madam!

Frowz. Sir!

Bull f. And are you the very Person that they say you are?

Frowz. The very Person, at your Service, Sir.

Bull f. Bless us! And is it your Daughter that my Son has married?

Frowz. Heav'ns! And is it your Son that my Daughter has married?

Bull f. Am I thus grossly impos'd upon?

Frowz. Am I thus basely cheated?

Bull f. Is the Countess sunk to this?

Frowz. Is the Viscount dwindled to this?

Bull f. Have you that are a Bawd, and have known what Carting is, presum'd to marry your Daughter to the Son of such a Man as I am?

Frowz.

Frowz. Have you, that are a Cit, and have known what Cuckoldom is, dar'd to marry your Son to the Daughter of such a Woman as I am ?

Bull f. Gadsbud, the Boy's ruin'd.

Frowz. Faith and troth the Girl's undone.

Bull f. He'll quite lose his Reputation.

Frowz. She'll be downright infamous.

Bull f. I design'd to make him one of the principal Merchants of *England*.

Frowz. I intended her for one of the topping Traders of the Kingdom.

Bull f. But he'll now be avoided by all substantial Dealers.

Frowz. She'll be now thrown off by all her lusty Lovers.

Bull f. As for my Daughter-in-law, I shall get her soundly whipt.

Frowz. As for my Son-in-law, I shall get him fairly pillory'd.

Bull j. [*To Belv.*] Hearkee *Ned*, prithee a word with thee : Is all this Raillery or no ?

Bull f. Raillery, you senseless Puppy ! Is this Raillery, [*Strikes him*] and this, and this, and this ? Nephew, a word or two with you.

Belv. But without Passion, I beseech you, Sir,

Bull f. Without Passion let it be then. Have you behav'd your self in all this Business, think you, suitably to the Character which you bear in the World ? Where's the Man of Sense, and the Man of Honour in all this ? Is it for a Man of Honour to be concern'd in a Cheat ? Or for a Man of Sense to bring Misery and Infamy upon his Family, and Infamy too, which must reflect on himself. What is become of the Mony I gave you ?

Belv. Why, to tell you the truth, I kept it as a Trustee for Colonel *Medley*.

Bull f. Hah ! Have you dar'd to do this ? Gadsbud, I'll have you all indicted for Cheats.

Belv.

Belv. Why then *Baldernoe* here shall e'en produce his Pocket-Book.

Bull f. Ha!

Belv. Look you, Sir, it was agreed by Colonel *Medley* and me, that I should be serviceable to him in the getting his Money for him, and he should be instrumental in the helping me to my Mistress; the Lady I have got, and he shall have the Money.

Bull f. He shall?

Belv. He shall. Yet to shew you that my Intentions were honourable, and that in what I have done, I have acted by a nobler Motive than Interest, if you will promise before this Company to forgive what's past, and to approve my Marriage, then I promise upon the word of a Gentleman to pay back the five thousand Pound, and to pay the same Sum to the Colonel my Friend, out of my own Fortune.

Bull f. Ha! Say'st thou so? And canst thou shew thy self so much a Friend to one who is of a contrary Party?

Belv. I can never cease to be a Friend to any one, because he's in an unhappy Error. For to err is human, and whatever is human may befall the best of us. I know the Colonel to be a Man of Honour, and Men of Honour in all Parties have the noblest Relation.

Bull f. Well, Nephew! To shew you that this Generosity has touch'd me, set but that intriguing Head upon Invention once more, and find out a way to rid me of this Beldame and her Daughter, so that I and my Son may never hear more of them, and the Town may never talk of the Business, and I here promise not only to approve your Marriage, but to pay the five thousand Pound to the Colonel my self immediately.

Belv. Why then, Sir, know, that as you at the time that you fancy'd your self in *Newgate*, were very

ry safe in your own House here; so your Son, tho he imagines himself link'd in Wedlock, is still the Master of his native Freedom: and as a sham Magistrate committed you to an imaginary Prison, so a counterfeited Priest betray'd him to a chimerical Marriage; and *Baldernoe* here, who was the Justice that committed you, was the Priest too who fetter'd your Son.

Bull f. Gadsbud, let me hug him for it.

Belv. And now, Sir, I hope you are satisfy'd, that I have been so far from engaging in a Cheat, that I have only oblig'd you to do Justice to my self and my Friend.

Bull f. I acknowledge it.

Belv. And instead of bringing Misery and Infamy upon my Family, I have endeavour'd, by opening your Eyes, to prevent your being cheated for the future, and consequently to prevent your real Misfortunes, and your future Infamy. And first for you, Cousin, I hope what has happen'd will something cool your Passion for Quality, which has so often run you into so many Inconveniences. For we have taken an effectual Course, to shew you that a bare Title is but an imaginary Excellence; which tho it sometimes shows and adorns true Merit, yet it never gives it, and does not always suppose it.

Bull f. Sirrah! Lay this up in your Heart.

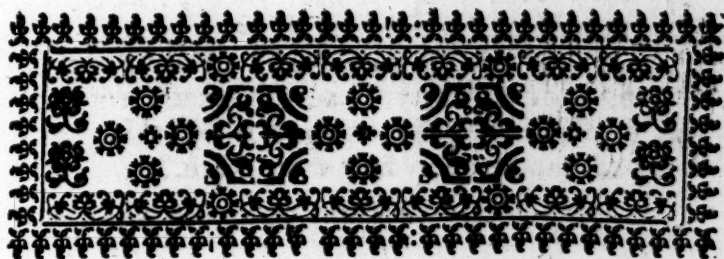
Belv. As for you, Sir, I have hopes that what is past may somewhat assuage your Itch of Caballing, and correct your Credulity. What has happen'd may serve to convince you, that there are, in all Parties, Persons who find it their Interest to deceive the rest, and that the one half of every Faction makes a Property in Fee-simple of the other: Therefore, if I may presume to advise you, never believe any thing will or will not be, because it is agreeable or contrary to your Humour, but because it is in it self likely or improbable. And that for the future,

you may be secure from more dangerous Attempts than mine, learn to check your Vanity, and to moderate that Heat, which you show upon every Occasion, and to humble your Pride. For Credulity in Men engag'd in a Party, proceeds oftner from Pride than Weakness: And it is the hardest thing in the World to impose upon an humble Man.

Few tricking Rogues would be believ'd,
Unless their Sots by Self-Conceit
Were Accessaries in the Cheat,
And by themselves were first deceiv'd.



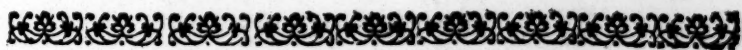
PRIEST.



PRIESTCRAFT

Distinguish'd from

CHRISTIANITY.



The PREFACE.

THAT the Doctrines which the Clergy preach to the People, and the Examples they give them, have an extraordinary Influence upon their Thoughts and Actions; is evident from Experience, and from the very Reason of the Institution of the Order. That the Examples which too many of the Clergy have lately given them, and the Doctrines which they have preach'd to them, have been neither Christian nor Moral, is too evident from the dismal

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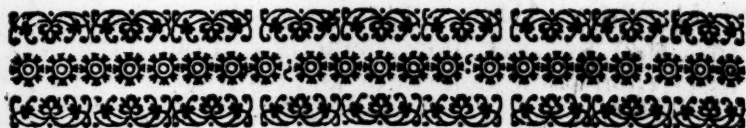
Consequences of them; from the Divisions which they have caus'd in their Hearers; from their groundless Fears and Jealousies; from their Malice and their implacable Fury; from their Hatred and their Enmity, not only to each other, but to their Native Country, to their very Rights and Liberties; from the unfortunate Event of the late War, in spite of Success, and an unparallel'd Series of Victories; from a Peace more calamitous than the most fatal War, and more destructive of Commerce; from the dreadful and horrible Dangers which we have so narrowly escaped by the immediate Hand of God, without any Thanks to our own Prudence and Vertue; and lastly, from the Dangers and the Calamities which still threaten us, and still hang over us, and over all the rest of the Christian World.

To remove the Causes of all these Mischiefs, that the Effects may cease, it is necessary to lay down a plain and certain Rule, by which the very meanest of the People may be able to distinguish a Zealot from an Incendiary, a Priest of God from a Priest of Baal, and the Precepts of the Gospel from Human Traditions and the Doctrines of Devils.

That I have discover'd and reprov'd the Vices of some of the Clergy by the very same Method by which They have caus'd our Miseries; that I have done this by a Sermon, by a chosen Text, and by severe, but too just Reproaches, is, I hope, excusable in me, or They are altogether inexcusable: For whereas They have made use of Calumny and Defamation, I have kept strictly within the Bounds
of

of a modest Satire, which spares the Persons and attacks the Vices, and never censures the Deserving, nor condemns the Innocent. And whereas They have had recourse to Calumny and ungenerous Slanders; only in order to cause Divisions, and to inflame Animosities, I have endeavour'd by just Reproaches to revive and restore Charity.

The Author of the following Discourse was born and bred in the Communion of the Church of England; and nothing in the following Sheets is in the least design'd by him to reflect on that Pious, Learned, and Numerous Body, who are truly Christian Priests of the Church of England. But then he declares, that he cannot apprehend how any one can be a truly Christian Priest, who makes it the entire Business of his Life to root Charity out from the Souls of Men, and by that means to drive from the Face of the Earth the very Life and Soul of Christianity. And as he cannot conceive that any thing can be a Part or a Member of a Body, which has not a Communication with, and a Subordination to, the Head of that Body; as he cannot conceive that any one can be a Priest of the Church of Rome, who disowns the Papal Supremacy, so he cannot believe that any one can be truly a Priest of the Church of England, but he, who being united to the Faithful and Obedient Part of the Clergy, does with them acknowledge King GEORGE alone for his Rightful Head, and his Supreme Ecclesiastical Governour.



Priestcraft distinguish'd from Christianity.

1 JOHN ii. part of the 18th Verse.
Even now there are many Antichrists.

THERE have been several wild and extravagant Explications, or rather Applications, of *Antichrist*, by those who have had a mind to fix it upon some particular Person, as upon the *Pope*, or *Mahomet*, or some other spiritual or secular Tyrants, according as they who apply'd it were corrupted, or misguided, by Interest, or Malice, or Passion, or Fanatick Enthusiasm. But by Antichrist, in the genuine Signification of the Word, may be meant every one who is thorowly and intirely opposed to the Lord's Anointed, *i. e.* to Christ. But because there are no Creatures so oppos'd, and so contrary to him, as the Devil and his Angels, they are most properly the Antichrists of whom the Apostle speaks, who appear in sundry shapes upon this earthly Globe, and make use of human Instruments and human Organs to accomplish their infernal Designs. And as we may

may find, by the Words of our Text, that many of them appear'd in the World, even in the most pure and primitive Times; who is so easy, as to believe that they are not more numerous in our days? In order then to the describing and distinguishing them, so that they may be clearly known and discover'd, we intend in the ensuing Discourse to handle these three Points.

First, We shall give the general Marks of this thorow and intire Opposition of Antichrist to Christ.

Secondly, We shall consider the Designs, the Doctrines, the Examples, and the Influences of one and the other, according to those general Marks of Opposition.

Thirdly, We shall reduce all these Marks to one grand Characteristical Mark: and when we have done this, it will be easy for you (Brethren) to make the Application yourselves, and to point out these to one another; of whom it may be said, in the Words of the Text, *viz. Even now there are many Antichrists.*

First then, As our Saviour was a Priest, and the best and holiest of Priests; Antichrist must be likewise a Priest, acting by the Suggestion of the Devil: for no one can be thorowly and intirely opposed to the best and the holiest, but the most profligate and the vilest of Priests.

2dly, As Christ is a King who is perfectly good and gracious; Antichrist must be the worst and most insupportable of Tyrants.

3dly, As our Saviour was a Prophet, and an infallible Prophet, because he could not but foretel the Events which he himself had decreed; Antichrist, in opposition to him, must be a Prophet, and for this reason a false and deluding Prophet, because he has neither himself any power over the Future, nor is

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influenc'd and enlighten'd by him who has. But now we come,

Secondly, To consider the Designs, the Doctrines, the Examples, and the Influences of Christ and Antichrist, in their Priesthood, their Prophecies, and their Empire.

(1.) We shall begin with their Empire, because Christ was a Prophet and a Priest, only to advance his Kingdom; and Antichrist too is a Prophet, and a Priest, only to promote his Tyranny. Let us now see what sort of Kingdom the one, and what sort of Tyranny the other, came into the World to establish.

Since then the Kingdom of Christ, or of the Messiah, is a Spiritual Kingdom, or the Kingdom of Heaven, the Tyranny of Antichrist must be a Spiritual Tyranny, or the Tyranny of the Prince of Darkness.

Let us now inquire what this Kingdom of Heaven is, and in what it consists; how it began and flourish'd; how it came to be impair'd, and how far our Saviour came to restore it: and we shall see, by making this Inquiry, what sort of Tyranny the Tyranny of the Devil is; how it began, how it increas'd, how it came to be impair'd, and how far Antichrist has a design to restore it.

The Kingdom of Heaven then is a Kingdom whose King proposes the Happiness of his Subjects, as the ultimate End of his reigning over them; for God is perfectly happy in himself, and wants not our Obedience nor our Service: A Kingdom whose King proposes to make his Subjects easy and happy here, to prepare them for eternal Happiness hereafter. *Mat. 11. 28. Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you Rest.* His Empire then must be an Empire of Reason and Law, and by consequence an Empire of Liberty. *St. James*

1. 5. *But whoſo looketh into the perfect Law of Liberty, that Man ſhall be bleſſed in his Deed.* 'Tis this Law of Liberty which eſtabliſhes the Rule of Reaſon, to reſtore the Kingdom of God; his Empire over the Soul and Conſcience, and frees Man from the Slavery into which he was brought by his Paſſions, which is the Empire and Tyranny of the Devil, and of Antichriſt his Son.

For this Tyranny of Antichriſt being in every thing oppoſite to the Kingdom of Chriſt, muſt deſign both the temporal and eternal Miſery of his Subjects; muſt deſign to make them unhappy here, in order to the making them eternally miſerable hereafter, and muſt not be a Rule of Reaſon and Law, but an Empire of Paſſion and Will; and muſt tend in every thing to ſubvert the Empire which Chriſt hath eſtabliſh'd upon Earth, and to reſtore the Tyranny of the Devil, whoſe Kingdom, as it began at firſt, ſo it hath ever ſince continu'd, in oppoſition to the Kingdom of Heaven. And as our Saviour teaches his Diſciples to renounce the World, the Fleſh, and the Devil, in order to advance his Kingdom upon Earth; Antichriſt obliges him to make uſe of all three, to promote his ſpiritual Tyranny.

The Kingdom of Heaven began with the Creation of Angels. God reign'd over thoſe bleſſed Spirits, who are intirely happy in their Obedience; and their great and comprehensive Law was Love, the Love of God and their Fellow-Creatures. They loved God, becauſe they ſaw him as he is, all Beauty and all Attraction; and they loved their Fellow-Creatures, becauſe they ſaw them the Objects of their Creator's Love. John 15. 12. *This is my Commandment, That ye love another, as I have loved you.* 1 John 4. 11. *If God ſo loved us, we ought alſo to love one another.* And this Love was at once their Duty and their Happineſs; a Love attended with perfect Pleaſure, and with Joy unſpeakable.

But

But when afterwards the impious Aspirer, *Lucifer*, drew off his Love from his Creator and his Fellow-Creatures, and placed it upon himself, that Self-love was immediately attended with Pride, and Rage, and Envy, and Hatred and Malice; Passions till then unknown in Heaven, as being inconsistent with perfect Happiness.

Thus fell *Lucifer*; but alone he fell not: Millions of immortal Spirits he drew after him into Perdition. By his Lyes he seduced their Souls, defaced in their Minds the Love of their Creator, and of their Fellow-Creatures for their Creator's sake, and planted the Love of themselves there. With Divine Love away went all their Happiness. Self-Love was immediately follow'd in them, as in their Seducer before, by Pride, and Rage, and Envy, and Hatred, and Malice; and they who while they were united to God by Love, were Angels, divided from him by Pride and Hate, became immediately Devils; and from the most glorious, most happy, most beautiful part of the Creation, became all on a sudden the most execrable and the most horrible. And as before they fell, that Divine Love by which they were united to God, was at one and the same time their sovereign Law, and their supreme Felicity; so when by Pride and Hatred, and the rest of their diabolical Passions, they broke that Divine Union, their Pride, their Hatred, and the rest of their tormenting Passions, became at once their Transgression and their Hell.

'Twas after this that God created Man, to supply the room of the fallen Angels, and to plant the same Kingdom upon Earth, which remain'd among the blessed Spirits in Heaven. He created him little lower than the Angels; enlighten'd, innocent, happy, immortal. The Empire of his Maker was the same in him, that it was in those blessed Spirits, an Empire of Reason and Law; and the same Law was

was given to him, which made the Angels happy. That great and comprehensive Law was Love ; the Love of his Maker, and of his Fellow-Creatures for his Creator's sake : *which* (as the Apostle of the Gentiles tells us) *is the fulfilling of all Law* ; and which our Saviour had told us before, *John 14. 23. If a Man love me, he will keep my words, and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.* And as long as this charming Law remain'd in the Heart of Man inviolated, it was always attended with Peace, and Joy, and inexpressible Happiness.

But Satan, who in every thing by Divine Permission opposes the Designs of God, attempted to destroy that Kingdom upon Earth, which he had before impair'd in Heaven. And what wonder if the Seducer of Angels succeeded in his Attempts upon Man ; if he extinguish'd Divine Love in his Heart, and inflam'd it with Self-love ; if he dissolv'd that Union which Man had with God, and overturn'd his Dependance on him ; destroy'd the Empire which Heaven had set up in his Soul, which was an Empire of Reason and Law, and establish'd his own Tyranny there, an Empire of Will and Passion, of Pride and Rage, and Hatred and Malice, and all those accursed and damnable Passions, by which the Tormentor is himself tormented, to which the Tyrant is himself a Slave ?

Thus Satan brought Sin, and Misery, and Death upon Man ; who was created innocent, happy, immortal : And the Kingdom which he establish'd here upon Earth, in opposition to the Kingdom of Heaven, increas'd so fast, and extended so wide, that Charity, which is the Love of God and our Neighbour, was almost extinguish'd upon Earth ; that Men were miserably divided from God, and from one another ; and that all Mankind, to the reserve of a small Remnant, were become abandon'd Slaves

to

to the Devil, and to devilish Passions, when Jesus Christ came into the World to restore the Kingdom of his Father, and to destroy the Tyranny of the Devil.

For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, *That he might destroy the Works of the Devil*, 1 John 3. 8. When the Son of God came into the World to destroy the Tyranny of the Devil, and to restore his own and his Father's Kingdom; that Kingdom of Love, and Peace, and Joy, which was by the Divine Permission impair'd upon Earth by the Devil, at the Fall of Man, and under which the blessed Spirits are for ever happy in Heaven; in order to restore that Kingdom, he assum'd the Priesthood. Not only because there was a necessity for a Priest, who could make a propitiatory and satisfactory Sacrifice for the Sins of the World; but because also there was a necessity for a Doctrine, which might incline and rectify the Wills of Men, by enlightning and convincing their Understandings; that as Man fell from Perfection freely and of his own choice, he might likewise be restor'd freely and of his own choice: since if the Change in him should be wrought wholly by Grace, his Conversion would proceed from a Force as it were upon his Mind, and would not be the Action of a free Agent.

The Kingdom then that our Saviour came to restore, was the Empire of Charity, the Love of God, and of our Neighbour for the sake of God. For wherever that Divine Love reigns, there is the Kingdom of Heaven; and wherever that Love is wanting, is Hell and outer Darkness. *Beloved (says St. John) let us love one another. Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God: for God is Love.* 1 John 4. 7, 8. But here, by the way, we are to take notice, that this Love of our Neighbour is to be extended to all Mankind, even to our most cruel Enemies: and it ought to be more intense or remiss, according to the
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the different Relations in which Men stand to each other. We ought to love Christians more than Infidels; our Parents and Kindred more than our Acquaintance; our Acquaintance more than Strangers, and our Countrymen more than Foreigners.

As the Law of Divine Love, in the Observation of which lay the Happiness of the first Man, and the Perfection of his Nature, was subverted by Self-love, upon the Suggestion of the Devil; our Saviour, that he might re-establish that Divine Love, endeavour'd to root out the Love of one's self, by a Doctrine that was best adapted to the reasonable Nature of corrupted Man. He attack'd it therefore in all the several Branches of it, Pride, Avarice and Luxury; or in the Words of St. John, *The Lust of the Flesh, the Lust of the Eye, and the Pride of Life*: to which he oppos'd a profound Humility, a rigid Mortification, and a sincere Disinterestedness. Not that fantastick Scorn of the World, which proceeds from a Stoical Pride, but that which is founded upon the most solid Foundation, the Interest that one has in God: For he to himself being self-sufficient, he who has him, has all things.

But as Pride is the most dangerous of the three foremention'd Sins, (for that is the continual Fever of the Mind, whereas the other attack it but by irregular Accesses; Pride insolently intruding at the very Altar, where the others never dare to approach) there is no Virtue that our Saviour recommends more throughout the whole Gospel, than Humility; nay, almost every Virtue which he recommends to his Disciples, appears to be founded on that; as Poorness of Spirit, Meekness, Gentleness, Patience, Forbearance, Peace-making, Long-suffering, Mercy, Forgiveness: for nothing is more usual than for the Proud to be swoln and drunk with Vanity; to be provoking, disdainful, insolent, fiery, impatient, intractable, cruel, revengeful, implacable.

That

That Sorrow and Remorse, which is necessary to Repentance, implies a severe Mortification, upon a View of the Turpitude of Sin, and the Vileness of our own Natures. Even the three Cardinal Virtues of the Christian Religion are founded upon Humility. Not only Charity, to which the other two are subordinate; for as Pride is the Effect of Self-love, Self-love is augmented by Pride: but Faith, which is an Assent to Truths above our Understanding, because they are reveal'd by God to us, is an owning of the Weakness and Blindness of our Reason, as the Hope of Salvation by the Merits of Christ, is a manifest Confession of the Depravity, and Corruption, and Impotence of our Wills.

As true Humility is the solid Foundation of every Christian Virtue; a Foundation which extending as low as Hell, is the Basis of a Fabrick which reaches to the very Heaven of Heavens: our Saviour's Doctrine attack'd Pride in all its numerous Offspring, Anger, Envy, Hatred, Malice; and in all their unrighteous Effects, *viz.* bitter and barbarous Invectives, presumptuous and damnable Judgments, Debate, Contention, Strife, Revenge, and Murder: and oppos'd to them the contrary Virtues, Gentleness, Meekness, Patience, Forbearance, Peace-making, Mercy, Long-suffering, and Forgiveness; nay more, real and unfeigned Love to our most cruel Enemies. Those who had the foremention'd Graces, our Saviour pronounced blessed, and left it to be demonstrated by Experience, how much accursed they were, who were tormented by the Passions, and the Sins.

Thus our Saviour taught the Will of his Father, which descended from Heaven to Earth with him; and being for ever an High Priest after the Order of *Melchisedec*, the Prince of Peace, an Order which is infinitely superior to the *Aaronical* Order, infused into the Hearts of his Disciples, not a windy contentious

tentious Zeal for the Observation of Forms and Ceremonies, and the Political Government of an Establish'd Church; but Vertues and Graces, which no Philosophy, and no Religion had ever taught before; viz. a profound Humility, and a Love Divine.

But tho this Doctrine was ever so conformable to the reasonable Nature of corrupted Man, and tho it was confirm'd by Signs and Wonders, that manifested a Power which commanded Nature, and which made the very Devils obey; it would never have prevail'd over the Minds of Men, which are influenc'd so forcibly and constantly by their Senses, if it had not been enforc'd by the Example of him who taught it. His Life and his Doctrine were all of a piece: and as the Design of his coming down from Heaven was by the means of Humility to restore Charity, to re-unite Mankind to God, and to one another; his Life and his Death, his Incarnation, his Birth, his Baptism, his Choice of the most abject of Men for his Disciples, and his Submission to the Death of the Cross, were each of them so many eternal Lessons of Humility, were all of 'em so many amazing Miracles of unparallel'd Condescension, and of Love Divine.

His very Miracles were of a piece with the rest of his Life, and were so many Examples to that Doctrine of Charity which they confirm'd by their Power; as different in this from those which were wrought by *Moses*, as their Designs were different. For as the Design of *Moses* was to separate and distinguish one Nation from another, and to establish one by the Extirpation of many; the Wonders which he wrought were answerable to that Design, attended by Terror, and follow'd by Destruction, wrought in favour of a few, comparatively speaking, to the Plague, and Misery, and Destruction of many.

But

But as the Design of our Saviour's descending from Heaven was to remove all Separation, and all Distinction, and to heal all Divisions amongst Men; as his Doctrine was adapted to all Nations, and to all Men, contrary in that to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Judaick Law; as it was framed to comprehend all, to unite all, and to make all its Followers easy here, and eternally happy hereafter: So likewise his Miracles, without Partiality and without Distinction, brought Help and Comfort to all: The *Roman* and the *Samaritan*, as well as the *Jew*, had nothing of Terror, had nothing of Destruction, in them; but were peaceful and gentle all of them, as the Dove that descended from Heaven upon him who wrought them.

If Men were hungry in desert Places, he was at the expence of a new Creation to feed them; if they were languishing under Diseases, by a supernatural Power he healed them: he healed them by that gentle and peaceful Power which calm'd the Winds and Seas that were about to destroy them; that Power that controul'd and rebuked the Devils that were busied in tormenting them.

As our Saviour's Miracles were all of a piece with his Doctrine, his Delivery of that Doctrine was worthy of them both. It was with Power that penetrated to the inmost Soul, and astonish'd and confounded his most obdurate Hearers. *St. Luke, Ch. 4. ver. 32. And they were astonished at his Doctrine; for his Word was with Power.* And *St. Matthew, Ch. 7. ver. 29. For he taught them as one having Authority, and not as the Scribes.* His Delivery of his Divine Doctrine was not like that of the cold, unconcern'd, and flegmatick Teachers of the Law: No, there was no less than God in his Voice, in his Mien, and in his every Action.

As Religion so far resembles Civil Government, that it must be carry'd on by the same Methods by which

which it first began; the Apostles, after our Saviour's Ascension, continu'd to preach the very same Doctrine that he had taught before, confirm'd it by Miracles of the same kind, enforc'd it by an Imitation of their Master's Life, and by their own wonderful Delivery of it. When the Apostle of the *Gentiles* preached to the *Grecians*, his manner of speaking appear'd as new to them as the Doctrine he taught: and as he spoke of things to them, which neither Eye had seen, nor Ear had heard, nor had it entred into their Hearts to conceive; so he spoke to them in such a manner, as never Man had spoke to them. And there was something in his Delivery, as far above the Thunder of their *Pericles*, and their *Demosthenes*, as the things which he had said to them were of infinitely more Importance, and more Concern to his Hearers. And he, who when he spoke of the things of this World, was so very cold, and so unconcern'd, that his bodily Presence was weak, and his Speech contemptible; even this cold and unconcern'd Apostle, when he discours'd of Righteousness, of Temperance, and of Judgment to come, was so strangely animated, so wonderfully penetrated with the heavenly Truths which he utter'd, that the very Tyrant who came to judge him, and to condemn him, trembled at what his Prisoner spoke. *Acts* 24. 25.

Which naturally brings me to the Effect and Influence, which so divine a Doctrine, thus enforc'd, and thus deliver'd, had upon the Minds of its Hearers. Which is as much greater than the Impressions which the Discourses of the *Grecian* Orators had upon their Assemblies, as Heaven is greater and higher than Earth. And whereas those Orators thought they effected a mighty matter, if they changed the Opinions of their Assemblies, in relation to their own, their Friends, or their Country's Reputation and Interests; our Saviour and his Apo-

stles prevail'd upon those who heard them, to condemn all earthly Reputation and Interests; to despise Riches, and Power, and Glory, and even Life it self. And the working this Change in the Heart of corrupted Man, was a greater Miracle than the changing the Elements, the healing Diseases, or the driving out Devils. Behold thousands of Souls flaming with Charity, and loving their Creator with all their Might, and their Neighbours as themselves. Behold them parting with all they have, and willing and contented to suffer Want, to relieve the Necessities of others! *Acts* 4. 31. to the end. Behold thousands of Souls gladly chusing, and joyfully embracing Poverty, and Infamy, and Sorrow, and Pain, and Death, to render themselves acceptable to him whom they love! So much was the Kingdom of God restored, and the Tyranny of the Devil impaired in the Hearts of Men!

Such were the Effects of our Saviour's Doctrine, such was the Influence it had on the Minds of Men; at which Satan alarm'd, contriv'd by a Master-piece of infernal Malice, to make this very Religion, by which Christ design'd to unite Men to God and to one another, the Occasion of introducing a more dangerous and desperate Division between them, than ever had appear'd upon any worldly account; of making Self-love to take a deeper Root, and spread with more luxuriant Branches; of kindling in Mens Hearts a spiritual Pride, more fierce and more fiery than had ever appear'd before; a Pride attended with a more implacable Anger, a more inveterate Malice, and a more irreconcilable Hatred. And in order to succeed in this devilish Design, he who knows by himself, who ruins Man by soothing and by pleasing him, that there is no Enemy like the Traitor-Friend, and that so Divine a Doctrine could not be resisted effectually, if it were opposed openly; attempts to destroy it, by a Pretence

to propagate it; delegates his spiritual Tyranny to some Christian Priests, and prevails upon them, in order to extend it and establish it, to divide, and weaken, and ruin the Church, by a pretended, impudent, obstreperous Zeal for its Unity; to teach his Will for the Will of the most High, and by a height of Wickedness, which would be incredible, if we had not so often seen it, to prove the Doctrine of the Devil by the Word of God, miserably wrested to the Perdition of the perfidious Teachers, and the credulous Hearers. 1 Tim. 4. 1. *Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, That in the latter times some shall depart from the Faith, giving heed to seducing Spirits, and to Doctrines of Devils.*

These are the Antichrists mention'd in the Text; who to promote their own and the Devil's spiritual Tyranny, preach not the Doctrine of Jesus Christ, but the Devil's and their own. 'Tis not their business to preach up Charity, or to teach Humility, or any of the Virtues that produce or maintain Charity; as Gentleness, Meekness, Patience, Forbearance, Peacemaking, Mercy, Long-suffering, and Forgiveness. If at any time they take notice of the Doctrine of Christ, in order to mingle it with their own, and make the latter pass unsuspected, they do it after such a manner, as shews very plainly, that it is not that they espouse; as shall be further observ'd in its proper place. Their Business is to preach Division and Dissension, a Spirit of Party and of Faction, and to incite and inflame those Passions that create or nourish Division; as Anger, Envy, Hatred, Malice, evil Speaking, evil Surmizings, impudent and opprobrious Invectives, presumptuous and damnable Judgments, pretended Distrusts and groundless Jealousies, audacious and provoking Threatnings, Debate, Contention, Strife, Revenge, Confusion, Riot, Murder. 'Tis their Business to incense and exasperate their Disciples against all who contradict

their Opinions; not what they pretend to believe as to the *Credenda* of Christianity, but the Faith they profess as to their own Traditions, and the Doctrines of Devils. And therefore 'tis their Business to inflame their Disciples, not against Infidels (whether *Jews* or *Turks*) or against Pagans, but against those of the Christian Faith; nor against those, who while they have only the name of Christians, are either Deists or downright Atheists by an open avow'd Profession, or are thought to be such at least in their Hearts, by the horrible Sins in which they live impenitent; but against true and sincere Believers, against those who are under the Fear of God, and the sacred Power of Conscience. These they account their mortal Enemies, against whom they exasperate and inflame their Disciples, exhorting them, both by Voice and Example, sometimes to laugh, sometimes to rail with unmannerly frontless Invectives, at all the most venerable Christian Virtues which shine so bright in the others, as Humility, Meekness, Moderation, Union, Charity; to hate them with an irreconcilable Hatred, to keep no Faith with them, to hold no Trust inviolable, to be bound by neither Vows nor Oaths, but as often as they find Opportunity, to pursue them to the Destruction of their Reputation, Liberty, Goods, and Life it self; and to break thro all Bonds, both Divine and Human, to oppress them and destroy them.

And as the Power of this World is necessary for the supporting their spiritual Tyranny, they never fail to insinuate into their Disciples, that 'tis their Duty to throw as much of it into their Hands, as they are able to grasp; to persuade them, that they are bound to espouse the Cause of those temporal Tyrants, with whom they their Pastors have made an implicate Contract for the mutual enslaving of Mankind. And the more these temporal Tyrants are the Devil's Vicegerents, the more they trample
upon

upon Law, and Reason, and Equity, which are Bonds of Peace and Union to Mankind; that 'tis still more their Duty to extol them, to obey them, to serve them, and to adore them. And if these Tyrants are the Rulers of the native Countries of these Antichrists and their Disciples, these Teachers industriously inform their Hearers, that they are absolutely and indispensably bound to obey them, whatever exorbitant things they enjoin, or to suffer whatever they are graciously pleas'd to inflict; and this, contrary to Nature's original Law (the first and strongest Precept of which is Self-Preservation, and in order to it Self-Defence) that Law which our Saviour came to restore and to fulfil, and which none but the Devil and his Disciples can ever come to destroy. And to induce them to this blind and impious Obedience, they endeavour to prove, that these Tyrants are their Lords by virtue of Fatherhood, and their Sovereigns by Right Divine; tho' as good, as wise, and as forcible Arguments may be brought to prove, that the Devil is a Lord by virtue of Fatherhood, and a Monarch by Right Divine, and consequently that he ought always to be obey'd, and never to be resisted.

And as these Antichrists teach their Disciples to hate and persecute those Christians most, who are under the Fear of God, and the Power of Conscience; of all their Countrymen and Fellow-Subjects, they instruct them to hate and malign them most, who are the most zealous for the maintenance of their native Rights, and the Validity and Power of Law.

But if the aforementioned secular Tyrants are the Rulers of foreign Nations, and are mortal Enemies to the native Countries of these Antichristian Teachers, and of their Disciples; they are so far from being discourag'd by this, that they are animated and encourag'd the more to prevail upon their

Hearers to espouse them and to assist them, to rejoice at their Successes, and to mourn at their Calamities, and to declare themselves Enemies to their native Country, and their native Rights, and Traitors to their lawful Prince, and to their very God, in spite of the most sacred and binding Oaths which they have taken to the contrary. Nay, they exhort and prevail upon those Disciples to take the most solemn and binding Oaths to be true to their Prince, their Country, their Religion, and their Liberty, only that they may oppress them with the greater Security, and betray them more effectually.

Nor is the Doctrine of Antichrist more remov'd from Charity, than his Life, which is the most contrary to it that possibly can be imagin'd. He divides from his Brethren of the Priesthood, as soon as he finds that they are oblig'd to profess peaceful and Christian Virtues, and that he cannot with them compass his spiritual Tyranny. And St. *John*, in the words of the Context, makes this very Division one distinguishing Mark of Antichrist. 1 Epist. of St. *John*, Chap. 2. ver. 18, 19. *Little Children, it is the last time: and as ye have heard that Antichrist shall come, even now are there many Antichrists; whereby ye may know that it is the last time. Ver. 19. They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continu'd with us: but they went out, that they might be made manifest, that they were not all of us.* He lives, converses with none, preaches to none, but such as profess Divisions; divides from all who are under the Power of the Gospel, or the Power of Law: Is a Foe, not only to good Subjects, but to good Princes, and a Friend to Tyrants alone: A Traitor not only to his Prince, but to his Country, whose Constitution he attacks by his enslaving Doctrines, and his more wretched abject Politicks of absolute Non-Resistance, unconditional Obedience, the most insufferable

ble kind of High Treason. For if he so justly suffers Death, who only attempts the Executive Power, what may he not deserve, who audaciously attacks not only all the Legislative, (which includes the Executive) but the very Law? He not only hates both Princes and Subjects, who govern by, and declare for Law; but hates them with a more envenom'd Hatred, a more felonious Rancour, than ever has been known upon a mere secular Account: Re-viles, reproaches, misrepresents, calumniates them, and, as far as lies in his power, oppresses, ruins, curses, kills, and damns them.

Instead of a profound and a Christian Humility, he manifests a more than human Pride; exalts himself above all that the World calls Great, with his independent Power, his uninterrupted Succession, his indelible Character, and his Right Divine. And that Pride is attended, against all who oppose it, with a Rage, an Envy, a Hatred, a Malice inhuman and diabolical: but above all, a disdainful ridiculous Fury, and an unheard of Cruelty; a Cruelty that spares no Age, no Sex, and no Degree; that has destroy'd entire Nations, the People and their Kings together.

Instead of the abject contemptible Condition of our Saviour and his Disciples, behold his Opposite with pompous Titles, and pompous Equipages, and an Ambition still insatiable. Instead of their Poverty and their Disinterestedness, behold him loaded with Benefices, Sinecures, Pluralities, Dignities; flowing with Wealth, yet pining still with Avarice. Instead of their rigid Mortifications, behold him indulging himself in Fasts, more luxurious than the Feasts of others; behold him meditating a lazy, a refin'd, and a temperate Luxury, that pampers and indulges Nature instead of oppressing her; that keeps all her Appetites sharp and keen, and raises all her Lusts and Passions high.

As his Doctrine is confirm'd by his Example, it is extremely enforc'd by his manner of delivering it. But because he is oblig'd to mix the Doctrine of the Gospel with his own, in order to make the latter pass by virtue of the former, let us distinguish what he preaches, into, (1.) The Doctrine of Christ: (2.) Human Traditions and human Inventions: And, (3.) The Doctrines of Devils.

1. Then, He is oblig'd to preach the Doctrine of our Saviour, in order to make his own pass: And that Doctrine comprehends, (1.) The Duties; and, (2.) The Mysteries of Christianity. These Duties likewise are either, [1.] Purely Moral; or, [2.] Christian. For those that are purely Moral, he preaches them coldly, enforces them feebly, dehorts from the contrary Vices faintly; scarce ever mentions those which are most raging and most epidemical, or if at any time he does mention them, he has nothing in his Air, in his Tone, in his Action, that shews an ardent Concern for the Glory of God, for the Prosperity of the State that he lives in, or for the Salvation of the Souls of Men.

For the Christian Virtues, and especially those of Charity and Humility, his Hearers can never have any Notion of them from him. Charity, in his mouth, dwindles to mere giving of Alms, which is but a poor and inconsiderable Branch of that Divine Virtue. He seems to be afraid to let his Disciples so much as hear of the Love of God, and of all Mankind for the sake of God; or if he does at any time mention it, even that ardent Virtue grows cold in his Mouth, and expires upon his Antichristian Tongue, scarce ever reaching the Ears of his Hearers, much less piercing their Hearts. His Soul is an utter Stranger to those Heavenly Emotions, those Divine Raptures that inflame the Hearts of the ravish'd Hearers with Seraphick Love. He never so much as preaches one Sermon, never so much

much as writes one Treatise of that attractive Virtue, Humility, the soft and tender Nurse of Charity. He either says nothing of Patience, Submission, Forbearance, Long-suffering; or he preaches them after such a manner, that in his Mouth they produce Tumult, Fury, Faction, Riot, and Rebellion, and all those Diabolical Passions and Diabolical Vices, which are so destructive to the Temporal and Eternal Happiness of Men.

And all these Duties, both Moral and Christian, are but feebly and faintly enforc'd by the Mysteries, even those stupendous Mysteries, that are capable of supplying him with the most moving and sublimest Eloquence, with a more than human Force and Fire, and with a Vehemence irresistible; those Mysteries so wonderfully important to himself and to his Hearers, which no Man can believe and speak of as he ought to do, but he must alarm and alter Nature in the Hearts of all who listen to him; raise the most transporting Joy on the one side, or the most dreadful Astonishment, the most amazing Horror on the other; those very Mysteries are spoke of by him after so cold and languishing a manner, as causes Unbelievers to turn Scorners, and Believers to become Apostates. How does the Deist smile, and the Atheist laugh, to see this Preacher discourse of Death and Judgment, of Heaven and Hell, calmly and without Emotion, who the moment afterwards falls into a Flame upon an empty Dispute, of turning to the East, or bowing to an insensate Altar!

But he who is so unconcern'd for the Salvation of the Souls of Men, for the Honour of God, and the Interest of Religion, comes immediately to be warm and eager, when his own Reputation and his own Interest are ever so little concern'd. And he who daily with Phlegm and Temper hears the Name of his Maker profan'd, his Mysteries revil'd,
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his Threatnings defy'd, his Protection renounc'd, nay, and his very Being deny'd, contends warmly and eagerly for human Traditions and human Inventions; for Forms, and Rites, and Habits, and Ceremonies, and whatever serves to nourish his spiritual Pride, and indulge his Lust of Power.

But when in order to extinguish Charity, to divide Mankind, and to increase his own and his Father's spiritual Tyranny, he preaches the Doctrine of Devils, preaches Rage, and Hatred, and Envy, and Malice, then is his Delivery becoming of his Doctrine; then you may behold him burning with Fury, and distorted with Convulsions, and both Body and Soul intirely possess'd with the same infernal Passions, which he would excite in his Hearers.

Let us now consider the Influence which such Doctrines, such Examples, and such a Delivery has upon the Minds of Men. We have already hinted, that the Design of the Devil by Antichrist, is, to take occasion from the Christian Religion, by which our Saviour design'd to unite Mens Affections to himself and to one another, to introduce a more dangerous and desperate Division among them, than ever had been known before: And now we shall shew, that he so far obtain'd his Design, that there was a more general Vertue among Men in the grossest Times of Paganism, than there has been since our Saviour came into the World, excepting the first and most primitive Times of Christianity; that is, those Times when the Supreme Magistrate was not as yet Christian, and Christian Priests were yet undebauch'd by worldly Power and Greatness: and, 2. That there is at this time a more general Vertue in other places, than there is in the Christian World: and, 3. That this Deficiency and these Corruptions among Christians, have proceeded, and do proceed, from the Antichristian Lives and Doctrines of several among their Clergy.

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7. There was a more general Vertue in the times of Paganism, than ever there has been since our Saviour came into the World. In those times of Idolatry, there were more free Nations in the World, than ever there have been since the Establishment of the Christian Religion. And since there was more Liberty then, there was more Union, more Justice, more Fortitude, more Publick Spirit. For Antichrist, in order to extinguish Charity, and to raise Divisions among Men, makes it his business, with all his might, every where to establish Tyranny. For as Civil Liberty is founded upon Vertue, and Reason, and Law; Tyranny is establish'd upon Will, and Passion, and Vice: And as Mankind is united by Reason, and Vertue, and Law, they are divided by Humour, and Passion, and Vice. Among those Free States that flourish'd in the times of Paganism, there were two more illustrious than the rest; who before Corruption crept in amongst them, had the moral Vertues in so high a degree, as no Christian Nation has ever been able to boast of. There was a successive Race of Heroes among them, who had not only a Temperance and Justice, a Valour, but even a Disinterestedness, and Magnanimity, and a Height of Heroick Fortitude, which made them as much superiour to other Men, as other Men are to Beasts. Nay, without being taught Charity by Divine Revelation, or sustain'd in it by the Greatness of the Christian Hope, they practis'd a very good degree of it, either by the Force of Reason and Nature, or by some secret Inspiration. For they had a publick Vertue and publick Spirit, which the Christian World has thought more proper for its Wonder than Imitation. They loved Liberty and their Country more than Life, hated Slavery more than Death, look'd upon all who favour'd Tyrants as so many Monsters and Parricides, and pursu'd Tyranny with extreme Vengeance, even
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in their nearest Friends and their dearest Relations; They laid down their Lives with the greatest Alacrity, for their Country and the Publick Liberty, and never us'd their Valour against either. They never had any Faction or Division upon a Religious Account, had but few Civil Wars among them, and not one Religious, except the *Egyptians*, who had degenerated into so bestial a Fanaticism, as made them contemptible to the rest of the World; which easily understood by the Force of Reason, that Religion was design'd to unite and compose, and not to divide and embroil the World.

If from antient *Rome* or *Athens* we turn our eyes upon our own Nation, and upon our own Times, where shall we find the least Footsteps of their general publick, or private Vertue? That we have not so much as the Shadow of their general publick Vertue, is plain, even to Sense; for we see Thousands among us disclaiming all Pretence to it. We see Thousands that speak and act with impunity against their Sovereign, their Country, their Liberty, and their Laws; Persons against whom those Laws have made no provision, because that our Ancestors never believ'd that there could be such Monsters and Parricides in nature. We see Thousands openly threatening Destruction to their Country, their Friends, their Relations, and to every thing that ought to be most dear to them; and contriving Success to the mortal Enemy, of all that ought to be valuable, of all that ought to be sacred to them. Since then we have not the general publick Vertue, nor publick Spirit, which render'd those antient States so illustrious; it follows, that we have not their general private Vertue. For publick Spirit is founded upon private Vertue, and is the necessary Result of that; so that through whatever Nation publick Spirit is spread, through that Nation private Vertue must be generally diffused. And therefore,
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if we daily see so many attempting the Ruin of their Country, 'tis because their Pride, their Avarice, their Necessity, and their Luxury, have made their present Condition insupportable, and any Change desirable. But if any one thinks those antient States ow'd their general Vertue to the Forms of their Government, which were both Republicks; to him we answer, That no modern Republick either hath, or has had, the Vertue which those antient States had: besides, that *Rome* was vertuous under its Kings, and so was *Sparta* and *Macedon* among the *Grecians*, as likewise *Persia* in the times of its first Monarchs.

But, 2. If we consider only our own Times, we shall find a more general Vertue, both publick and private, in any Civiliz'd Nation upon the Globe, than in those of the Christian World. Cast your eyes, for example, among the *Mahometans*, you shall find among them less Ambition, less Avarice, less Luxury, less Fraud, less Injustice, less Perjury, less Perfidiousness, than you shall meet with among Christians. You shall find, that while every Christian State is at present engaged against some other Christian Nation in a desperate bloody Contention, that these Infidels at the same time have no Wars with those of their own Religion; but that *Mahometans* with *Mahometans*, the *Ottoman* with the *Persian*, the *Persian* with the *Mogul*, living in Friendship and a profound Peace, listen with astonish'd Ears to the numberless endless Quarrels of the Sons of Charity. What Opinion must they conceive of our Religion, when they find, that the only Persons who profess the Practice of Charity, are they who live in endless Wars with those of their own Faith? That they are not only eternally engaged in Civil Wars, which are so rare among themselves, but even in Wars unheard of among the Infidels, and which they cannot think of without horror; I mean,

mean, in Wars of Religion? What Opinion must they conceive of the Christian Religion, and of the Faith of those who pretend to teach others Charity, when they find that our very Priests, those Dove-like Messengers of the Prince of Peace, have been the Causes, the Abettors, and the Incendiaries of all those Foreign, and Domestick, and Religious Wars among Christians? When they hear that it was a Priest who first laid the Plan of the *French* Universal Monarchy, which has been the cause of shedding so much Blood, and of such horrible Devastation in these Western Parts of *Europe*? That it was a Priest who first began the Design of the *French* Succession to the *Spanish* Monarchy, and that it was another Priest who finish'd it; which has let out another Deluge of Blood, to overflow the Christian World? That it was a Priest who put our first King *Charles* upon those violent Measures, that occasion'd the Civil Wars of *England*? That it was a Priest that involv'd *Poland* in all that Misery and Devastation in which it now lies waste? That they were Priests who gave up the Liberties of *France*, and afterwards those of *Denmark*? That they are Priests who are at present doing their utmost Endeavour to deliver up our own? What must they think of the Christian Faith, when the very vilest Priests, even of all the vile ones which we have mention'd above, those Priests who put a late unfortunate Prince upon breaking through all those Bonds Divine and Human, which united him to his Subjects; those Incendiaries of Souls, those perfidious Pests of Societies, and common Disturbers of the Christian World, are call'd by the Name of the blessed Founder of our Religion, as the most profligate Lay-Man that ever was upon the Earth is intitled the most Christian?

But, 3. If we consider only our own Nation, and our own Times, compared with those of our Ancestors,

cestors, we shall find that there was among them a more general publick and private Vertue, than we our selves can boast of; and that Priestcraft and Atheism, Ecclesiastical Hypocrisy and Laical Deism, Right Divine and Socinianism, Non-Resistance and Publick Treason, Passive-Obedience and unnatural prodigious Luxury, have grown up and increas'd together.

Since then there neither is, nor has been, among Christians, the general publick and private Vertue, that there was in the grossest Times of Paganism; nor is there now in the Christian World the same degree of Vertue that is to be found in some other Parts of the Globe; nor have we, in our own Nation, as much general publick and private Vertue as our Ancestors formerly had; and we yet profess a Religion more pure than our Ancestors formerly knew; a Religion that teaches a more perfect and exalted Vertue, than the Religion, or the Philosophy of the *Grecians* and *Romans* taught, or than is taught by any Religion that is at present establish'd out of the Christian World: It follows, that the want of general Vertue among modern Christians, must proceed from the Hearers or the Teachers of Christianity. But from the Hearers it cannot proceed: for Men are by Nature the same that they were formerly, have the same Force of Understanding, the same passionate and ardent Desire to be rightly instructed, and to be truly happy; and are the more adapted and prepared for Instruction and for Happiness, by a greater Light of Knowledge, and a greater Experience of Things.

The Fault being neither in the Doctrine, nor in the Hearers, it follows, that the want of general Vertue must proceed from some of the Teachers, who contaminate the Doctrine of Christ by their own Inventions and the Doctrines of Devils. But that the want of general Vertue among us, and our deplo-

deplorable Corruption of Manners, does principally proceed from the foresaid Cause, is evident from that which follows.

A general Vertue depends upon Religion; for all Vertue proceeds from good Sense, or is the Result of Religion: But not one Man in fifty having good Sense, a general Vertue must be the Result of Religion; which is likewise proved by Experience. For all States, through which a general Vertue has been spread, have been at the same time Religious.

But here we ought to observe, that the Religion upon which a general Vertue depends, must be a Reveal'd Religion: for Natural Religion speaks to cultivated Reason, which is so rarely found among us; but Revelation speaks to Sense, which is common to all Men.

But of all Revelations, the Christian Religion is most proper, even without the help of supernatural Assistance, to establish a general (both publick and private) Vertue: The publick, because 'tis the only Religion that teaches Charity; which Divine Vertue is the very Height and Perfection of publick Spirit: The private, because every Vertue is comprehended in Charity, and because the Christian Religion has provided the most effectual Remedies for the three chief Causes of the Corruption of Manners; which are, in the words of the Apostle, *the Lust of the Flesh, the Lust of the Eye, and the Pride of Life.*

Now every Religion, like every Government, is, humanly speaking, maintain'd by the very same Methods by which that particular Religion was at first establish'd; as that of *Mahomet*, which began by the Sword, was maintain'd and carry'd on by the Sword; and the modern *Roman* Religion is maintain'd by the same Force and the same Fraud to which it ow'd its Origin. And every Religion loses its Force by the contrary Methods to those which at first establish'd it.

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As then the Christian Religion was at first establish'd by the Doctrine of Charity, and by the great Examples of Charity which our Saviour and his Apostles gave through the whole Course of their Lives, as it was maintain'd by the same Methods : so Christian Piety can only decay, by the Antichristian Lives, and Antichristian Doctrines, of those who pretend to teach it.

Since then a general Vertue in every Nation depends upon the Revelation establish'd there, whether true or pretended ; and the Revelation establish'd in every Nation is maintain'd by the same Methods to which it ow'd its Origin, and loses its Force by the contrary Methods, as far as it can humanly lose it : And since the Christian Revelation owes its Establishment to the Doctrine and Examples of Charity, which shone in its first Teachers ; it follows, that the want of a general Vertue, and that deplorable Corruption of Manners that reigns among us, are owing to the uncharitable Doctrines and Examples of some of the modern Teachers of Christianity.

Thus we have done our Endeavour to shew how Antichrist stands opposed to Christ, in his Priesthood, and in his Tyranny. We shall only say one word of his Opposition to him as a Prophet. And because we have reason to fear that we have been already tedious, we shall pass by the other Prophetical Functions, which are so nearly ally'd to those of the Priesthood, and only just say something of his Predictions. Our Saviour foretold the Destruction of *Jerusalem*, and of the second Temple, to confirm the Faith of Christians, and to augment their Charity, by shewing how little dependance is to be had upon the Pomp and Glories of this World, and upon outward and appearing Sanctity. Antichrist foretels the Fall of the third Temple, which our Saviour has assur'd us shall never fall, only that he may divide

and embroil the World, and extinguish Charity. For the Danger of the Church has now for some time been the general Outcry. But may we not have leave to ask those many Antichrists, when they say the Church is in danger, What they mean by the Church, and of whom it is compos'd? What the Danger is, with which it is threaten'd? Or, from whom or whence it must come? May we not have leave to ask them one plain Question? Are the Souls of Men to whom they preach in danger? If they are not, why do they preach to them? But if they are, is that the Danger they speak of, when they say the Church is in danger? Or, is it another Danger? If they say 'tis another Danger, can any thing be more ridiculous? Can any thing be more absurd, when the grand Concern, nay the only Concern, the very All of those to whom they speak lies at stake, to alarm them with Trifles? For what, compared to that, is not a Trifle? There is not one of them that preaches to a very numerous Congregation, but every Sermon which he preaches is the last to some of them, to one of them at least. And who knows, when they are assembled, who that one may be? Who knows how near he himself is to Death and final Judgment? How near to a Danger horrible even to conceive? And can this foolish, this trifling, this impudent Preacher pretend to alarm them with another Danger, a Peril of something more remote, a Peril perhaps in Fancy or in Fiction only; a Danger, be it what it will, that is not worth a Moment's Thought, compared to this stupendous Danger? Is not this like putting a Man in mind, who is about to perish in a Storm, a thousand Leagues off from Shore, just in the moment that the Ocean opens its dreadful Abyss to swallow him, putting him, I say, in mind of some trifling Loss that he is like to sustain on shore? Would not this be a barbarous, would not this be a monstrous

stuous mocking of him, just in the terrible moment that he is about to perish? Would it not be, by so much the more barbarous, by so much the more monstrous, in that it should come from one who must be about to perish with him?

But if by this Danger he means the Danger of Damnation, which the Souls are in to whom he preaches; from what or whence is this Danger fear'd? Is it from the actual and habitual Sins of his Hearers? Or have they so few of both, that they are at leisure to apprehend Damnation from something more foreign and more remote? If 'tis from their actual and habitual Sins, and that extreme Corruption which reigns in the Congregation to which he preaches; for in what Congregations at present does not extreme Corruption reign? is not this a foolish, is not this an impudent insulting of them? Have some certain Preachers brought them into this Danger? And is it in their power to help them out of it? And are they contented with barely threatening it? Has it not been made most clear and most perspicuous, that the extreme Corruption of the Laity proceeds from the Antichristian Doctrines, proceeds from the Antichristian Practices of some certain Preachers? Let but those Preachers reform their Doctrines, and reform their Practices, and I'll engage that the wretched Laity shall reform immediately.

But alas! the Danger that those Preachers threaten, is not from the Sins of the People to whom they preach; is not from the extreme Corruption of Manners that reigns in their Congregations. For when have these Prophets ever inveigh'd against their most predominant Vices? By what Sermons have they ever signaliz'd themselves against their Ambition, against their Avarice, against their Oppressions, their publick and private Rapines, against their new, their unheard-of, their unnatural Luxuries?

ries? Did they ever threaten them with Danger from these? Are they really in no Danger from these? Are they not in a thousand times more Danger from these, than they can be from any thing else in the World? If they are, why are they not told so? If they are not, from what wonderful, what unconceivable thing is it, from which they are more in Danger?

From what has been said, 'tis plain that by the Danger of the Church these Preachers mean not the Danger of Damnation which their Hearers are in from their numerous and crying Sins. It follows then, that they mean something that is of no Concern to their Hearers: for if they would speak of things that are of any Concern to them, why not their main, their whole, their tremendous Concern? Why do they omit that, and threaten them with Trifles? Why do they either not mention it, or while they mention, speak of it so very coldly; they who while they speak of the Danger of the Church, declaim so very warmly? Is it not shrewdly to be suspected, that by the Church they mean themselves, mean their own Interests and their own Power? O foolish and miserable Laity! to be so much alarm'd, and deluded, and divided by these, who are so cool, so unconcern'd for you; so very warm, and so very much concern'd for themselves! who not only neglect your real Dangers, but by falsely alarming you with imaginary ones, bring you into the only real, the only dreadful Danger. For let me ask you once more, What is this pretended Danger of the Church? Is it the Danger of the Catholick Church, against the which our Saviour has told us, that *the Gates of Hell shall not prevail*? Is not this Assurance enough, that it shall not fall? Or are some Priests more dangerous than the Devil? Or, by the Danger of the Church, do they mean the Discipline and the Government of some particular Church? as for example,

ple, the Discipline and the Government of the National Church of *England*? Are these in danger to be alter'd? Supposing they were: These are Things, by the Confession of all, of no necessity to Salvation; and Things, by the Confession of all but themselves, at liberty to be alter'd in every Nation, at the Will of their Legislators. And consequently, if this Danger were real, it would be of no significance to their Hearers. But this Danger is not real; and no Shadow of Proof has been brought to shew, that the Discipline and Government of the Church are in any manner of peril; nay, unanswerable Arguments have been brought to prove, that they are not in danger. O foolish and wretched People! to be thus incensed and exasperated against each other, by the vain Fear of a fictitious Danger; which, were it true, would be ten thousand times less than the Danger into which it brings you; a Danger, which, by the Confession of all, is the most real, and most horrible of all Dangers; the Danger of Eternal Damnation from your want of Charity.

The exactest Discipline of the most perfect Church is only in order to the saving of Souls. The Design of our Saviour's coming into the World, was to save Souls, and not to establish Discipline: For where is the Discipline which our Saviour establish'd? Can any thinking Man believe, that our Saviour Jesus Christ, who came to pull down the Partition-Wall that was between the *Jews* and the *Gentiles*, by abolishing the Ceremonial Law, and the Ecclesiastick Discipline of the *Jewish* Nation, could ever design another certain Discipline, and other certain Ceremonies, which he could not but foresee would create a Division among his future Disciples? But Antichrist designs, by destroying Charity, to damn Souls, that he may preserve Discipline. 'Tis the Danger that Ecclesiastical Discipline is in, at which he is constantly alarm'd. O vain and impu-

dent Pretence! For suppose the Danger true, as it is certainly most false, how very foolish must that Preacher be, who pretends to be alarm'd at any thing more, than the Danger of those Souls which alone he preaches to save, than the Danger of those Souls for which alone our Saviour died? How many of those miserable Souls have been for ever lost, while they have been hearkning to the Danger of the Church; and dying impenitent in Hatred and in devilish Malice, by the Instigation of these their Pastors against their innocent Brethren, have, to their everlasting Confusion, found in Hell that the Church is not in danger!

Thirdly, Thus I have given you the Marks by which Antichrist stands oppos'd to Jesus Christ, as a King, a Priest, and a Prophet. I shall now sum up all those Marks in one grand Characteristical Mark, that as we have shewn above that Antichrist is a Priest, so it may be plain to the meanest Capacity who these Priests are, of whom it may be said, in the words of the Text, *Even now there are many Antichrists.*

Every Priest then, who, when he preaches, does apparently and maliciously wrest the Gospel, or the Epistles which explain the Gospel, to say something that is quite contrary to the great Design of our Saviour, that Priest is Antichrist. Now the great Design of our Saviour in preaching the Gospel of his Kingdom, was to do principally two things: 1st, To restore the Law of Nature; and 2dly, To revive and restore Charity.

1st, The great Design of our Saviour's coming into the World, was to restore and fulfil the Law of Nature. Mat. 5. 17. *Think not that I came to destroy the Law and the Prophets; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.* And ver. 18. *For verily I say unto you, till Heaven and Earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in*

no wise pass from the Law, till all be fulfilled. Now, what was the Law that our Saviour came to fulfil? Not the Ceremonial Law, for that he came to disannul: *Heb. 6. 18. For there is verily a disannulling of the Commandment going before, for the Weakness and Unprofitableness thereof. V. 19. For the Law made nothing perfect.* And what Law is it which our Saviour says must remain to the end of the World? Not the Ceremonial Law, for that is already abolish'd. *Heb. 10. 8, 9. Above, when he said, Sacrifice, and Offering, and Burnt-offering, thou wouldst not, neither hadst pleasure therein, which are offered by the Law: Then he said, Lo, I come to do thy Will, O God! He taketh away the first, that he may establish the second.* Now what is this Second Law which our Saviour came to establish? What but the Law of Nature, or the Moral Law; as appears by the foremention'd Chapter, ver. 16. *This is the Covenant that I will make with them, After those Days, saith the Lord, I will put my Laws into their Hearts, and in their Minds will I write them.* Since then the great Design of our Saviour's Doctrine was to restore the Law of Nature, every Priest who wrests the Gospel, or the Epistles which explain the Gospel, to say any thing which offends against the Law of Nature, that Priest is Antichrist. Now the eldest of Nature's Laws, and that which Man is the hardest brought to violate, by the unanimous Confession of all who have treated of it, is Self-Preservation. But this is most evident, that without Self-Defence the Law of Self-Preservation cannot be kept inviolated; and that without Resistance there can be no Self-Defence. Whatever Priest then pretends to make the Scripture say any thing against any manner of Resistance of unjust Violence, that is necessary to Self-Preservation, this eldest Law of Nature, this Law which God has put in our Hearts, and has writ in our Minds, and which only the Devil and his Disciples can ever de-

sign to deface; that Priest is as much opposed to our Saviour, as any thing possibly can be opposed; and is therefore one of the many of whom we may say in the Words of the Text, *Even now there are many Antichrists.*

But 2dly, The other great Design of our Saviour's Doctrine was to restore Charity. Gospel of St. John, Ch. 15. ver. 12. *This is my Commandment, that ye love one another.* And this great Design comprehends the other, viz. the restoring of the Law of Nature: Gal. 4. 15. *For all the Law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy Neighbour as thy self.* And Rom. 13. 8, 9, 10. *Owe no Man any thing, but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the Law.* V. 9. *For this, thou shalt not commit Adultery, thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not bear false Witness, thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other Commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this Saying, Thou shalt love thy Neighbour as thy self.* V. 10. *Love worketh no Ill to his Neighbour: therefore Love is the fulfilling of the Law.* Thus Charity includes the Law of Nature. But it likewise includes a great deal more. For by the Law of Nature, as it stands now, is meant only that which can be gather'd by the Light of Reason: but the Law of Charity includes more than what can be gather'd from the Light of corrupted Reason, and is the first Law of Nature which was given to Adam in his State of Perfection, 1 John 3. 11. *For this is the Message that ye have heard from the beginning, that we should love one another.* Charity is the greatest of all the Christian Vertues; by which alone our Saviour tells us, Mat. 25. *That Men will be saved at the last Day;* and for want of which alone he tells us, *they will be damned;* than which nothing can be more reasonable and more just: For all other Vertues are but in order to, and as it were the scaffolding of that; and are included in that. When that is perfect,

fect, the rest shall cease to be; and all shall at last be swallow'd up in Charity: which shall make the Felicity of the Blessed ten thousand Ages, after Temperance, Prudence, and Fortitude, nay, after Faith and Hope themselves shall have been no more. Now Charity being the only Vertue that reigns in Heaven, he who has not been habituated to it on Earth, would go thither like a Stranger to a remote Country, whose Language and Customs are both unknown to him, and entirely different from his own; and where by consequence he could neither keep any Company, nor find any Pleasure. The Advancement of Charity then was the great Design of our Saviour's coming into the World; for the Advancement of Charity is the Salvation of Souls: And therefore, that Priest who wrests the Scripture to say any thing destructive of that, is emphatically Antichrist.

St. Paul, by what he has said of Charity in the 13th Chapter of the first Epistle to the *Corinthians*, has set before us several Marks to know when the Scripture is wrested to the Destruction of that Divine Vertue.

Charity, says he, ver. 4. *suffereth long, and is kind; Charity envieth not; Charity vaunteth not it self, is not puffed up; V. 5. Doth not behave it self unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no Evil: V. 6. Rejoiceth not in Iniquity, but rejoiceth in the Truth: V. 7. Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.* From which it is plain, that whatever Priest makes use of the Scripture to stir up Division amongst Men, to nourish their Malice, their Envy, their Pride; to raise groundless Fears and Jealousies amongst them, and to destroy the Confidence which Members of Societies mutually have in each other, and to compass all this by impudent ill-manner'd Invectives, and a sort of Ecclesiastical *Billingsgate*; that Priest wrests the Scripture

ture to say something that is very destructive of Charity, and is emphatically Antichrist.

Nothing can be more seasonable, than here to consider what the Apostle St. James says of the Tongues of such Men, and themselves, Ch. 3. ver. 6. *The Tongue is a Fire; a World of Iniquity: So is the Tongue among the Members, that it defileth the whole Body, and setteth on fire the Course of Nature, and is set on fire of Hell.* V. 7. *For every kind of Beasts, and of Birds, and of Serpents, and of things in the Sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of Mankind.* V. 8. *But the Tongue can no Man tame: it is abundantly evil; full of deadly Poison.* V. 9. *Therewith bless we God, even the Father; and therewith curse we Men, which are made after the Similitude of God.* V. 10. *Out of the same Mouth proceedeth Blessing and Cursing. My Brethren, these things ought not so to be.* V. 11. *Doth a Fountain send forth at the same time sweet Water and bitter? V. 12. Can the Fig-tree, my Brethren, bear Olive-berties? either a Vine Figs? So can no Fountain yield both salt Water and fresh.* And the Apostle declares in the following Verses, that these Church-Incendiaries, who make it their business to curse, when 'tis their Duty to bless, who are agitated with Rage, and Envy, and Malice, have a Spirit in them that is directly contrary to the Spirit of the Gospel: Ver. 13. *Who is a wise Man, and endued with Knowledge among you? Let him shew out of a good Conversation, his Works, with Meekness of Wisdom.* Ver. 14. *But if ye have bitter Envy and Strife in your Hearts, glory not, and lye not against the Truth.* Ver. 15. *This Wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish.* Ver. 16. *For where Envy and Strife is, there is Confusion and every evil Work.* After that the Apostle has, in several of the foresaid Verses, shewn you the Spirit of Antichrist; in the following Verses he describes the Spirit of the Gospel: Ver. 17. *But the Wisdom that is from above, is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and*

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easy

easy to be intreated, full of Mercy and good Fruits, without Partiality, and without Hypocrisy. And in the next Verse he tells us the Effects of it; Ver. 18. *And the Fruit of Righteousness is sown in Peace of them that make Peace.* But, alas! how little is there of this Wisdom, this Spirit, and this Fruit among some modern Preachers!

Thus St. James declares Railing to be contrary to the Spirit of Charity, and consequently of Christianity. And this is the unanimous Sense both of the Apostles, and of the Evangelists: and that it is never to be allow'd of against any Person or Persons, upon any Pretence or Occasion whatever, let the Crime be ever so great, or so horrible. The greatest Crime that ever was committed, was the first; the Apostacy of *Lucifer* from his Creator; the greatest of Sins, excepting the Sin against the Holy Ghost, and equal even to that: like that so great, that it was never to be aton'd for by any Repentance, and never to be forgiven. Yet *Michael* the Archangel, when contending with the Devil he disputed about the Body of *Moses*, durst not bring against him a railing Accusation, but said, *The Lord rebuke thee.* The greatest Crime next to these, was the murdering of the Lord of Life: And yet we find not in any of the Apostles, or in any one of the Evangelists, the least Invective, or the least Bitterness against *Judas* who betray'd him, or the High Priest who condemn'd him, or *Pilate* who deliver'd him to the Soldiers, or the Soldiers who mock'd, and scourg'd, and crucify'd him. And will our modern Antichrists after this pretend to take Occasion from the Gospel of Peace to rail? Will they yet further defend their Railing, by wresting the Scriptures still more to their own Destruction, and the Destruction of their credulous Hearers? Shall the fourth Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to *Titus* be brought to justify this Spirit of Antichrist? *I charge thee*

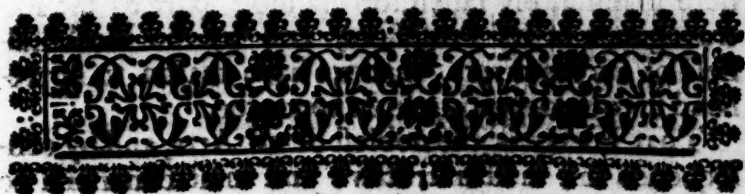
thee therefore before God (says St. Paul to Titus, Ch. 4. ver. 1.) and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the Quick and the Dead, at his appearing, and his Kingdom: Ver. 2. Preach the Word, be instant in Season, out of Season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all Long-suffering and Doctrine. To what is it that the Apostle in this Chapter exhorts Titus? Why, to preach the Word in Season and out of Season, that is, to preach the Son of God, and the Doctrine of Charity. And shall this be made use of to justify preaching up Division, Dissension, Sedition, and the Doctrines of Devils? Shall the Apostle's Exhortation to reprove, and to rebuke, be made use of to vindicate want of Manners, and such Rudeness as better becomes a drunken Bully than a sober Divine, and a Midnight Tavern than a Pulpit? especially when St. Jude, in the 9th Verse of his Epistle mention'd above, has as it were oppos'd Rebuking to Railing, telling us, that the Archangel Michael durst not bring a railing Accusation against the Devil, but only said, *The Lord rebuke thee.* And St. Paul tells Titus in this very Verse, that his *Rebuking, and Reproving, and Exhorting, must be with all Long-suffering, and with Doctrine*; that is, with Charity. The true Christian is certainly the best well-manner'd Man in the World, if that be the truest good Breeding, which makes a Man most easy both to himself and others; and no Man who calls himself a Christian ever wanted Manners, but that Man at the same time wanted both Faith and Charity. But if no manner of Railing, in order to excite Envy, and Hatred, and Rage, and Malice, is allow'd of by the Christian Religion, then certainly the most criminal of all Railings must be that which is pretended to be drawn from this very Religion, which by its principal Commands, a Command comprehensive of all its Commands, obliges us to hate no Man, and to rail at no Man. But as the Railing
of

of our modern Preachers can by no means be justify'd by *St. Paul's* exhorting, rebuking, and reproofing; can the grievous Sufferings of that Apostle for the sake of Righteousness, and the preaching of the Gospel of Christ, be compar'd to a just and a moderate Punishment inflicted by an offended Legislature, for the preaching Division and Sedition, and the Doctrine of Devils? especially when this very Apostle has told us, *1 Cor. 13. 3. Tho I give my Body to be burn'd, and have not Charity, it profiteth me nothing.* From which we may conclude, that many a Martyr has gone to Hell, and pass'd from one Flame to another. Is there no Difference between a light Suffering and a heavy one, a nominal one and a real one, a just one and an unjust one? Is there no Difference between doing the Work of Christ, and the Work of the Devil and his Angels? With whom I will not say, according to their own charitable Christian way of Dealing, that I will leave these well-natur'd Preachers, tho 'tis with the Company they have always kept, as, I believe, has been made pretty plain; but I humbly pray to Almighty God to deliver them out of the hands of their old Acquaintance, who first seduc'd them and debauch'd them, and whom, as is manifest by their Works, they still frequent continually; and of whose House and Family they may most properly be said to be: *1 John 3. 10. In this the Children of God are manifested, and the Children of the Devil; whosoever doth not Righteousness, is not of God, nor he who loveth not his Brother.* We pray to God to deliver them from these wicked Spirits by a sincere Repentance, for all the Mischief which they have done themselves, and for all which they have been the Occasion of in others; for all the Antichristian Hatred, that is, for all the Murder of which they have been guilty themselves; and of which so many Thousands have been guilty by the Suggestion of them and the Devil. For *St. John* tells

414 Priestcraft distinguish'd, &c.

tells us in the 15th Verse of the foremention'd Chapter, *Who so hateth his Brother, is a Murderer.* The Reason is plain, because whoever hates another would kill him, if he were not restrain'd by the Fear of corporal Punishment. For this is evident, that he is not restrain'd by the Law of Nature, nor by the positive Law of God: not by the Law of Nature, because that obliges him not to hate him, by its great and comprehensive Rule of doing as one would be done by, for no Man is willing to be hated by another; nor is he restrain'd by the positive Law of God, because that obliges him not to hate him. It follows then, that he is only aw'd by the fear of corporal Punishment. And how often has this religious Hatred, this Hatred excited by Antichrist and the Devil, broke out in Wars, in Murders, in Burnings, and in Massacres? How near did it come to these Confusions and these Horrors lately? How soon would it yet come to them, if it were not restrain'd by the Wisdom of our Legislators? We humbly beseech Almighty God, to cleanse the Hearts of all these Antichrists by a severe Repentance, for the numberless Murders of which they have certainly contracted the malicious Guilt, and for perfidiously sapping, at the same time, the Foundations of our Constitution, and the Fundamentals of Christianity. We humbly beseech thee, O God, to pour into their Hearts thy Spirit of Peace, of Meekness, and of Charity, that they may be deliver'd from every evil Work, and preserv'd unto thine own Kingdom. To whom be Glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*

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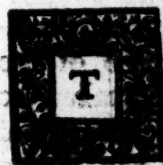


THE
 Grounds of Criticism
 IN
 POETRY.



CHAP. I.

*The Design of the following Treatise, is the Re-
 establishment of Poetry.*



THE Design of the ensuing Treatise, whether we consider the Importance or the Extent of it, is perhaps the greatest in this kind of Writing, that has been conceiv'd by the Moderns; for 'tis no less than an Attempt to restore and re-establish the noblest Art in every Branch of it: an Art, that by the Barbarity of the Times, is fallen and sunk in them

them all, and has been driven and banish'd from every Country excepting *England* alone; and is even here so miserably fallen for the most part by the Extravagance of its Professors, and by the Unskilfulness of its Admirers, that we have reason to apprehend it to be departing from hence too.

That Poetry is the noblest of all Arts, and by consequence the most instructive and most beneficial to Mankind, may be prov'd by the concurring Testimony of the greatest Men, who have liv'd in every Age; the greatest Philosophers, the greatest Heroes, and the greatest Statesmen, who have, as it were, unanimously cherish'd, esteem'd, admir'd it: and never has it been disesteem'd or neglected by any but some Pretenders to Wisdom, and by some contemptible Politicasters, Persons who have got into the Management of Affairs only by the Weakness of those who have employ'd them, and who have utterly wanted Capacity to know what a glorious Use may be made of it, for the Benefit of Civil Society. But in the Sequel of this Discourse, by discovering the Nature of Poetry in general (which seems to me to have been hitherto but little understood) I shall clearly shew its Excellence, and the Importance of this Undertaking. And by laying down either the general Rules of it, or by tracing out that sublime Art, which to make use of *Milton's* Expression, teaches what the Laws are of a true Epick Poem, what of a Dramatick, what of a Lyrick, what Decorum is, what is the grand Master-piece to observe; I shall not only lay a good Foundation for the judging of the Performance of the several Poets, whose Works I have undertaken to examine, but shall, as *Milton* says in his Treatise of Education to Mr. *Hartlib*, soon make the World perceive what despicable Creatures our common Rhymers and Play-wrights are, and shew them what religious, what glorious, and magnificent Use
may

may be made of Poetry, both in Divine and in Human Things.

CHAP. II.

That Poetry is to be establish'd, by laying down the Rules;

THAT an Art, so Divine in its Institution, is sunk and profan'd, and miserably debas'd, is a thing that is confess'd by all. But since Poetry is fallen from the Excellence which it once attain'd to, it must be fallen either by the want of Parts, or want of Industry, or by the Errors of its Professors. But that it cannot be for want of Parts, we have shewn clearly in the Advancement of modern Poetry; nor can it be suppos'd to be for want of Industry, since so many of its Professors have no other Dependence. It remains then that it must have fallen by their Errors, and for want of being guided right. Since therefore 'tis for want of knowing by what Rules they ought to proceed, that Poetry is fallen so low, it follows then that it is the laying down of those Rules alone, that can re-establish it. In short, Poetry is either an Art, or Whimsy and Fanaticism. If it is an Art, it follows that it must propose an End to it self, and afterwards lay down proper Means for the attaining that End: For this is undeniable, that there are proper Means for the attaining of every End, and those proper Means in Poetry we call the Rules. Again, if the End of Poetry be to instruct and reform the World, that is, to bring Mankind from Irregularity, Extravagance, and Confusion, to Rule and Order, how this should be done by a thing that is in it self irregular and extravagant, is difficult to be conceiv'd. Besides, the

Work of every reasonable Creature must derive its Beauty from Regularity; for Reason is Rule and Order, and nothing can be irregular either in our Conceptions or our Actions, any further than it swerves from Rule, that is, from Reason. As Man is the more perfect, the more he resembles his Creator; the Works of Man must needs be more perfect, the more they resemble his Maker's. Now the Works of God, tho infinitely various, are extremely regular.

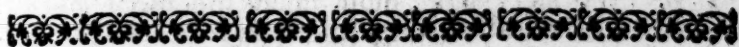
The Universe is regular in all its Parts, and it is to that exact Regularity that it owes its admirable Beauty. The Microcosm owes the Beauty and Health both of its Body and Soul to Order, and the Deformity and Distempers of both to nothing but the want of Order. Man was created, like the rest of the Creatures, regular, and as long as he remain'd so, he continu'd happy; but as soon as he fell from his Primitive State, by transgressing Order, Weakness and Misery was the immediate Consequence of that universal Disorder that immediately follow'd in his Conceptions, in his Passions and Actions.

The great Design of Arts is to restore the Decays that happen'd to human Nature by the Fall, by restoring Order: The Design of Logick is to bring back Order, and Rule, and Method to our Conceptions, the want of which causes most of our Ignorance, and all our Errors. The Design of moral Philosophy is to cure the Disorder that is found in our Passions, from which proceeds all our Unhappiness, and all our Vice; as from the due Order that is seen in them, comes all our Virtue and all our Pleasure. But how should these Arts re-establish Order, unless they themselves were regular? Those Arts that make the Senses instrumental to the Pleasure of the Mind, as Painting and Musick, do it by a great deal of Rule and Order: Since therefore

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Poetry

Poetry comprehends the Force of all these Arts of Logick, of Ethicks, of Eloquence, of Painting, of Musick; can any thing be more ridiculous than to imagine, that Poetry it self should be without Rule and Order?



C H A P. III.

*What Poetry is, and that it attains its End
by exciting of Passion.*

WE have said above, that as Poetry is an Art, it must have a certain End, and that there must be Means that are proper for the attaining that End, which Means are otherwise call'd the Rules: But that we may make this appear the more plainly, let us declare what Poetry is. Poetry then is an Art, by which a Poet excites Passion (and for that very Cause entertains Sense) in order to satisfy and improve, to delight and reform the Mind, and so to make Mankind happier and better: from which it appears that Poetry has two Ends, a subordinate, and a final one; the subordinate one is Pleasure, and the final one is Instruction.

First, The subordinate End of Poetry is to please, for that Pleasure is the Business and Design of Poetry is evident; because Poetry, unless it pleases, nay and pleases to a height, is the most contemptible thing in the World. Other things may be borne with if they are indifferent, but Poetry, unless it is transporting, is abominable: nay, it has only the name of Poetry, so inseparable is Pleasure from the very nature of the Thing.

But, *Secondly,* The final End of Poetry is to reform the Manners: As Poetry is an Art, Instruction must be its final End; but either that Instruction

must consist in reforming the Manners, or it cannot instruct at all, and consequently be an Art; for Poetry pretends to no other Instruction as its final End. But since the final End of Poetry is to reform the Manners, nothing can be according to the true Art of it, which is against Religion, or which runs counter to moral Virtue, or to the true Politicks, and to the Liberty of Mankind: and every thing which is against the last, tends to the Corruption and Destruction of Mankind; and consequently every thing against the last, must be utterly inconsistent with the true Art of Poetry.

Now the proper Means for Poetry, to attain both its subordinate and final End, is by exciting Passion.

1st, The subordinate End of Poetry, which is to please, is attain'd by exciting Passion, because every one who is pleas'd is mov'd, and either desires, or rejoices, or admires, or hopes, or the like. As we are mov'd by Pleasure which is Happiness, to do every thing we do, we may find upon a little Reflection, that every Man is incited by some Passion or other, either to Action, or to Contemplation; and Passion is the Result either of Action or of Contemplation, as long as either of them please; and the more either of them pleases, the more they are attended with Passion. The Satisfaction that we receive from Geometry it self, comes from the Joy of having found out Truth, and the Desire of finding more. And the Satiety that seizes us upon too long a Lecture, proceeds from nothing but from the Weariness of our Spirits, and consequently from the Cessation or the Decay of those two pleasing Passions. But,

2^{dly}, Poetry attains its final End, which is the reforming the Minds of Men, by exciting of Passion. And here I dare be bold to affirm, that all Instruction whatever depends upon Passion. The moral Philosophers themselves, even the dryest of them, can

can never instruct and reform, unless they move; for either they make Vice odious and Virtue lovely, or they deter you from one by the Apprehension of Misery, or they incite you to the other by the Happiness they make you expect from it; or they work upon your Shame, or upon your Pride, or upon your Indignation. And therefore Poetry instructs and reforms more powerfully than Philosophy can do, because it moves more powerfully: And therefore it instructs more easily too. For whereas all Men have Passions, and great Passions of one sort or another; and whereas those Passions will be employ'd, and whatever way they move, they that way draw the Man; it follows, that Philosophy can instruct but hardly, because it moves but gently: for the violent Passions not finding their account in those faint Emotions, begin to rebel and fly to their old Objects; whereas Poetry, at the same time that it instructs us powerfully, must reform us easily; because it makes the very Violence of the Passions contribute to our Reformation. For the Generality of Mankind are apparently sway'd by their Passions, nay, and perhaps the very best and wisest of them. The greatest Philosophers and the greatest Princes are influenc'd by their Favourites, and so are the wisest Magistrates. And 'tis for this reason that not only the Devil, who must be suppos'd to understand human Nature, corrupts Mankind by their Passions; (for Temptation is nothing but the inclining Men to such and such Actions, by the raising such and such Passions in them) but God himself, who made the Soul, and best understands its Nature, converts it by its Passions. For whereas Philosophy pretends to correct human Passions by human Reason, that is, things that are strong and ungovernable, by something that is feeble and weak; Poetry by the force of the Passion, instructs and reforms the Reason: which is the Design of the true Religion, as we have

shewn in another place. So that we have here already laid down one great Rule, necessary for the succeeding in Poetry : for since it can attain neither its subordinate nor its final End, without exciting of Passion, it follows, That where there is nothing which directly tends to the moving of that, there can be no Poetry ; and that consequently a Poet ought to contrive every thing in order to the moving of Passion, that not only the Fable, the Incidents and Characters, but the very Sentiments and the Expressions, ought all to be design'd for that. For since Poetry pleases and instructs us more even than Philosophy it self, only because it moves us more, it follows, That the more Poetry moves, the more it pleases and instructs : and it is for this reason that Tragedy, to those who have a Taste of it, is both more pleasing and more instructing than Comedy. And this naturally brings us to the dividing Poetry into the greater and the less.

1. The greater Poetry is an Art by which a Poet justly and reasonably excites great Passion, that he may please and instruct ; and comprehends Epick, Tragick, and the greater Lyrick Poetry.

2. The less Poetry is an Art by which a Poet excites less Passion for the foremention'd Ends ; and includes in it Comedy and Satire, and the little Ode, and Elegiack and Pastoral Poems. But first we shall treat of the former.



C H A P. IV.

What the greater Poetry is, what Enthusiasm is.

THE greater Poetry then, is an Art by which a Poet justly and reasonably excites great Passion, in order to please and instruct, and make Mankind

kind better and happier ; so that the first and grand Rule in the greater Poetry is, that a Poet must every where excite great Passion ; but in some Branches of the greater Poetry, it is impossible for a Poet every where to excite in a very great degree, that which we vulgarly call Passion : as in the Ode, for example, and in the Narration of the Epick Poem. It follows then, that there must be two sorts of Passion : *First*, That which we call Vulgar Passion ; and *Secondly*, Enthusiasm.

First, Vulgar Passion, or that which we commonly call Passion, is that which is moved by the Objects themselves, or by the Ideas in the ordinary Course of Life ; I mean, that common Society which we find in the World. As for example, Anger is moved by an Affront that is offer'd us in our presence, or by the Relation of one ; Pity by the Sight of a mournful Object, or the Relation of one ; Admiration or Wonder, (the common Passion, I mean ; for there is an Enthusiastick Admiration, as we shall find anon) by the Sight of a strange Object, or the Relation of one. But,

Secondly, Enthusiastick Passion, or Enthusiasm, is a Passion which is moved by the Ideas in Contemplation, or the Meditation of things that belong not to common Life. Most of our Thoughts in Meditation are naturally attended with some sort and some degree of Passion ; and this Passion, if it is strong, I call Enthusiasm. Now the Enthusiastick Passions are chiefly six, Admiration, Terror, Horror, Joy, Sadness, Desire, caus'd by Ideas occurring to us in Meditation, and producing the same Passions that the Objects of those Ideas would raise in us, if they were set before us in the same light that those Ideas give us of them. And here I desire the Reader to observe, that Ideas in Meditation are often very different from what Ideas of the same Objects are, in the course of common Conversation.

As for example, the Sun mention'd in ordinary Conversation, gives the Idea of a round flat shining Body, of about two foot diameter. But the Sun occurring to us in Meditation, gives the Idea of a vast and glorious Body, and the top of all the visible Creation, and the brightest material Image of the Divinity. I leave the Reader therefore to judge, if this Idea must not necessarily be attended with Admiration; and that Admiration I call Enthusiasm. So Thunder mention'd in common Conversation, gives an Idea of a black Cloud, and a great Noise, which makes no great Impression upon us. But the Idea of it occurring in Meditation, sets before us the most forcible, most resistless, and consequently the most dreadful Phenomenon in Nature: So that this Idea must move a great deal of Terror in us, and 'tis this sort of Terror that I call Enthusiasm. And 'tis this sort of Terror, or Admiration, or Horror, and so of the rest, which express'd in Poetry make that Spirit, that Passion, and that Fire, which so wonderfully please.

Thus there are two sorts of Passions to be rais'd in Poetry, the Vulgar and the Enthusiastick; to which last, the Vulgar is preferable, because all Men are capable of being moved by the Vulgar, and a Poet writes to all: But the Enthusiastick are more subtle, and thousands have no feeling and no notion of them. But where the Vulgar cannot be moved in a great degree, there the Enthusiastick are to be rais'd. Therefore in those parts of Epick Poetry, where the Poet speaks himself, or the eldest of the Muses for him, the Enthusiastick Passions are to prevail, as likewise in the greater Ode. And the Vulgar Passions are to prevail in those parts of an Epick and Dramatick Poem, where the Poet introduces Persons holding Conversation together. And perhaps this might be one Reason, for which Aristotle might prefer Tragedy to Epick Poetry, because

cause the Vulgar Passions prevail more in it, and are more violently moved in it; and therefore Tragedy must necessarily both please and instruct, more generally than Epick Poetry. We shall then treat of the Vulgar Passions when we come to speak of Tragedy, in which Poem they ought most to prevail: we shall then more particularly shew the surest and most powerful ways of raising Compassion and Terror, which are the true Tragical Passions.

We shall at present treat of the Enthusiastick Passions, and how they are to be rais'd. We have taken notice above, that they are to be mov'd by Ideas occurring in Contemplation; that they are to be mov'd in a great degree, and yet justly and reasonably. We shall now shew, that the strongest Enthusiastick Passions, that are justly and reasonably rais'd, must be rais'd by religious Ideas; that is, by Ideas which either shew the Attributes of the Divinity, or relate to his Worship. And this we shall endeavour to prove, *1st*, By Reason: *2dly*, By Authority: *3dly*, By Examples.

1st, We shall endeavour to prove it by Reason. Since the foresaid Passions are to be mov'd in a great degree, and are to be mov'd by their Ideas, it follows, that to be justly and reasonably mov'd, they must be mov'd by great Ideas. And therefore the stronger the Enthusiasm is, the greater must the Ideas be. Now those Ideas are certainly the greatest, which are worthiest to move the greatest and the wisest Men: for there the Enthusiastick Passions in Poetry are truly admirable, when the greater and more violent they are, the more they show the Largeness of Soul, and Greatness of Capacity of the Writer. For Men are mov'd for two Reasons, either because they have weak Minds and Souls, that are capable of being mov'd by little Objects, and consequently by little and ordinary Ideas; or because they have Greatness of Soul and Capacity,
to

to discern and feel the great ones: for the Enthusiastick Passions being caus'd by the Ideas, it follows, that the more the Soul is capable of receiving Ideas whose Objects are truly great and wonderful, the greater will the Enthusiasm be that is caus'd by those Ideas. From whence it follows, that the greater the Soul is, and the larger the Capacity, the more will it be mov'd by religious Ideas; which are not only great and wonderful, but which almost alone are great and wonderful to a great and wise Man; and which never fail to move very strongly, unless it is for want of due Reflection, or want of Capacity in the Subject.

Since therefore the Enthusiasm in the greater Poetry, is to hold proportion with the Ideas; and those Ideas are certainly the greatest, which are worthiest to move the greatest and the wisest Men: and Divine Ideas, or Ideas which shew the Attributes of God, or relate to his Worship, are worthiest to move the greatest and the wisest Men; because such Ideas belong to Objects which are only truly above them, and consequently truly Admirable, Desirable, Joyful, Terrible, &c. it follows, That the greatest and strongest Enthusiasm that can be employ'd in Poetry, is only justly and reasonably to be deriv'd from Religious Ideas.

But here we desire the Reader's leave to make this Observation, That since Religious and Divine Ideas, or Ideas which shew the Attributes or relate to the Worship of the Divinity, are the worthiest to move the greatest and the wisest Men; and the greater and wiser the Men are, the more they must move and raise them; as for example, the greater and more comprehensive the Soul is, which reflects upon the Idea of God, the more that Idea must fill that Soul with Admiration: it follows, That as great Passion only is the adequate Language of the greater Poetry, so the greater Poetry is only the adequate

quate Language of Religion; and that therefore the greatest Passion is the Language of that sort of Poetry, because that sort of Poetry is the worthiest Language of Religion.

But, 2^{dly}, We shall proceed to prove by Authority, That the strongest Enthusiastick Passions in Poetry are only justly and reasonably to be rais'd by religious Ideas: And this we shall show by the Authority of the greatest Criticks among the Antients, *Aristotle*, *Hermogenes*, and *Longinus*.

(1.) *Aristotle* says, in the third Book of his Rhetorick, cap. 2, & 3. That the frequent Use of Metaphors, Dialects, Epithets, is a great deal fitter for Poetry than it is for Prose, because they are the Language of Passion; and Poetry is more Passionate or more Enthusiastick than Prose, for this Reason, because the Persons and the Things of which Poetry treats, are many degrees above those which are the Subjects of Prose. Now all the World knows, that the *Grecians* treated of the greatest human Persons and Things in their Prose, but that Poetry was a Language which they reserv'd for their Gods, and for the Things which related to them. And I am apt to believe, that Poetry from hence was call'd the Language of the Gods, because whenever the *Grecians* in the Poetical Times introduced their Gods speaking, they were sure to speak in Verse. But,

(2.) *Hermogenes*, in the sixth Chapter of the first Book of his Treatise, concerning the Forms of Speech, tells us, that there are four kinds of Thoughts or Ideas, or Conceptions, which were proper to give that Elevation and Gravity to a Discourse, which by their Union compose that Quality in Writing which we call Majesty.

1. The first and principal of them are all such Thoughts or Ideas of God, as are worthy of the Divinity; not like some of the *Hæmerical* Conceptions of *Jupiter*, which, says *Hermogenes*, being more
Human

Human than Divine, and unworthy of the Divinity, are contrary to true Majesty.

2. Next to these the Conceptions which give Elevation and Gravity, and consequently Majesty to a Discourse, are such Thoughts or Ideas concerning the Works of God, as are worthy the Divine Workmanship.

3. The third sort of Conceptions are, of such Things as are indeed themselves Divine, but they are such Emanations of Divinity, as are to be seen in Men; as Justice, Temperance, Fortitude, Nature, Law, and the like; to which may be added, Number, Power and Might.

4. The fourth sort are, of Things that indeed are Human, but are reputed Great and Illustrious, as Conquest, Riches, Nobility, &c. But here I desire the Reader to observe, that *Hermogenes* is here speaking concerning Pieces of Eloquence, and such Discourses as are writ in Prose; for it is certain, that these last Ideas, as they are of Things that are merely Human, can never afford the greatest Spirit that can be employ'd in Poetry. For as the Objects themselves are not truly great, because, as *Longinus* says, a Man who has it in his power to possess them, shows himself great by contemning them; it is impossible that a Spirit that is very great, can flow from these Ideas, because the Spirit that is very great, must hold proportion with its Ideas, as the Ideas must with their Objects: and therefore these Ideas cannot be great, because their Objects are not great.

We ought now, in the third place, to proceed to the Authority of *Longinus*. But that we may diversify this Treatise the more, and make it the more entertaining, we shall first shew Examples of the several Kinds of the foremention'd Thoughts, producing that sort of Spirit in Poetry which we call Enthusiastick Admiration: and that we may show the Reader more plainly how that Spirit is produc'd,

produc'd, we shall set before him as near as we can, such kind of Thoughts as inspire the Soul with Admiration alone, uncomplicated with Terror, or any other Passion.

These Thoughts, or Ideas, which produce that Enthusiasm which we call Admiration, are Thoughts or Ideas which hold some proportion with such Objects, as in their nature are truly admirable. Those Thoughts or Ideas are of two sorts, Ideas of Sounds, and Ideas of Things. We shall then have occasion to treat of Ideas of Sounds, when we come to speak of Terror, and some of the other Enthusiastick Passions: we shall at present treat of such Ideas of Things, as are proper to excite Admiration.

We have shown that *Hermogenes*, in the first Rank of these, reckons those Thoughts and Ideas of God, that are worthy of the Creator: Such is the Invocation of *Milton*, in the beginning of *Paradise Lost*.

And chiefly Thou, O Spirit! that dost prefer
Before all Temples, th' upright Heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st, Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty Wings o'erspread,
Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss,
And mad'st it pregnant; what in me is dark,
Illumine, what is low raise and support,
That to the Height of this great Argument
I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the Ways of God to Men.

And that it was these Divine Ideas, that rais'd his Soul, and fill'd it with Admiration, and with a noble Greatness, (which Passion express'd, makes the Greatness of the Spirit) the Reader who goes back to the beginning of the Poem, will find no manner of room to doubt. For *Milton*, like a Master, begins with a gentle Spirit, which he continues for the twelve first Lines: In the thirteenth, where he speaks of the Boldness of his Attempt, he begins to
rise;

rife; and in the nineteenth, where he talks of the Power of the Holy Ghost, he is quite upon the Wings.

Instruct me, for Thou know'st, Thou from the first.

And such are the Thoughts concerning God, which are spread thro that Divine Dialogue between God and *Adam*, in the eighth Book of the same Poem: I believe the Reader will pardon the length if I repeat it, which I am very much inclin'd to do, not only because I challenge the most zealous Admirers of Antiquity to produce any thing like it, from among all the Dialogues in *Homer* and *Virgil*, that are between either a God or a Man, or between one God and another; but because the Reader who sees the Inequalities in it, will easily see that it derives its Greatness and its Sublimity from the becoming Thoughts which it has of the Deity. That the Reader may thorowly understand it, without turning to the Book, the occasion of it is this: *Adam*, relating the History of the Creation to the Angel *Raphael*, tells him, how after he had given Names to the Birds and the Beasts, which God had brought before him for that purpose; he who understood their Natures, and saw none of them was fit for his Conversation, desir'd of God in the following Words a Partner fit for Human Society.

Oh by what Name, for Thou above all these,
Above Mankind, or ought than Mankind higher
Surpashest far my naming, how may I
Adore Thee? Author of this Universe,
And all this Good to Man, for whose Well-being
So amply, and with Hands so liberal,
Thou hast provided all things. But with me
I see not who partakes; in Solitude

What

What Happiness ? Who can enjoy alone ?
Or all enjoying, what Contentment find ?
Thus I presumptuous ; and the Vision bright,
As with a Smile more brightned, thus reply'd.

Here by the way I desire the Reader to observe,
how the Spirit of the Poem sinks, when *Adam* comes
from God to himself ; and how it rises again, when
he returns to his Creator. But let us proceed to
God's Reply.

What call'st thou Solitude ? Is not the Earth
With various living Creatures, and the Air
Replenish'd ; and all these at thy Command,
To come and play before thee ? Know'st thou not
Their Language and their Ways ? They also know,
And reason not contemptibly ; with these
Find Pastime, and bear Rule, thy Realm is large.
So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd
So ordering : I with leave of Speech implor'd,
And humble Deprecation, thus reply'd.

Let not my Words offend Thee, Heavenly Power,
My Maker be propitious while I speak :
Hast not thou made me here thy Substitute,
And these inferior far, beneath me set ?
Among Unequals what Society
Can sort ? What Harmony or true Delight,
Which must be mutual in proportion due,
Given and receiv'd ; but in disparity
The one intense, the other still remiss,
Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
Tedious alike ? Of Fellowship I speak,
Such as I seek fit to participate
All rational Delight ; wherein the Brute
Cannot be human Consort : They rejoice
Each with their Kind, Lion with Lions ;
So fitly them in Pairs thou hast combin'd :
Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowl

So

So well converse ; nor with the Ox the Ape ;
 Worse then can Man with Beast, and least of all,
 Wheretoe the Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd ;
 A nice and subtle Happiness, I see,
 Thou to thy self propos'st, in the choice
 Of thy Associates, *Adam*, and wilt taste
 No Pleasure, tho in Pleasure solitary :
 What think'st thou then of me, and this my State ?
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd
 Of Happiness or not, who am alone
 From all Eternity ? For none I know
 Second to me, or like, equal much less :
 How have I then, with whom to hold Converse,
 Save with the Creatures which I made, and those
 To me inferior infinite Descents
 Beneath what other Creatures are to thee ?

The Reader may easily see, that here is all that
 is great and sublime in Reason, express'd with the
 Spirit of that just Admiration, with which such wor-
 thy Thoughts of the Deity must naturally fill the
 Soul. But now let us see *Adam's* Answer.

He ceas'd. I lowly answer'd, To attain
 The Height and Depth of thy Eternal Ways,
 All Human Thoughts come short : Supreme of
 Things,
 Thou in thy self art perfect ; and in Thee
 Is no Deficiency found : not so is Man,
 But in degree, the Cause of his Desire
 By Conversation with his Like to help
 Or solace his Defects : no need that Thou
 Shouldst propagate, already Infinite,
 And thro all Numbers absolute, tho One :
 But Man by Number is to manifest
 His single Imperfection, and beget
 Like of his Like, his Image multiply'd,
 In Unity defective, which requires
 Collateral Love and dearest Amity.

*

Thou

Thou in thy Secrecy altho alone,
Best with thy self accompany'd, seek'st not
Social Communication ; yet so pleas'd,
Canst raise thy Creature to what height thou wilt,
Of Union, or Communion deify'd :
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in their ways Complaisance find.

What *Milton* saith of the Son of God hymn'd by
the Angels, in the third Book of that Poem, is very
lofty and elevated.

Thee next they sang, of all Creation first
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous Countenance, without Cloud
Made visible, the Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no Creature can behold ; on Thee
Impress'd th' Effulgence of his Glory abides,
Transfus'd on Thee his ample Spirit rests :
He Heaven of Heavens, and all the Powers therein,
By Thee created, and by Thee threw down
Th' aspiring Dominations ; Thou that Day
Thy Father's dreadful Thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming Chariot-Wheels that shook
Heaven's everlasting Frame, while o'er the Necks
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarray'd.

I have the rather mention'd these Verses, to show
that *Milton* was a little tainted with Socinianism,
for by the first Verse 'tis evident, that he look'd
upon the Son of God as a created Being. The last
thing that I shall mention, is, what God says of
Himself, in the Seventh Book ; for speaking of Chaos,
he says, that is boundless because He is infinite.

Boundless the Deep, because I Am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the Space ;
Tho I uncircumscrib'd my self retire,
And put not forth my Goodness, which is free

Vol. II.

E e

To

To act or not ; Necessity and Chance
Approach not Me, and what I will is Fate.

I could add an infinite Number of Examples, if it were not altogether needless ; for what has been said may suffice to show, that a Poet, who intends to give that Elevation and that Gravity to his Poem, which compose Majesty, can fetch his Ideas from no Object so proper as from God. For as great Elevation must be produced by a great Admiration, as every Passion which the Poet excites ought to be just and reasonable, and adapted to its Object, it is impossible that any one, who is not stupid, can seriously contemplate his Maker, but that his Soul must be exalted and lifted up towards its Primitive Object, and be fill'd and inspired with the highest Admiration. For 'tis then that the Enthusiasm in Poetry is wonderful and divine, when it shows the Excellence of the Author's Discernment, and the Largeness of his Soul : now all the Ideas of God are such, that the more large and comprehensive the Soul of a Poet is, and the more it is capable of receiving those Ideas, the more is it sure to be raised, and filled, and lifted to the Skies with Wonder : The Spirit or the Passion in Poetry ought to be proportion'd to the Ideas, and the Ideas to the Object, and when it is not so, it is utterly false. And therefore whenever in Poetry there is a great Spirit which is derived from Ideas, whose Objects are unworthy to move the Soul of a great and a wise Man, there that Spirit is either false, or at least has nothing sublimely admirable in it. But nothing but God, and what relates to God, is worthy to move the Soul of a great and a wise Man. But let us proceed to consider the glorious Works of the Creator, which, next to Himself, are worthy to move with Admiration all who are worthy to be called wise ; because these, when they are reflected upon by the
Great

Great and the Wise, never fail to declare his Eternal Power and Godhead. Our Religion tells us, that the first, the greatest, and most glorious of his Works, are the Angels ; who whether we consider their Power, their Swiftneſs, their Science, or their Sanctity, are fit Objects of our Admiration, and conſequently of lofty and elevated Poetry. Let us ſee then how *Taſſo* deſcribes the Angel *Gabriel*, and his Deſcent, in the firſt Canto of the *Hieruſalemme*.

Stan. XIII.

*Coſi parlogli, & Gabriel ſ' accinſe
Veloce ad eſſequir l' impoſte coſe.
La ſua forma inuiſſibil d' Aria cinſe,
Et al ſenſo mortal la ſottopoſe.
Humane membra, aſpetto human ſi finſe ;
Ma di celeſte maeſtà il compoſe,
Tra Giouane, e fanciullo età conſine
Preſe, & ornò di raggi ill biondo crine.*

Stan. XIV.

*Alì bianche uesti, c'han d'or le cime
Infaticabilmente agili, e preſte
Fende i uenti, e le nubi, e ua ſublime
Soura la Terra, e soura il Mar con queſte.
Coſi uestito indirizzòſſi a l' ime
Parti del mondo il Meſſaggier Celeſte,
Pria ſul Libano monte ei ſi ritenne,
E ſi libro ſu l' adeguate penne.*

And thus it is tranſlated by *Fairfax*, who tho he by no means ſheweth all the Spirit and Beauty of the Original, yet even in his Antiquated Verſion he diſcovers ſomething of them.

Stan. XIII.

This ſaid, the Angel ſwift himſelf prepar'd
To execute the Charge impos'd aright,
In form of airy Members fair embar'd,
His Spirits pure were ſubject to our Sight ;

Like to a Man in shew and shape he far'd,
 But full of heavenly Majesty and Might,
 A Stripling seem'd he thrice five Winters old,
 And radiant Beams adorn'd his Locks of Gold.

Stan. XIV.

Of Silver Wings he took a shining Pair,
 Fringed with Gold, unwear'd, nimble, swift,
 With these he parts the Winds, the Clouds, the Air,
 And over Seas and Earth himself doth lift:
 Thus clad he cut the Spheres and Circles fair,
 And the pure Skies with sacred Feathers cleft,
 On *Libanon* at first his Foot he set,
 And shook his Wings with roary *May-Dews* wet.

But let us now consider *Michael's* Descent in the
 Night, in the ninth Canto of the *Hierusalemme*.

Stan. LXII.

*Venia scotendo con l' eterne piume
 La Caligine densa, e i cupi horrori ;
 S'indoraua la notte al diuin lume,
 Che spargea scintillando il uolto fuori ;
 Tale il Sol ne le nubi ha per costume,
 Spiegar dopo la pioggia i bei colori ;
 Tal suol fendendo il liquido sereno
 Stella cader de la gran madre in seno.*

Which in *English* is as follows :

And as he flew, the Darkness of his way,
 And the black Horrors of the dreary Sky,
 He shaking his Eternal Wings, dispers'd ;
 Old Night illustrated her dusky Face
 With Rays, which his Celestial Eyes diffus'd.
 Thus breaking thro' a Storm, the Lord of Day
 The Clouds with Purple and with Gold adorns ;
 And thus a Star from the Nocturnal Heav'n,
 Into the Lap of our great Mother falls.

Where the Reader may take notice, that the Com-
 parison of the Sun to *Michael* the Prince of the
 Arch-

Arch-Angels, is extremely Just and Noble, because the top of the visible is admirably liken'd to the top of the invisible Creation : But in the two last Verses, *Tasso* has injudiciously been guilty of an Anticlimax. But now let us see how *Milton* describes the Descent of *Raphael* to Paradise, in the fifth Book of *Paradise Lost*. v. 266.

Down thither prone in Flight
He speeds, and thro the vast Etherial Sky
Sails between Worlds and Worlds, with steddý
Wing ;
Now on the Polar Winds, then with quick Fan
Winnows the buxom Air, till within Soar
Of tow'ring Eagles, to all the Fowls he seems
A Phoenix, gazed by all, as that sole Bird
When to enshrine his Relicks in the Sun's
Bright Temple, to *Egyptian Thebes* he flies.
At once on th' Eastern Cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper Shape returns :
A Seraph wing'd : six Wings he wore to shade
His Lineaments Divine ; the Pair that clad
Each Shoulder broad came mantling o'er his Breast
With Regal Ornament ; the middle Pair
Girt like a Starry Zone his Waist, and round
Skirted his Loins and Thighs with downy Gold,
And Colours dipt in Heaven ; the third his Feet
Shadow'd from either Heel with feather'd Mail,
Sky-tinctured Grain : like *Maia's* Son he stood,
And shook his Plumes, that heavenly Fragrance fill'd
The Circuit wide.

Thus the Reader may see, by what has been said, that the Ideas of Angels are exceeding proper to raise Enthusiastick Admiration, as being the most glorious and admirable Beings of the Creation, and which lead the Soul immediately to its Creator. Next to these come the other Creatures of the immaterial World, as Demons, Apparitions of all

sorts, and more particularly the Spirits of Men departed : then follow Prophecies, Visions, Miracles, Enchantments, Prodigies, and all things which have an immediate Relation to the Wonders of another World ; of most of which we shall give Examples, when we come to speak of Terror, because they are rather wonderful, than they are admirable. We name those things wonderful, which we admire with fear.

The next Ideas that are most proper to produce the Enthusiastm of Admiration, are the great Phenomena of the Material World ; because they too lead the Soul to its Maker, and shew, as the Apostle says, his eternal Power and Godhead : As the Heavens and Heavenly Bodies, the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, and the Immensity of the Universe, and the Motions of the Heaven and Earth. Witness what *Milton* says of the Sun, when he describes the Descent of Satan from Heaven-Gates to Paradise, lib. 3, v. 571.

Above them all,
The golden Sun, in Splendour likest Heaven,
Allur'd his Eye ; thither his Course he bends
Thro the calm Firmament, but up or down
By Center, or Eccentrick, hard to tell,
Or Longitude, where the great Luminary
Aloof, the vulgar Constellations thick,
That from his lordly Eye keep Distance due,
Dispenses Light from far ; they as they move
Their Starry Dance in Numbers, that compute
Days, Months, and Years tow'rds his all-chearing
Lamp,
Turn swift their various Motions, or are turn'd
By his magnetick Beam, that gently warms
The Universe.

But to show how very much these fall short of the immaterial Creation, a Poet, that he may make them

them more admirable, contrives to give Spirit and Soul to them.

Where the great Luminary
Aloof, the vulgar Constellations thick,
That from his lordly Eye keep Distance due,
Dispenses Light from far.

And in that noble Apostrophe to the Sun, the Devil makes in the beginning of the ^{fourth} ~~third~~ Book.

O thou that with surpassing Glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God
Of this new World, at whose sight all the Stars
Hide their diminish'd Heads, &c.

And in that admirable Passage in the seventh Book, v. 94. where *Adam* desires the Angel to give him an Account of the Creation.

If unforbid thou mayst unfold
What we, not to explore the Secrets, ask,
Of his Eternal Empire; but the more
To magnify his Works, the more we know:
And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
Much of his Race, tho steep, suspense in Heaven,
Held by thy Voice, thy potent Voice he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His Generation, and the rising Birth
Of Nature, from the unapparent Deep.

And in the Apostrophe to the Sun in the fourth *Æneid*.

Sol, qui Terrarum Flammi Opera omnia lustras.

Which is in *English*;

Great God of Day, that with thy flaming Beams
View'st and illuminat'st at once a World.

And in what *Milton* says of the Moon, in the fourth Book of *Paradise Lost*. v. 605.

Hesperus, that led
 The Starry Host, rode brightest, till the Moon;
 Rising in clouded Majesty, at length
 Apparent Queen unveil'd her peerless Light,
 And o'er the Dark her silver Mantle threw.

For the Stars, and the Immensity of the Universe,
 I desire the Reader would give me leave to bring an
 Example, from the Paraphrase upon the *Te Deum*,
 where thus the Angel speaks to God.

Where'er at utmost Stretch we cast our Eyes,
 Thro the vast frightful Spaces of the Skies,
 Ev'n there we find thy Glory, there we gaze
 On thy bright Majesty's unbounded Blaze:
 Ten thousand Suns, prodigious Globes of Light,
 At once in broad Dimensions strike our Sight;
 Millions behind, in the remoter Skies,
 Appear but Spangles to our weary'd Eyes:
 And when our weary'd Eyes want farther Strength
 To pierce the Void's immeasurable Length,
 Our vigorous tow'ring Thoughts still further fly,
 And still remoter flaming Worlds descry:
 But even an Angel's comprehensive Thought,
 Cannot extend so far as thou hast wrought;
 Our vast Conceptions are by swelling, brought,
 Swallow'd and lost in Infinite, to nought.

The Idea of the World's Immensity is very proper to produce Admiration, as leading us to the Glory of the Creator; the Use that *Milton* makes of it, in the eighth Book of *Paradise Lost*: v. 100.

And for the Heavens wide Circuit, let it speak
 The Maker's high Magnificence, who built
 So spacious, and his Line stretch'd out so far,
 That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
 An Edifice too large for him to fill,

Lodg'd

Lodg'd in a small Partition, and the rest
Ordain'd for Uses to his Lord best known.

And *Tasso* finely makes use of that noble Idea, to
repress the Pride and Ambition of Man. 'Tis in
the 14th Canto of the *Hierusalemme*, where *Hugo* bids
Godfrey, who had been rapt up to Heaven in a Vi-
sion, look down from the Firmament to the Earth.

Stan. IX.

China, poi disse, e gli additò la Terra,
Gli occhi a ciò, che quel globo ultimo ferra,

X.

Quanto e uil la cagion, ch'a la uirtude
Humana e cola giù premio, e contrasto ;
In che picciolo cerchio, e fra che nude
Solitudini e stretto il uostro fasto.
Lei come Isola, il mare intorno chiude,
E lui, c' hor Ocean chiamat'e, hor uasto
Nulla eguale a tai nomi ha in se di magno,
Ma e bassa palude, e breue stagno.

Stan. XI.

Così l' un disse e l' altro in giuso i lumi
Volse, quasi sdegnoso, e ne sorrise ;
Che uide un punto sol, mar, terre, e fiumi,
Che qui paion distinti in tante guise,
Et ammiro, che pur a l' ombre, a i fumi,
La nostra folle humanità s' affisse,
Seruo Imperio cercando, e muta fama,
Ne miri il ciel, ch' a se n' inuita, e chiama.

The following Verses of *Milton*, in the eighth Book
of *Paradise Lost*,^{v. 12} concerning the Magnitude and the
Motions of the Heavens and Earth, derive a lofty
Spirit from their Subject ; for there says *Adam*,

When I behold this goodly Frame, this World,
Of Heaven and Earth consisting, and compute
Their Magnitudes, this Earth a Spot, a Grain,
An Atom with the Firmament compar'd

And

And all her numbred Stars, that seem to roll
 Spaces incomprehensible (for such
 Their Distance argues, and their swift Return
 Diurnal)

I could here bring Examples of the same kind of Spirit, deriv'd in due Proportion from Ideas of Sub-lunary Things; as of the four Elements, Water, Earth, Air, Fire; Winds and Meteors of all sorts, Seas, Rivers, Mountains: but I am afraid of running into length, and heaping too many Citations one upon another. Besides, it will be very convenient to make two or three Remarks here.

First, That the Wonders of the Universe afford the more admirable Ideas, and a more admirable Spirit, the more they shew the Attributes of the Creator, or relate to his Worship. *Secondly*, That Natural Philosophy is absolutely necessary to a Poet, not only that he may adorn his Poem with the useful Knowledge it affords, but because the more he knows the immense Phenomena of the Universe, the more he will be sure to admire them. For the more we know of Things that are never to be comprehended by us, the more that Knowledge must make them appear wonderful. The third Remark that I shall make is this, That they to whom Nature has given that happy Elevation of Thought, which alone can make a great Poet, will often be directed by that Tendency to Greatness, which they have within them to Ideas, from which they may derive a lofty Spirit; yet I shall shew, by the Example of *Milton*, that they may often very grossly fail, for want of a certain Knowledge of the Objects from which they are to draw their Ideas: for 'tis for want of that Knowledge that *Milton* has done the most unartful thing that perhaps ever was done, in the two or three last Books of the greatest Poem that ever was written by Man. For whereas in the first
 eight

eight Books, he had by the Mouth of God or Angels, or of Man the Companion of Angels, divinely entertain'd us with the wondrous Works of God; in the latter end of his Poem, and more particularly, in the last Book, he makes an Angel entertain us with the Works of corrupted Man. From which it is very plain, by what has been deliver'd above, concerning the nature of Enthusiastick Passion, that that Angel could draw no sort of Enthusiasm, and least of all that of Admiration and Terror, which give the principal Greatness and Elevation to Poetry. For how flat, how low, and unmusical is the Relation of the Actions of fallen Man, in the tenth Book, tho deliver'd by the Voice of Divinity?

On *Adam* last thus Judgment he pronounc'd;
Because thou hast hearkned to the Voice of thy Wife,
And eaten of the Tree, concerning which
I charg'd thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat thereof,
Curs'd is the Ground for thy sake, thou in Sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the Days of thy Life;
Thorns also, and Thistles it shall bring thee forth
Untill'd, and thou shalt eat the Herb of the Field.
In the Sweat of thy Face shalt thou eat Bread,
Till thou return unto the Ground, for thou
Out of the Ground wast taken; know thy Birth,
For Dust thou art, and shalt to Dust return.

The late Mr. *Dryden*, with a great deal of Injustice, us'd to attribute the Flatness of *Milton*, in this and some other Passages, to his getting into a Track of Scripture, as he was pleas'd to express himself: Whereas the thing that made him sink, was plainly the Poorness and Lowness of the Ideas. For how could the Works of corrupted Man afford any other to God or Angels? But what lofty, what glorious Ideas does a religious Mention of the Works of God afford to Man in his Primitive State, in that
incomparable

incomparable Hymn in the fifth Book of the same *Paradise Lost*? A Hymn, which tho it is intirely taken from Scripture, for it is apparently the 148th Psalm, yet will always stand alone, the Phoenix of lofty Hymns; and nothing equal to it, no nor second to it, can ever be produc'd from the *Grecian* Writers of Hymns. It is impossible I can do a greater pleasure to the Reader, who either has not read or does not remember *Milton*, than to insert it here.

These are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good,
 Almighty, thine this Universal Frame,
 Thus wondrous fair, thy Self how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable; who sit'st above these Heavens,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest Works; yet these declare
 Thy Goodness beyond Thought, and Power Divine.
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
 Angels, for ye behold him, and with Songs
 And Choral Symphonies, Day without Night
 Circle his Throne rejoicing, ye in Heaven
 On Earth join all the Creatures, to extol
 Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of Stars, last in the Train of Night,
 If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
 Sure Pledge of Day, that crown'st the smiling Morn
 With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Sphere,
 While Day arises, that sweet Hour of Prime.
 Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soul,
 Acknowledge Him thy Greater, sound his Praise
 In thy eternal Course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when High-Noon hast gain'd, and when thou
 fall'st,
 Moon, that now meets the Orient Sun, now fly'st
 With the fix'd Stars, fix'd in their Orb that flies;
 And ye five other wandering Fires, that move
 In mystick Dance not without Song, resound

His

His Praise, who out of Darknes call'd up Light,
 Air and ye Elements, the eldest Birth
 Of Nature's Womb, that in Quaternion run
 Perpetual Circle multiform, and mix
 And nourish all things, let your ceaseless Change
 Vary to our great Maker still new Praise.
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise,
 From Hill or steaming Lake, dusky or grey,
 Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold,
 In honour to the World's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with Clouds th' uncolour'd Sky,
 Or wet the thirsty Earth with falling Showers;
 Rising or falling still advance his Praise.
 His Praise, ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
 With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
 Melodious Murmurs, warbling tune his Praise.
 Join Voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds
 That singing up to Heaven-Gates ascend,
 Bear on your Wings, and in your Notes, his Praise.
 Ye that in Waters glide, and ye that walk
 The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
 Witness if I be silent Morn or Even,
 To Hill or Valley, Fountain or fresh Shades,
 Made vocal by my Song, and taught his Praise.
 Hail Universal Lord, be bounteous still,
 To give us only Good; and if the Night
 Have gather'd ought of Evil or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now Light dispels the Dark.

'Tis easy to discern here, with how much more
 Divinity *Milton* makes a Man speak concerning
 the Works of God, than he makes even the Cre-
 ator himself speak concerning the Works of Man.
 But here if the Reader will pardon a Digression,
 I shall make an Observation which may not be
 disagreeable to him. The Observation is this,
 That

That all the Passages in *Paradise Lost*, where God is introduced speaking, are flat to the reserve of those in which he speaks of himself. Upon inquiring into the Reason of it, I found, that according to the Account which I have given of Poetical Enthusiasm, or of the Spirit of Poetry, it is nothing but that Admiration and Terror, and the rest of those Enthusiastical Passions which are produced by their proper Ideas, and which are to hold proportion with their Ideas, as their Ideas must with their Objects. Now nothing is more impossible than that God should either fear or admire his own Creatures. But where *Milton* makes him speak concerning himself, or his infinite Power, there he makes him speak with a great Spirit, as in that Passage of the sixth Book where he speaks to his Son.

v. 710.

Go then thou mightiest in thy Father's Might,
Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheels,
That shake Heaven's Basis, bring forth all my War,
My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty Arms.

'Tis plain that here the Poet is guilty of a Mistake, but indeed a Mistake that is almost unavoidable; for 'tis the Admiration and Terror that make the Spirit in the preceding Verses; and it is impossible to conceive the Ideas without feeling the Passions: so that *Milton*, while he was rapt with Admiration, and moved with Terror by the Ideas which he had conceiv'd, shifts Persons insensibly, and forgetting who speaks, expresses himself with those Passions which indeed are proper enough in the Poet, but never can be so in the Deity. For neither his Bow, nor his Almighty Arms, his Thunder, nor the rapid Wheels that shake Heaven's Basis, can be in the least admirable or terrible to the Divinity; so that *Mr. Cowley* is certainly in the right in his Notes upon his *Dauides*, where he tells us, that God is to be introduced speaking simply. And this
puts

puts me in mind of an extraordinary Argument of Monsieur *Paschal*, proving the Divinity of our Saviour by the Simplicity of his Stile ; for, says he, our Saviour speaks of the sublimest Subjects, even the Glories of the Kingdom of Heaven, without being moved at all, which shews that he was really God : for suppose a Peasant, says he, or an ordinary Man should be carry'd to the Court of some Prince, as for example the Great Mogul, and there be shewn all his Riches, his Pomp, and his Power ; this Peasant at his return would certainly speak of these things in extravagant terms, in terms that would sufficiently declare his Transport. But if the Mogul himself was to speak of them, he who had been always used to them, would speak without any Emotion. So, says Monsieur *Paschal*, if any one else had deliver'd any thing concerning the Glories of the Kingdom of Heaven, he would certainly have done it with Transport, nay tho he had been a Fanatick or an Impostor : for let those Divine Ideas come how they will, 'tis impossible for Man to think of them without being ravish'd by them. But our Saviour, who was God, and who consequently had been used to them from all Eternity, spoke of them unconcern'd.

But let us come to the third sort of Thoughts, which, *Hermogenes* says, are proper to give Elevation and Gravity to a Discourse ; and those are things which indeed are divine, says he, but are often beheld in Men. These Emanations of Divinity are the Virtues, such as Temperance, Justice, Fortitude, Magnanimity ; or Nature, Law, Power, and the like. And we should never make an end, if we should give Examples of all the Passages, whose Greatness of Spirit is deriv'd from these Ideas. But for the Reader's Entertainment, we shall mention a few.

The Power of ruling our own Minds, which may be refer'd to Temperance, gives noble Ideas, and
con-

consequently a noble Spirit, as we may see by the second Ode of the second Book of *Horace*.

*Latius regnes avidum domando
Spiritus, quam si Lybiam remotis
Gadibus jungas, & uterque Panus
Serviat uni.*

Which in *English* is thus :

Thou a more absolute Command shalt gain,
A larger nobler Empire shalt obtain,
If thy wild Lust of Pow'r thou canst restrain ;
Than if to *Spain* thy conqu'ring Troops should join
The *Moors*, that fry beneath the parching Line,
And both the *Carthaginians* should be thine.

And the Idea of Fortitude affords too a noble Spirit, as we may see in the twelfth of the *Æneis*, where *Turnus* replies to *Æneas*, who upbraids him with Fear.

—Non me tua fervida terrent
Dicta ferox. Dii me terrent, & Jupiter hostis.

'Tis true, I am afraid, but not of thee,
Nor thy vain threatening Words, insulting Man :
The Gods alone can frighten me, and *Jove*
Who now declares against me.

And that is a very remarkable Passage in the fifteenth Stanza of the fourth Canto of the *Hierusalemme*; for after *Pluto* had demanded of the assembled Fiends, if they will stand idle and suffer the Christian Armies to throw down their Altars, and destroy their Worship; he adds,

*Ah non fia uer, che non sono anco estinti
Gli spirti in uoi di quel ualor primiero,
Quando di ferro, e d' alte fiamme cinti
Pugnammo gia contra il celeste Impero ;
Fammo (io no'l nego) in questo conflitto vinti,*

Pur

*Pur non mancò uirtute al gran pensiero,
Hebbero i piu felici al hor uittoria
Rimase a noi d' inuitto ardir la gloria.*

Which in *English* is thus :

Ah never let it be, ye assembled Gods !
For still, we still th' unconquer'd Spirit feel
Of that eternal Valour, when of old
Begirt with shining Arms and brighter Flames,
Against th' Omnipotent we daring fought.
'Tis true, we lost the Day, but not for want
Of Valour equal to the vast Design ;
Fortune gave him the Field, th' immortal Fame
Was ours of having made the brave Attempt :
Th' immortal Fame was ours, who still retain'd
That Fire invincible with which we fought,
And dar'd what never Angels durst before.

From which *Milton* has apparently borrow'd part
of *Lucifer's* Speech in the first Book of *Paradise Lost*. v. 105.

What tho the Field be lost ?
All is not lost ; th' unconquerable Will,
And Study of Revenge, immortal Hate,
And Courage never to submit or yield.

And in *Armida's* Speech to *Godfrey*, Canto 4. Stan.
63. *Tasso* derives a noble Spirit from *Godfrey's* Power
and Justice.

*Tu, cui cocesse il Cielo e dielti in fato
Voler' il giusto, e poter cio, che uuoi.*

Which is in *English* ;

Then for whom dooming Heav'n has made it Fate,
That thy Designs should still be just, and thou
Shouldst ne'er want Power to act those vast Designs.

And from the Magnanimity of *Rinaldo*, in the
fourteenth Stanza of the fifth Canto.

*Onde così rifpofe, i primi gradi
Piu meritar, che confequir defio,
Ne pur, che me la mia uirtu fublimi
Di fctetri altezza inuidiar degg'io.*

In Englifh :

Rinaldo answer'd thus, The foremost Rank
I rather would deserve, than would obtain;
And can condemn the Scepters held by all
Whose Fame to my superiour Virtue yields.

The fourth sort of Thoughts which *Hermogenes* mentions, as Riches, Nobility, Place, Office, Rank, and the like; we shall purposely pass by, without giving Examples of them, because we shall have a particular occasion to do it hereafter. Let us now pass to the next Enthusiastick Passion, which is Terror; than which, if it is rightly managed, none is more capable of giving a great Spirit to Poetry. This Passion scarce ever goes by it self, but is always more or less complicated with Admiration. For every thing that is terrible, is great at least to him to whom it is terrible. 'Tis now our business to shew two things: First, what this Enthusiastick Terror is; and, Secondly, from what Ideas it is chiefly to be deriv'd.

First, let us show what this sort of Enthusiasm is; and in order to that, let us shew as briefly as we can, what the common Passion is, which we call Terror. Fear then, or Terror, is a Disturbance of Mind proceeding from an Apprehension of an approaching Evil, threatening Destruction or very great Trouble either to us or ours. And when the Disturbance comes suddenly with surprize, let us call it Terror; when gradually, Fear. Things then that are powerful, and likely to hurt, are the Causes of common Terror; and the more they are powerful and likely to hurt, the more they become the Causes

Causes of Terror: which Terror, the greater it is, the more it is join'd with Wonder, and the nearer it comes to Astonishment. Thus we have shewn what Objects of the Mind are the Causes of common Terror, and the Ideas of those Objects are the Causes of Enthusiastick Terror.

Let us now shew from what Ideas this Enthusiastick Terror is chiefly to be derived. The greatest Enthusiastick Terror then must needs be deriv'd from Religious Ideas: for since the more their Objects are powerful, and likely to hurt, the greater Terror their Ideas produce; what can produce a greater Terror, than the Idea of an angry God? Which puts me in mind of that admirable Passage of *Homer*, about the Fight of the Gods, in the twentieth of the *Iliads*, cited by *Longinus* in his Chapter of the Loftiness of the Conception.

Δενδρ' ἐξ ἑρβήισσι παλῆς ἀνδρῶν τε, θιῶν τε,
 Τῆθεν· αὐτὰρ ἔνερθε Ποσειδάων ἐπὶ νῆα
 Γαῖαν ἀπυρετέλῳ, ὄρεων τ' αἰγιναῖα κέροντα
 Πάντες δ' ἐσπεύοντο πόδες πολυπόδαυ' Ἰδης,
 Καὶ κορυφαί. Τρώων τε πόλιν, καὶ νῆες Ἀχαιῶν
 Ἐδδίκουσιν δ' ἰστέρεθεν ἀναξ' ἐνέων Αἰδωνεύς,
 Δείσας δ' ἐκ θρόνου ἄλλο, καὶ ἰαχε μὲν οἱ ὑπερθῆ
 Γαῖαν ἀναρρήξει Ποσειδάων ἐν ὀύχθων,
 Οἰκία δὲ θνητοῖσι, καὶ αἰδανάτοισι φανεή,
 Σμερδαλέ, ἐρυμένῃα παῖ τε συγέει θεοὶ σέβ'.

Which in *English* is thus:

Jove flung his dreadful Thunder from on high;
 Mean while Majestick Neptune from below
 The reeling Globe with his huge Trident strook,
 Shook its vast Plains, and made its Mountains smoke;
 Mount *Ida* trembled from his hoary Top,
 And from his nethermost Foundations shook,
 Troubling a thousand Springs that from him flow:

F f 2

Pluto,

Pluto, from lowest Hell both heard and felt,
 And shivering started from his burning Throne ;
 Then striking his infernal Breast, cry'd out,
 Left wrathful *Neptune* with another Stroke
 Of his dread Trident should the Globe divide,
 Should too, to the gaping Center let in Light,
 To Mortals and Immortals should display
 The dreadful Secrets of his dire Domain ;
 At the bare Thought of which, ev'n Gods are wont
 to shake.

Behold here, says *Longinus*, the Earth laid open to
 the very Center, and Hell about to be expos'd to
 view, and all the vast Machine of the World demo-
 lish'd and overturn'd, to shew that in that impor-
 tant Conflict both Heaven and Hell, both mortal
 and immortal things, every thing in nature engaged
 with the Gods, and nothing was free from Danger.

And now I mention *Longinus*, this is the pro-
 perest place to shew, by his Authority, that Reli-
 gious Ideas are the most proper to give Greatness
 and Sublimity to a Discourse. And this I shall
 shew, First, by his Examples ; and, Secondly, by
 his Precepts.

First, by his Examples. All the Examples which
 he gives of Sublimity in his Chapter of the Lofti-
 ness of the Conceptions, of which the above-men-
 tion'd Passage is one, are taken from the *Grecian* Re-
 ligion, as this.

Iliad V.

ὣσσιν δ' ἠγερεμένης ἀντὶς ἰδὼν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν
 ἤμην' ἐν σκοπῇ, λείψων δ' ἔτι οἶτροπα πύλιν.
 Τόσσιν ἐπ' ἠδ' ἐστρατοῖσι θεῶν υἱ' ἡγήσας ἱπποῖ.

Which in *English* is thus :

As far as one, who tow'rd the Ocean looks,
 Can from some lofty Promontory spy
 Through the vast Parts of a cloudless Sky ;

So

So far th' immortal Gods sonorous Steeds
Can at one Leap advance.

Where, says *Longinus*, he measures the Length of
their Leap by the Extent of the World. Who is it
then, says he, that might not with reason cry out,
that if the Horses of the Gods would take a second
Leap, they would not find Space enough in the
Universe?

And what follows concerning *Neptune*, descending
from a Mountain in *Thrace*,

Iliad XIII.

Τρέμει δ' ὕψος μακρὰ καὶ ὄλη,
Ποσσὶν ἄρ' ἀδανασίῃσιν Ποσειδάωνος ἰβήσθαι.

As from the shaggy Mountain he descends,
The Mountain trembles, and the Forest bends.

And a little beyond :

Ἐὺ δ' ἐπιβήσαςτο δῖον
Βῆ δ' ἐλάαν ὅτι κύματ'· ἄταλλε δ' αἶψα ἄντη
Πάνοθεν ἐκ καθμῶν, ἔδ' ἠγροίονεν ἀνακταῖ
Γηθούνη δ' ἀλάλασσεν δίσκῳ.

In *English* thus :

His golden Chariot *Neptune* now ascends;
And as he drives along the watry Plain,
Huge Whales, and all the Monsters of the Main,
Wallowing around him with unwieldy Gate,
Tempest the Ocean to salute their King ;
Ocean rejoicing, yawns before his March,
And lets him through a dreadful Chasm.

And it was from this Passage, I make no doubt,
that *Spencer* drew his admirable Picture of *Neptune*,
in the eleventh Canto of the third Book of his *Fairy*
Queen.

Stan. XL.

Next unto him was *Neptune* pictured,
 In his Divine Resemblance wondrous like ;
 His Face was rugged, and his hoary Head
 Dropped with brackish Dew ; his three-fork'd Pike
 He sternly shook, and therewith fierce did strike
 The raging Billows, that on ev'ry side
 They erembling stood, and made a long broad Dyke,
 That his swift Chariot might have Passage wide,
 Which four great *Hippodames* did draw, in Teem-
 wise ty'd.

Stan. XLI.

His Sea-Horses did seem to snort amain,
 And from their Nostrils blow the briny Stream,
 That made the sparkling Waves to smoke again,
 And flame with Gold ; but the white foamy Cream
 Did shine with Silver, and shoot forth her Beam.

I now come to the Precepts of *Longinus*, and pretend to shew from them, that the greatest Sublimity is to be deriv'd from Religious Ideas. But why then, says the Reader, has not *Longinus* plainly told us so? He was not ignorant that he ought to make his Subject as plain as he could. For he has told us in the beginning of his Treatise, that every one who gives Instruction concerning an Art, ought to endeavour two things : The first is to make his Reader clearly understand what that is which he pretends to teach : The second is to shew him how it may be attain'd. And he blames *Cecilius* very severely for neglecting the last ; how then, says the Objector, comes he himself to have taken no care of the first? Is it because *Cecilius* had done it before him? If so, it was a very great Fault in *Longinus* to publish a Book which could not be understood but by another Man's Writings ; especially when he saw that those Writings were so very defective, that they would not probably last. But what, continues the Objector, if *Cecilius* had not done it before him? For

Lon-

Longinus tells us, that *Cecilius* makes use of a multitude of Words to shew what it is; now he who knows any thing clearly, may in a few Words explain it clearly to others; and he who does not, will make it obscure by many.

To this I answer, that tho *Longinus* did by long Study and Habitude know the Sublime when he saw it, as well as any Man, yet he had not so clear a Knowledge of the nature of it, as to explain it clearly to others. For if he had done that, as the Objector says, he would have defin'd it; but he has been so far from defining it, that in one place he has given an account of it that is contrary to the true nature of it. For he tells us in that Chapter which treats of the Fountains of Sublimity, that Loftiness is often without any Passion at all; which is contrary to the true nature of it. The Sublime is indeed often without common Passion, as ordinary Passion is often without that. But then it is never without Enthusiastick Passion: For the Sublime is nothing else but a great Thought, or great Thoughts moving the Soul from its ordinary Situation by the Enthusiasm which naturally attends them. Now *Longinus* had a notion of Enthusiastick Passion, for he establishes it in that very Chapter for the second Source of Sublimity. Now *Longinus*, by affirming that the Sublime may be without not only that, but ordinary Passion, says a thing that is not only contrary to the true nature of it, but contradictory to himself. For he tells us in the beginning of the Treatise, that the Sublime does not so properly persuade us, as it ravishes and transports us, and produces in us a certain Admiration, mingled with Astonishment and with Surprise, which is quite another thing than the barely pleasing, or the barely persuading; that it gives a noble Vigour to a Discourse, an invincible Force, which commits a pleasing Rape upon the very Soul of the Reader;

that whenever it breaks out where it ought to do, like the Artillery of *Jove*, it thunders, blazes, and strikes at once, and shews all the united Force of a Writer. Now I leave the Reader to judge, whether *Longinus* has not been saying here all along that Sublimity is never without Passion.

That the foremention'd Definition is just and good, I have reason to believe, because it takes in all the Sources of Sublimity which *Longinus* has establish'd. For, first, Greatness of Thought supposes Elevation, they being synonymous Terms: And, secondly, the Enthusiasm or the Pathetique, as *Longinus* calls it, follows of course; for if a Man is not strongly mov'd by great Thoughts, he does not sufficiently and effectually conceive them. And, thirdly, the figurative Language is but a Consequence of the Enthusiasm, that being the natural Language of the Passions. And so is, fourthly, the Nobleness of the Expression, supposing a Man to be Master of the Language in which he writes. For as the Thoughts produce the Spirit or the Passion, the Spirit produces and makes the Expression, which is known by Experience to all who are Poets; for never any one, while he was wrapt with Enthusiasm or ordinary Passion, wanted either Words or Harmony, as is self-evident to all who consider that the Expression conveys and shows the Spirit, and consequently must be produc'd by it.

Thus the Definition which we have laid down being, according to *Longinus's* own Doctrine, the true Definition of the Sublime, and shewing clearly the thing which he has not done, nor given any Definition at all of it; it seems plain to me, that he had no clear and distinct Idea of it; and consequently Religion might be the thing from which 'tis chiefly to be deriv'd, and he but obscurely know it: but that Religion is that thing from which the Sublime is chiefly to be deriv'd, let us shew by the
Marks

Marks which he has given of the latter; which will further strengthen our Definition. 1. Says he, that which is truly Sublime has this peculiar to it, that it exalts the Soul, and makes it conceive a greater Idea of it self, filling it with Joy, and with a certain noble Pride, as if it self had produc'd what it but barely reads.

Now here it is plain, that the highest Ideas must most exalt the Soul, but Religious Ideas are the highest.

The more the Soul is moved by the greatest Ideas, the more it conceives them; but the more it conceives of the greatest Ideas, the greater Opinion it must have of its own Capacity. By consequence the more it is moved by the Wonders of Religion, the more it values it self upon its own Excellences. Again, the more the Soul sees its Excellence, the more it rejoices. Besides, Religious Ideas are the most admirable; and what is most admirable according to the Doctrine of *Aristotle*, is most delightful. Besides, Religious Ideas create Passion in such a manner, as to turn and incline the Soul to its primitive Object. So that Reason and Passion are of the same side, and this Peace between the Faculties causes the Soul to rejoice; of which we shall have occasion to say more anon.

2. The second Mark that *Longinus* gives of the Sublime, is, when a Discourse leaves a great deal for us to think. But now this is certain, that the Wonders of Religion are never to be exhausted; for they are always new, and the more you enter into them, the more they are sure to surprize.

3. The third Mark is, when it leaves in the Reader an Idea above its Expression. Now no Expressions can come up to the Ideas which we draw from the Attributes of God, or from his wondrous Works, which only the Author of them can comprehend.

4. The

4. The fourth Mark is, when it makes an Impression upon us, which it is impossible to resist.

God, who made Man for himself, and for his own Glory, and who requires chiefly his Heart, must by consequence have form'd him of such a nature, as to be most strongly moved with Religious Ideas, if once he enters into them. So that the Impressions which they make, are impossible to be resisted.

5. The fifth Mark is, when the Impression lasts, and is difficult to be defaced. Now that the Impressions which Religion makes upon us are difficult to be defaced, is plain from this, that they who think it their Interest to deface them, can never bring it about.

6. The sixth Mark is, when it pleases universally, People of different Humours, Inclinations, Sexes, Ages, Times, Climates. Now there is nothing so agreeable to the Soul, or that makes so universal an Impression, as the Wonders of Religion. Some Persons are moved by Love, and are not touch'd by Ambition; others are animated by Ambition, and only laugh at Love. Some are pleas'd with a brave Revenge, others with a generous Contempt of Injuries; but the Eternal Power, and the Infinite Knowledge of God, the Wonders of the Creation, and the beautiful Brightness of Virtue, make a powerful Impression on all.

I must confess I have wonder'd very much, upon Reflection, how it could happen that so great a Man as *Longinus*, who whenever he met a Passage in any Discourse that was lofty enough to please him, had Discernment enough to see that it had some of the preceding Marks, should miss of finding so easy a thing as this, that never any Passage had all these Marks, or so much as the Majority of them, unless it were Religious.

But to return to Terror, we may plainly see by the foregoing Precepts and Examples of *Longinus*,
that

that this Enthusiastick Terror contributes extremely to the Sublime; and, secondly, that it is most produced by Religious Ideas.

First, Ideas producing Terror, contribute extremely to the Sublime. All the Examples that *Longinus* brings of the Loftiness of the Thought, consist of terrible Ideas. And they are principally such Ideas that work the Effects, which he takes notice of in the beginning of his Treatise, *viz.* that ravish and transport the Reader, and produce a certain Admiration, mingled with Astonishment and with Surprize. For the Ideas which produce Terror, are necessarily accompany'd with Admiration, because ev'ry thing that is terrible, is great to him to whom it is terrible; and with Surprize, without which Terror cannot subsist; and with Astonishment, because every thing which is very terrible, is wonderful and astonishing: and as Terror is perhaps the violentest of all the Passions, it consequently makes an Impression which we cannot resist, and which is hardly to be defaced: and no Passion is attended with greater Joy than Enthusiastick Terror, which proceeds from our reflecting that we are out of danger at the very time that we see it before us. And as Terror is one of the violentest of all Passions, if it is very great, and the hardest to be resisted, nothing gives more Force, nor more Vehemence to a Discourse.

But, secondly, it is plain from the same *Longinus*, that this Enthusiastick Terror is chiefly to be deriv'd from Religious Ideas. For all the Examples which he has brought of the Sublime, in his Chapter of the Sublimity of the Thoughts, consists of most terrible and most religious Ideas; and at the same time every Man's Reason will inform him, that every thing that is terrible in Religion, is the most terrible thing in the World.

But

But that we may set this in a clearer Light, let us lay before the Reader the several Ideas which are capable of producing this enthusiastick Terror; which seem to me to be those which follow, *viz.* Gods, Dæmons, Hell, Spirits and Souls of Men, Miracles, Prodigies, Enchantments, Witchcrafts, Thunder, Tempests, raging Seas, Inundations, Torrents, Earthquakes, Volcanos, Monsters, Serpents, Lions, Tygers, Fire, War, Pestilence, Famine, &c.

Now of all these Ideas none are so terrible as those which shew the Wrath and Vengeance of an angry God; for nothing is so wonderful in its Effects: and consequently the Images or Ideas of those Effects must carry a great deal of Terror with them, which we may see was *Longinus's* Opinion, by the Examples which he brings in his Chapter of the Sublimity of the Thoughts. Now of things which are terrible, those are the most terrible which are the most wonderful; because that seeing them both threatening and powerful, and not being able to fathom the Greatness and Extent of their Power, we know not how far and how soon they may hurt us.

But further, nothing is so terrible as the Wrath of infinite Power, because nothing is so unavoidable as the Vengeance design'd by it. There is no flying nor lying hid from the great universal Monarch. He may deliver us from all other Terrors, but nothing can save and defend us from him. And therefore Reason, which serves to dissipate our Terrors in some other Dangers, serves but to augment them when we are threatned by infinite Power; and that Fortitude, which may be heroick at other times, is downright Madness then.

For the other Ideas, which we mention'd above, they will be found to be more terrible as they have more of Religion in them. But we shall have so many necessary Occasions of giving Examples of them, in the Sequel of this Treatise, that it will be altogether

altogether needless to do it now. But here it will be convenient to answer an Objection: For how come some of the foremention'd Ideas, which seem to have but little to do with Religion, to be terrible to great and to wise Men? as it is plain that such, when they read the Descriptions of them in *Homer* and *Virgil*, are terrify'd.

To which we answer, That the Care, which Nature has inrooted in all, of their own Preservation, is the Cause that Men are unavoidably terrify'd with any thing that threatens approaching Evil. 'Tis now our Business to shew how the Ideas of Serpents, Lions, Tygers, &c. were made by the Art of those great Poets, to be terrible to their Readers, at the same time that we are secure from their Objects.

'Tis very plain that it is the Apprehension of Danger which causes that Emotion in us which we call Terror, and it signifies nothing at all to the purpose whether the Danger is real or imaginary; and 'tis as plain too, that the Soul never takes the Alarm from any thing so soon as it does from the Senses, especially those two noble ones of the Eye and the Ear, by reason of the strict Affinity which they have with the Imagination; and the Evil always seems to be very near, when those two Senses give notice of it; and the nearer the Evil is, the greater still is the Terror. But now let us see how those two Poets did, by virtue of their Ideas, bring even absent terrible Objects within the reach of those two noble Senses. First then, to bring an absent terrible Object before our Sight, they drew an Image or Picture of it; but to draw an Image or Picture of a terrible Object, so as to surprize and astonish the Soul by the Eye, they never fail'd to draw it in violent Action or Motion; and in order to that, they made choice of Words and Numbers, which might best express the Violence of that Action

tion or Motion. For an absent Object can never be set before the Eye in a true Light, unless it be shewn in violent Action or Motion; because unless it is shewn so, the Soul has leisure to reflect upon the Deceit. But violent Motion can never be conceiv'd without a violent Agitation of Spirit, and that sudden Agitation surprizes the Soul, and gives it less time to reflect; and at the same time causes the Impressions that the Objects make to be so deep, and their Traces to be so profound, that it makes them in a manner as present to us, as if they were really before us. For the Spirits being set in a violent Emotion, and the Imagination being fir'd by that Agitation; and the Brain being deeply penetrated by those Impressions, the very Objects themselves are set as it were before us, and consequently we are sensible of the same Passion that we should feel from the things themselves. For the warmer the Imagination is, the less able we are to reflect, and consequently the things are the more present to us of which we draw the Images; and therefore when the Imagination is so inflam'd, as to render the Soul utterly incapable of reflecting, there is no difference between the Images and the Things themselves; as we may see, for example, by Men in raging Fevers. But those two great Poets were not satisfy'd with setting absent Objects before our Eyes, by shewing them in violent Motion; but if their Motion occasion'd any extraordinary Sounds that were terrifying, they so contriv'd their Numbers and Expressions, as that they might be sure to ring those Sounds in the very Ears of their Readers.

We ought now to treat of the other Enthusiastick Passions, as Horror, Grief, Joy, and Desire: But to the end that we may diversify this Treatise as much as we can, and not tire out the Reader with too much Speculation at a time, we shall omit speaking of them till we come to the Epick Poets.

C H A P.



C H A P. V.

Recapitulation ; and that Religion is the Basis and Foundation of the greater Poetry.

BUT now let us recapitulate : We have shewn in the foregoing part of this Discourse, that Passion is the Characteristical Mark of Poetry, and that all Poetry is pathetick ; and then we divided it into two kinds, the greater and the less ; and shew'd that the greater Poetry comprehends Epick, Tragick, and the greater Lyrick, and that our Design was in the first place to treat of it. Then we proceeded to shew, that as Passion is the Characteristical Mark of Poetry, great Passion must be the Characteristical Mark of the greater Poetry, and consequently that this last must have every where great Passion ; but that since what we commonly call Passion cannot be every where, there must be something distinct from ordinary Passion, and that must be Enthusiasm. Then we endeavour'd to discover what Enthusiasm is, and how many several sorts there are of it ; and that Admiration and Terror make the principal Greatness of Poetry, and are the chief of the Enthusiastick Passions ; that those two Passions are to bear proportion with the Ideas from which they are deriv'd, and that consequently the greatest must flow from religious Ideas. We shall shew too in the Sequel of this Discourse, that not only the remaining Enthusiastick Passions, Horror, Sadness, Joy, and Desire ; but that even the ordinary Passions, which contribute most to the Greatness of Poetry, as Admiration, Terror, and Pity, are chiefly to be deriv'd from Religion ; but that the Passions of both sorts must, for the most part, flow

flow greater from Revelation than from Natural Religion; because all Reveal'd Religion, whether true or pretended, speaks to the Senses, brings the Wonders of another World more home to us, and so makes the Passions which it raises the greater.

The fundamental Rule then that we pretend to lay down, for the succeeding or excelling in the greater Poetry, is, That the Constitution of the Poem be religious, that it may be throughout pathetick.

And we pretend to prove undeniably, that not only the Gentlemen, whose Works we design to examine, have succeeded and excell'd no further than their Poems have been so constituted; but that never any Poets of any Nation, or any Age, ever did or can excel without it. I have already prov'd in the Advancement of modern Poetry, beyond all manner of doubt, to those who have Capacity enough to comprehend the Arguments, that the antient Poets excell'd the Moderns in the Greatness of Poetry, for no other reason, but because their Subjects were religious in their Constitution: And therefore all that I shall say of it here, is, That Poetry is the natural Language of Religion, and that Religion at first produc'd it, as a Cause produces its Effect. In the first Ages of writing among the *Grecians*, there was nothing writ but Verse, because they wrote of nothing but Religion, which was necessary for the cementing the Societies which in those times were but just united; and Nature had taught them, that Poetry was the only Language in which they could worthily treat of the most important Parts of Religion, or worthily perform its most important Duties. But as soon as Religion was sufficiently imprinted in the Minds of Men, and they had leisure to treat of human things in their Writings, they invented Prose, and invented it in imitation of Verse, as *Strabo* tells us in the first Book of his Geography; but after that Prose was invented by

by them, never any of them treated of their Gods or their religious Matters in Prose, before the Age of *Socrates*, because they found that that way of Writing was by no means proper for it. For the Wonders of Religion naturally threw them upon great Passions, and great Passions naturally threw them upon Harmony and figurative Language, as they must of necessity do any Poet, as long as he continues Master of them. Which is known by Experience to all who are Poets; for never any one, while he was wrapt with Enthusiasm, or with ordinary Passion, wanted either Words or Harmony; and therefore Poetry is more harmonious than Prose, because it is more pathetick: Even in Prose your Orators, and all who pretend to move the Passions, have more harmonious Periods than they who barely speak to the Reason. And in Poetry, they who write with a great deal of Passion, are generally very harmonious; whereas those who write with but little, are not so musical. *Horace* is an illustrious Example of this: No Man, who has read his Odes, can doubt of the Fineness and the Delicacy of his Ear; and therefore his Satires are often harsh and rugged, because the Spirit in them is mean and little. No Man can believe that *Juvenal* had a finer Ear than *Horace*, but yet his Satires are more musical, because they have a greater Spirit in them. At the same time 'tis a little odd to consider, that Passion, which disturbs the Soul, should occasion it to produce Harmony, which seems to imply the Order and Composure of it. Whether this proceeds from the secret Effort that the Soul makes to compose it self, or whatever the Cause is, the Effect is certain. But as Passion, which is the Disorder of the Soul, produces Harmony, which is Agreement; so Harmony, which is Concord, augments and propagates Passion, which is Discord. All who are ac-

quainted with Poetry or Musick; must be as sensible of this, as Mr. *Waller* was fully convinc'd of it.

Well sounding Verses are the Charm we use,
 Heroick Thoughts and Virtue to infuse;
 Things of deep Sense we may in Prose unfold,
 But they move more in lofty Numbers told;
 By the loud Trumpet which our Courage aids,
 We learn that Sound as well as Sense persuades.

Thus we may see by Mr. *Waller*, that Numbers are proper to move Passion, and for that reason are inseparable from Poetry, which has no other Design. But we shall have occasion to treat of Harmony more at large, when we come to the particular sorts of Poems; in the mean time let us return to the Business from which we may seem to have digress'd.

As we have formerly undeniably prov'd, in the Advancement of modern Poetry, that the antient Poets deriv'd that Advantage which they have over the Moderns, to the constituting their Subjects after a religious manner; so I shall make it appear, in the Sequel of this Discourse, that it was owing to the same thing that the antient Poets very often excell'd themselves.

And I have reason to believe, that one of the principal Reasons that has made the modern Poetry so contemptible, is, That by divesting it self of Religion, it is fallen from its Dignity, and its original Nature and Excellence; and from the greatest Production of the Mind of Man, is dwindled to an extravagant and a vain Amusement. For the modern Poetry being for the most part profane, has either very little Spirit; or if it has a great one, that Spirit is out of Nature, because it bears no manner of Proportion to the Ideas from which it is forcibly deriv'd, nor the Ideas very often to the Objects from which they are taken: for as Mr. *Waller* says,
 In

In boundless Verse the Fancy soars too high
For any Object but the Deity:
What Mortal can with Heav'n pretend to share
In the Superlatives of Wise and Fair?
A meaner Object when with these we grace,
A Giant Habit on a Dwarf we place.

But that the modern Poetry, as miserably as it is fallen from the Dignity of its original Nature, might gloriously arise and lift up its Head, surpassing even that of the Antients, if the Poets would but constitute their Subjects religious, I have formerly clearly shewn, in the second Part of the *Advancement of modern Poetry*; by shewing that the Design of the Christian Religion is the very same with that of Poetry, which can be said of no other Religion; that the Business of both is to delight and reform Mankind, by exciting the Passions in such a manner, as to reconcile them to Reason, and restore the Harmony of the human Faculties. And therefore that I may repeat nothing at present that I have formerly said there, I shall only add, that if 'tis Religion that gives the Warmth and the Passion to Poetry, it follows that the less mixture that Religion has of any thing profane and human in it, the greater Warmth and Passion it must give to Poetry; for that which moves us in effect in a false Religion, must be the Imagination of that which is true. As for example, in the above-mention'd Passage of the Wrath of Neptune, the Anger of Neptune is Fiction, and so is the Stroke of his Trident; but that which moves us at the bottom of this Fiction is true, which is, that the Anger of a Deity, and the Effects of it are very terrible. The Reason why Religion moves the Soul so extremely, is because the Soul was created by God, to find its Happiness in him; and all Happiness consists in Pleasure, and all Pleasure in Passion. Now the less

mixture Religion has of any thing of human Invention in it, the more divine it is, and the nearer it brings us to God.

But that this may still appear the more clearly, we shall endeavour to prove it by two very signal Examples, and shall produce two Passages from Scripture; the one from the *Psalms*, and the other from *Habbakuk*: which we shall set against the two foremention'd Passages, which *Longinus* has cited from *Homer*; the one of the Wrath, and the other of the Power of *Neptune*, and his awful March thro his own Element. And in setting these Passages against one another, we make no doubt to shew, that not only the Subjects are exactly the same, but that the Advantage is clearly ours.

Let us begin with that Passage concerning the Might of *Neptune*, and his driving his Chariot thro the Sea.

As from the shaggy Mountain he descends,
The Mountain trembles, and the Forest bends.

And anon,

His golden Chariot *Neptune* now ascends,
And as he drives along the watry Plain,
Huge Whales, and all the Monsters of the Main,
Tempest the Ocean, to salute their King;
Ocean rejoicing, yawns before his March,
And lets him thro a dreadful Chasm——

Now to this Passage let us oppose that of the Prophet *Habbakuk*, exactly upon the same Occasion, only the Prophet says of the True God what *Homer* says of *Neptune*.

When the Almighty from Mount *Paran* came,
The Brightness of his Glory, with its Blaze
Expanding, fill'd the vast Abyfs of Heaven,
And the whole Earth resounded with his Praise;
The burning Pestilence before him march'd,

And

And from his Feet a fiery Whirlwind flew :
 He stood and measur'd the extended Earth,
 Scattering the trembling Nations with a Look,
 At which the everlasting Mountains fled,
 And shaking the perpetual Hills did bow.
 Against the Floods was thy fierce Anger then ;
 Against the Sea the burning of thy Wrath ;
 That thou didst thro it with thy flaming Steeds,
 And with thy Chariots of Salvation drive.
 The Rocks their Summits beetled o'er their Base,
 To view the Terrors of thy wondrous March ;
 Then shivering shrunk from the amazing Sight.
 The Floods dividing shew'd a fearful Chasm ;
 And as thy sounding Horses, all on fire,
 Thro Heaps of congregated Waters flew,
 The Deep his roaring Voice at all his Mouths
 Utter'd, and lifted all his Arms on high.

But now let us come to the Wrath of *Neptune*, and
 the Effects of it, in the Battel of the 20th of the
Iliads, in which the Gods were engag'd.

Jove flung his dreadful Thunder from on high,
 Mean while Majestick *Neptune* from below,
 The reeling Globe with his huge Trident strook,
 Shook its vast Plains, and made its Mountains smoke.
 Mount *Ida* trembled from his hoary Top,
 And from his nethermost Foundations shook,
 Troubling a thousand Springs that from him flow.
Pluto, from lowest Hell, both heard and felt,
 And shivering, started from his burning Throne ;
 Then striking his infernal Breast, cry'd out,
 Lest wrathful *Neptune*, with another Stroke
 Of his dread Trident, should the Globe divide,
 Should to the gaping Center let in Light
 To Mortals, and Immortals should display,
 The dreadful Secrets of his dire Domain,
 At the bare Thought of which ev'n Gods are wont
 to shake.

As the Necessity of the Subject has obliged us to repeat these Verses, so we have the same Excuse for repeating the Reflection of *Longinus*. Behold here, says *Longinus*, the Earth laid open to the very Center, and Hell about to be expos'd to view, and all the vast Machine of the World demolish'd and overturn'd; to shew that in that important Conflict, both Heaven and Hell, both mortal and immortal things, everything in Nature was engaged with the Gods, and nothing was free from Danger. Now let us see the Psalmist introducing the true God, actually demolishing and overturning the Machine of the World, only with a Word and with a Look.

In my Distress I call'd upon the Lord,
 And to my God I cry'd; he from his Height,
 Above all Heights, strait heard my mournful Voice,
 And to my loud Complaint inclin'd his Ear.
 Strait the Earth trembled, and her Entrails shook,
 As conscious of her great Creator's Wrath:
 The Mountains from their fix'd Foundations ran,
 And frighted from their inmost Caverns roar'd.
 From out his Nostrils a tempestuous Cloud
 Of pitchy Smoke in spiry Volumes flew,
 And from his Mouth there ran a raging Flood
 Of torrent Fire, devouring as it ran:
 And then he bow'd the very Heaven of Heavens,
 And arm'd with fearful Majesty came down.
 Under his feet he plac'd substantial Night,
 Which aw'd the Nations with its dreadful Gloom;
 Upon the flaming Cherubim he rode,
 And on the Wings of all the Winds he flew;
 Still Darkness usher'd his mysterious Way,
 And a black Night of congregated Clouds
 Became the dark Pavilion of his Throne.
 The Clouds his Brightness could no longer bear,
 But vanishing rever'd the sacred Source of Light;
 And as the congregated Clouds dispers'd,

A Storm of monstrous Hail came pouring down,
Down the red Lightning wing'd its slanting way;
But when his wrathful Voice was heard on high,
Strait both the Poles rebellow'd to the Sound,
In thicker Sheets the rattling Hail came down,
Down came the Lightning with repeated Flames,
And Thunder bellowing through the boundless Space,
Astonish'd Nature with redoubled Roars:
Earth could no longer bear the mortal Fright,
But shook it self from its perpetual Hinge
At thy Rebuke, O Lord, and at the Blast,
The dreadful Blast of thy revenging Breath;
Then upwards from the gaping Center cleav'd,
With a prodigious Wound.
The fix'd Foundations of the World display'd,
Display'd the ghastful Caverns of the Deep,
A Sight that blasted ev'n the World's great Eye,
And made the starting Sun recoil
From his eternal Way.

But here it will be necessary to answer an Objection: for it may be urg'd perhaps that common Experience will destroy these new Speculations. For several of the Moderns have attempted Divine Poetry, and yet some of them have been contemptible to the last degree, and not one of them has excell'd the Antients.

To which we answer, That *Milton* has clearly the advantage of the Antients in several points, as shall be shewn in its proper place: and if the rest of the Moderns, who have attempted Sacred Poetry, have fallen so very much short of them, it has been either for want of Genius, or for want of Art to know how to make use of Religion. For Sacred Poetry apparently requires a greater Capacity than the Profane does; because the greater the Ideas are, the greater must the Capacity be that receives them. But Sacred Ideas are greater than the Profane,

as hath been shewn above. And therefore if the Rule of *Horace* be true, that a Poet ought to proportion his Subject to his Strength, it follows, that a Man may succeed pretty well in Human Poetry, and yet be despicable in the Divine. Besides, as Religion supplies us with greater Ideas than any thing Human can do; so it requires greater Enthusiasm, and a greater Spirit to attend them, as has been shewn above too. So that Sacred Poetry requires not only a very great Capacity, but a very warm and strong Imagination; which is a happy Mixture that is to be met with in a very few, and even of those few not one in a thousand perhaps applies himself to Sacred Poetry. And even of those rare ones who have apply'd themselves, hardly one of the Moderns has known the true use that ought to be made of Religion in Poetry. *Milton* indeed happen'd upon it, in his *Paradise Lost*; I say, happen'd upon it, because he has err'd very widely from it in his *Paradise Regain'd*, as shall be shewn in its proper place. The Rules for employing Religion in Poetry, are principally these which follow.

1. The first is, That the Religion ought to be one, that the Poet may be mov'd by it, and that he may appear to be in earnest. And the not observing of this Rule, was one Reason why *Spencer* miscarry'd, as we shall shew anon.

2. The second Rule, That the Religion which the Poet employs, ought to be the reigning one, that both the Poet and the Readers may be mov'd the more by a Religion in which they were bred. And this Rule may acquaint us with one of the Reasons why all who have translated *Homer* and *Virgil*, have succeeded so very indifferently.

3. The third is, That it may run through and be incorporated with the Action of the Poem, and consequently that it may always be a part of Action, and productive of Action; for from the Neglect of
this

this third Rule, strange Inequalities would follow in a Poem, as shall be shewn more at large, when we treat of *Spencer* and *Cowley*.

4. The fourth Rule is, That the Religion may be managed so as to promote the Violence of the Enthusiastick Passions, and their Change and Variety; and the constituting his Subject contrary to this Rule, was one great Reason why *Milton* did not succeed in his *Paradise Regain'd*.

5. That it may not hinder the Violence of the ordinary Passions, nor the Change and Variety of them; and the not constituting his Subject according to this Rule, is the chief Reason why *Homer* in his *Odysses* fell so far short of his *Iliads*; and *Milton* of his *Paradise Lost*, in his *Paradise Regain'd*.

6. That the Religion be managed so as not to obstruct the Violence of Action, which is always attended by the Violence of ordinary Passion; and the not observing of this, was one great Reason of the Miscarriage of *Homer* and *Milton*, in the fore-mention'd Poems.

7. That the divine and human Persons, if there be any, may have Inclinations and Affections; which *Tasso's* celestial Persons have not, nor, as I remember, *Cowley's*,

8. That they be fairly distinguish'd from one another by those Inclinations and Affections. And this is the great advantage that the *Grecian* Machines have, for the most part, over those in our Religion. Yet *Milton* has pretty well distinguish'd his celestial Persons from one another, and his infernal ones admirably.

9. That they be fairly distinguish'd from the human Persons by the same Inclinations and Affections. And here *Milton*, in his infernal Persons, has undeniably the advantage both of Antients and Moderns. The Passions and Inclinations of the *Grecian* Gods are downright human Inclinations and Affec-

Affections. The Passions of *Milton's Devils* have enough of Humanity in them to make them delightful, but then they have a great deal more to make them admirable, and may be said to be the true Passions of Devils: but the time to speak more largely of this, will be when we come to the Epick Poets.

But now, as we have shewn that the Religion reveal'd in the Old and New Testament is proper, nay necessary, to give the last Force and Elevation to Poetry; we shall now endeavour to convince the Reader, that Poetry is proper, if not necessary, to give Force to that Religion. For indeed there are Duties in this Religion, which cannot be worthily perform'd without the assistance of Poetry: as the offering up Praise and Thanksgiving, and several sorts of Prayer to God, and the celebrating the Wonders of his Might. Because if the Ideas which these Subjects afford, are express'd with Passion equal to their Greatness, that which expresses them is Poetry: for that which makes Poetry to be what it is, is only because it has more Passion than any other way of writing.

It is ridiculous to imagine that there can be a more proper way to express some Parts and Duties of a Religion which we believe to be divinely inspired, than the very way in which they were at first deliver'd. Now the most important Part of the Old Testament was deliver'd not only in a Poetical Style, but in Poetical Numbers. The most important Parts of the Old Testament to us, are the Prophecies; because without them we could never be satisfy'd that *Jesus* is the Messiah. For the Prophets were Poets by the Institution of their Order, and Poetry was one of the Prophetick Functions, which were chiefly three: 1. Predicting or foretelling things to come. 2. Declaring the Will of God to the People. And, 3. Praising God with Songs of the Prophets

phets composing, accompany'd with the Harp and other Instrumental Musick. From whence it came topass, that praising God upon such kind of Instruments, is often in the Scriptures call'd Prophefying, as Mr. Mede has observ'd in his *Diatriba*; and has prov'd it from several Passages of the Old Testament, and more particularly from the three first Verses of the 25th Chapter of the *Chronicles*, which are as follow.

Ver. 1. *Moreover David and the Captains of the Host separated to the Service of the Sons of Asaph, and of Heman, and of Jeduthun, such as should prophesy with Harps, with Psalteries, and with Cymbals; and the Number of the Workmen according to their Service was,*

Ver. 2. *Of the Sons of Asaph; Zaccar, and Joseph, and Nethaniah and Asarelah, the Sons of Asaph; under the hands of Asaph, which prophesied according to the Order of the King.*

Ver. 3. *Of Jeduthun, the Sons of Jeduthun, Gedaliah, and Zeri, and Jethaiah, Hashabiah, and Metathiah six, under the hands of their Father Jeduthun, who prophesied with a Harp, to give thanks and to praise the Lord.*

Nor was the Poetical Talent confin'd to their Praise and Thanksgiving, but is to be seen in their Predictions too, as we said before, and in their declaring the Will of God to the People.

As the Prophets were Poets by their Institution, so when the Son of God himself came down from Heaven in order to reform the Earth, he who was a Prophet as well as a Priest and a King, did by consequence discharge the three Prophetical Functions, of which the Poetical has been shewn to be one. And consequently tho our Saviour did not make use of a Style that was Figurative and Enthusiastick, because he instructed the World as God, and as God he could not feel either Admiration or Terror, or the rest of the Enthusiastick Passions; yet

yet we find that he not only prais'd God with spiritual Songs, but that the Method of his Instruction was intirely Poetical : that is, by Fables or Parables, contriv'd, and plac'd, and adapted to work very strongly upon human Passions.

Thus the Prophets among the *Jews* were Poets; and the Divine Institutor of the Christian Religion being a Prophet, by a Poetical Method instructed and reform'd the World : And even the *Grecian* Poets pretending to discharge the three Prophetical Functions, were not only vulgarly reputed Prophets, but were stil'd so by St. *Paul* himself, who quoting a Verse out of *Epimenides*, in the Epistle which he wrote to *Titus*, calls that *Cretensian* Poet a Prophet : *As one of their own Prophets has said.*

Thus we have made it very plain, that not only the Predictions, but the Praise and Thanksgiving in the inspir'd Writers, were written in Verse; as were likewise several of the Prayers, and the Instructions, and in short the noblest and most important part of the Old Testament. Now if they were written in Poetry, it could be for no other reason, but because they who wrote them, believ'd that the figurative passionate Style, and the Poetical Numbers, did by Right of Nature belong to them, and consequently were requisite to inforce them upon the Minds of Men. And here we cannot as it were help observing, that for the Scriptures to make all the Impression that they are capable of making upon Men of very good Parts, and perhaps too upon others, all those Parts of them that were written in Verse, ought to be translated in Verse, and by Persons who are the most qualify'd to do it with Force and Harmony. For if the Passion and Harmony were thought requisite by the Original Writers, who were divinely inspir'd, to give Force to the *Hebrew*; why should not Spirit and Passion, and Numbers in a Translation, give a proportionable Force to that?

For

For if Harmony of it self is of force to lift up our Thoughts to Heaven, as our Clergy seem to imply by the use of it in our Churches; and may be gather'd from what happen'd to *Elisba* in the second of *Kings*, when they would have had him prophesy at a time when the Spirit of Prophecy was not upon him, *Ch. 3. ver. 15.* where the Prophet says, *Now bring me a Minstrel, and it came to pass as the Minstrel plaid, that the Hand of the Lord came upon him:* If Harmony, I say, is of it self so efficacious, what must it not be, when incorporated with a Religious Sense, and a Poetical Style? There can certainly be no better way to reform the World, than the reading of those Writings which we believe to be divinely inspir'd: But this is as certain, that the greater the Pleasure is with which we read them, we shall the more frequently discharge that Duty; but to make us read them with more Pleasure than we do, they must have more of the Agreeableness of their Originals, that is, more Perspicuity, more Force, and more Harmony. This would more particularly attract the Gentry, and particularly those of the most extraordinary Parts among them, whose Examples would influence the rest, as the rest would influence the People. For they of extraordinary Parts for the most part being extremely delighted with Poetry, and finding the greatest and most exalted Poetry upon Religious Subjects, would by degrees become more us'd to be mov'd by Sacred Ideas, than they would by Profane; that is, would by degrees become reform'd. That this is by no means a Chimera, Experience may serve to convince us: For I know several Gentlemen of very good Sense, who are extremely mov'd by *Milton's* Hymn, in the fifth Book of *Paradise Lost*, and hardly at all stir'd with the Translation of the 148th Psalm, from whence that Hymn is taken. But if Men of very good Parts are more mov'd by the Hymn,

Hymn, it follows that they ought to be more mov'd by it; because Men of very good Sense are only mov'd to that degree by things by which they ought to be mov'd. So that we may conclude, that the Passion or Enthusiasm in that Hymn is exactly in Nature; that is, that the Enthusiasm, or Passion, or Spirit, call it what you will, flows from the Ideas, and bears a just Proportion to them.

But from hence at the same time it follows, that since those Persons, who are so much mov'd by the Hymn, are not equally stir'd by the translated Psalm, the Passion or Spirit is less in the latter, and does not come up to the Ideas; and therefore we may conclude, that *Milton*, by his Genius and Harmony, has restor'd that Spirit in composing the Hymn, which had been lost by the Weakness of the Translation, and the Want of Poetical Numbers: which last, as we have said before, contribute very much to the raising of Passion.

What *Milton* has done in relation to the 148th Psalm, others may do in a less proportion to other parts of the Old Testament, till the Favour of the Prince and publick Encouragement causes another *Milton* to arise, and apply himself to so necessary and so noble a Work. For this is certain, that there are not wanting great Genius's to every Age: But they do not equally appear in every Age, sometimes for want of knowing themselves, and sometimes for want of Encouragement and Leisure to exert themselves. The Business of the Treatise intended is to shew them how they may try, and know, and form themselves, which is all that I am capable of attempting towards the restoring so useful and so noble an Art. If I were in a Condition to give them Encouragement too, they should not be long without it. If they who so much exceed me in Power, did but equal me in Will, we should soon see Poetry raise up its dejected Head, and our own might
come

come to emulate the happiest of *Grecian* and *Roman* Ages.

And thus much may suffice to shew the Nature of Poetry, but chiefly of the greater Poetry, and the Importance of this Design. For since Poetry has been thought not only by Heathens, but by the Writers of the Old Testament, and consequently by God himself who inspir'd them, to be the fittest Method for the enforcing Religion upon the Minds of Men; and since Religion is the only solid Foundation of all Civil Society, it follows, that whoever endeavours to re-establish Poetry, makes a generous Attempt to restore an Art, that may be highly advantageous to the Publick, and beneficial to Mankind.



LET.



LETTERS

UPON

Several Occasions :

Written by and between Mr. Dryden,
Mr. Wycherly, Mr. ———, Mr. Congreve,
and Mr. Dennis.



To the Right Honourable CHARLES
MONTAGUE Esq; one of the Lords
of the Treasury, Chancellor of the
Exchequer, and one of his Majesty's
most Honourable Privy Council.

S I R,



*S soon as I had resolv'd to make this
Address to you, that the Present might
not be altogether unworthy of you, I
took care to obtain the Consent of my
Friends to publish some Letters, which they had
writ as Answers to mine. When*

When I look upon my self, I find I have reason to beg pardon for my Presumption: But when I consider those Gentlemen, I am encourag'd to hope that you will not be offended to find your self at the Head of no vulgar Company, whose Names and Desert are universally known; a Company rais'd far above the Level of Mankind by their own extraordinary Merit, and yet proud to do homage to yours. They are Gentlemen, 'tis true, who are divided in their Interests, and who differ in their Politick Principles; but they agree in their Judgments of Things, which all the World admires, and they always consent when they speak of you.

In presenting this little Book to you, I only design'd to shew my Zeal and my Gratitude; but they assure me unanimously, that I have likewise shewn my Judgment. Tho indeed, Sir, the number of the Great, who cast a favourable Eye upon human Learning, is not so considerable, but that a Man who would address any thing of this nature to one of them, may soon determine his Choice. Proficients in other Arts are encouraged by Profit, which is their main Design: but he who bestows all his time upon human Studies, is intited by Glory alone, and the World takes care that he should have no more than he seeks for. The Enthusiast, the Quack, the Pettifogger, are rewarded for torturing, and for deluding Men; but Humanity has met with very barbarous Usage, only for pleasing, and for instructing them. The very Court, which draws most of its Ornament from it, has but too often neglected it; there Learning in general has been disregarded: For none but great Souls are

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capable of great Designs, and few Courtiers have had Greatness of Mind enough to procure the Promotion of Science, which is the Exaltation of human Nature, and the Enlargement of the Empire of Reason. Our Ministers of State have formerly behaved themselves with so much Indifference, as if it would have lessen'd them to have taken any care of Letters. They have shewn themselves as perfectly unconcern'd, as if not one had discover'd, that at a time when our Neighbours are grown so knowing, the Publick Safety depends on the Progress of Learning; and that to patronize Science, is to take care of the State. Besides; too many of our Statesmen have been engag'd in unjust Designs. Most of our Politicians have done their endeavour to encroach on the Crown, or to attempt on the People. Few have had Capacity and Integrity enough to keep the Balance so steady, as to maintain Prerogative at once, and assert Privilege; to serve the King zealously, and their Country faithfully; to possess at the same time the Favour of the one, and the Hearts of the other, to such a degree, as to be courted by the People to serve as their Representative, at the very time that they are employ'd by the King in Matters of the highest Importance. Instead of that, most of them have had reason to be afraid of the King or the Commons; and Men who have been solicitous for their own Safety, have seldom appear'd concern'd for the Good of others. Few then have been, and are in a Condition to be Protectors of Learning; and therefore those happy few deserve all the Honours which we are able to pay

pay them. Of those, Sir, you appear in the foremost Rank, and are to the Commonwealth of Learning, what you are to the State, a great Defence and a shining Ornament. You have warmly encourag'd all sorts of Studies, but have been justly and nobly partial to those, for which the State has made no provision: which is enough to gain you the Esteem of all who have any regard for Learning, and to win the very Souls of all who, like me, are charm'd with the softer Studies of Humanity. For which your Zeal has been so diffusive, that it has extended it self even to me: tho a bare Inclination to cultivate Eloquence and Poetry, was the only thing which could recommend me to you; yet even this has been encourag'd by the Promise of your Protection, and by the Humanity of your receiving me. The Access which I have had to you, has been the greatest Obligation that you could lay upon a Man, who has still valued Merit above all the World, and who has sought his Improvement more than he has his Advancement. When I have at any time approach'd you, I have found in you none of those forbidding Qualities, of which they accuse the Great. Instead of those, I have found an attractive and a human Greatness, the generous Sincerity of the Man of Honour, join'd with the Grace and Complaisance of the Courtier, and a Deportment noble without Pride, and modest without descending. Nature has made me something averse from making my Court to Fortune. But I am proud to attend upon real Greatness; and to

wait upon you, since first you encourag'd me, has been at once my Duty and my Affection.

The Permission which you gave me to approach you, was so great an Incitement to me, that I believe it might have brought me to write well, if I had not a very just reason to resolve to attempt it no more. You had given me one great Encouragement before I had the Honour to see you, and that was, by leaving off writing your self. For *Vanity* is a greater Incitement to Poets than *Pensions*, and even *Want* depresses the Spirits less than the Thought of being surpassed. Therefore while Mr. Montague sung, he sung alone. We admir'd indeed our conquering Monarch, but we admir'd in silence: We rever'd the Greatness of your Genius, and neglected our Talents. Indeed the Strength and Sweetness of your Voice was fit to charm us alone, and we who follow'd, were only fit for the Chorus. But you have left a Province, which you have made your own, to the Administration of those who are under you, and are gone on in your victorious Progress to the Acquisition of new Glory. From which I am sensible that I detract by detaining you: For your Actions are your best Encomiums, and the loud Consent of the Nation your best Panegyrick. It was a glorious one that was spoken to you by the People of Westminster, in the Request that they made to you to serve as their Member in the present Parliament, at a time when they were caballing all over the Kingdom, and Gentlemen were depriving Peasants of their little Reason, in order to obtain their Voices. Mr. Montague's Merit, while he
was

was silent, solicited for him so importunately, that it prevail'd upon a number of considerable Inhabitants of the politer parts of the Town, to come and make it their humble Request to you, to honour them by representing them: which puts me in mind of a Saying of De la Bruyere, That the People are then at their height of Happiness, when their King makes choice for his Confidants, and for his Ministers, of the very same Persons that the People would have chosen, if the Choice had been in their power, This at present is our own Case; for doubtless the same People, who, without any Brigue, or the least Corruption, came voluntarily to intreat you to suffer them to place you in the Great Council of the Kingdom, would, if the Choice had been in their power, have plac'd you in the Privy Council; and they who frankly offer'd to trust you with the Disposal of the Money which is in their Houses, would have trusted you, had it been in their power, with the Intendency of that in the Treasury. So that the Peoples Proffer to chuse you, seems to me to be a loud Approbation of the Choice which the King had made before of you, and of your Ministration upon that Choice. But I injure the Publick while I detain you: Yet give me leave to end with my zealous Wishes for you, that the Happiness may be multiply'd on you, which you so nobly seek to communicate, that you may increase in Riches and Honours faster than you advance in Years, till you arrive at that height of Prosperity which may be answerable to your high Desert, and till Fortune may be said to pour down her Gifts upon you, in

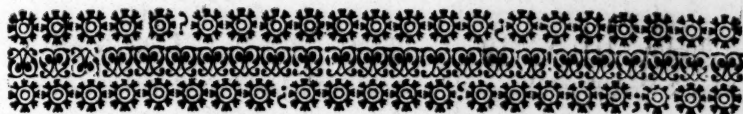
Emulation of Art and Nature: Yet Envy after all shall be forced to declare, that Mr. Montague sprung from an Illustrious Stock, and, loaded with Plenty and Honours, is yet nobler by Desert, than he is by Descent, and greater by Virtue than he is by Fortune. I am,

S I R,

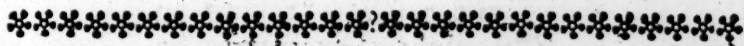
Your most Humble, and

most Obedient Servant,

JOHN DENNIS.



*A Collection of LETTERS,
written by several Eminent
Hands.*



To Walter Moyle Esq;

Dear Sir,



YOU know that a grave Fellow assures us, that upon the Cessation of Oracles, lamentable Cries were heard in the Air, proclaiming along the Coasts the Death of the Great *Pan*: And have not you, upon this Dearth of good Sense, and this Cessation of Wit, tell me truly, have not you heard

*These Sounds upon the Cornish Shore,
The Sage Will E—— is no more?*

Gone is the universal Lord of Wit! He to whom all the Wits paid Homage; for whom his Subjects set a Tax upon Words, and laid exorbitant Customs on Thoughts. He's dead, alas! he's dead!

Dead I mean, Sir, in a legal Capacity, that is, outlaw'd and gone into the *Fryars*; to go into which, is once more to outlaw himself. He has done it, Sir, and ill Fortune has brought him to be a

H h 4

Felo

Felo de se that way : For since the Law thought it but just to put *Will* out of its Protection, *Will* thought it but prudent to put himself out of its Power. And since the Law could use him with so much Contempt, as to declare to all the World that it does not care for *Will E*——, *Will*, who is extremely stout in Adversity, has declar'd by his Actions that he does not care for the Law. *Virgil* tells us in his sixth Book, that the Souls in Hell were busy'd about the same things in which they were employ'd upon Earth; even so does sage *Will* use the same Nutmeg-Grater, and the same Tea-Pot in the *Fryars*, that he handled before in *Bow-street*. Thus has he left the Wits without any Sorrow, tho he loves them, and without taking any leave of them. For *Will* thinks they cannot be long from him, and he says, he expects that in a very little time his old Company should be constant at his new House. And dost not thou think that they too have reason to expect the very same thing? For as the Death of any Man ought to put all his Friends in mind, that he went before but to lead them the way; so *Will's* Departure from this miserable Life, this leud *Covent-Garden* Life, and his ferrying from *Somerset-stairs* to the infernal Shore of *Alsatia*, should be a *Memento* to the rest of the Wits, that he is but gone whither they all must follow.

To leave off Poetical Similies, this Body-Politick is in a curst Condition, and cannot keep long together without a Head. The Members are at present in a grave Debate how to get one. To-morrow the whole House will resolve it self into a Grand Committee, to consult about Ways and Means of making Provision for the common Necessities. Some talk of an Excise upon *May-Dew*, and *Raspberry-Brandy*: That there will be a Poll is strongly asserted, in which every Man is to pay according to his respective Condition. To-morrow it will be known, to
how

how much each Man's Quota amounts: As for example, how much a Poet is to pay, how much a Wit, how much a Politician, and how much a Critick. A Critick did I say? I beg your pardon. They have voted, *Nemine Contradicente*, that they will cefs no Critick till Mr. Moyle returns.

I have given them my Sentiments upon the fore-mention'd Poll, which were, That it was something hard to make a Man pay for being call'd Wit, Poet, or Critick; that they saw by Experience lately in the State, that poor Dogs grumbled to pay for their Titles; how then could they think that People would be contented to be tax'd for their Nick-names? That in settling this Tax they were to take a quite contrary Method, to that which was taken upon settling a Tax in the State: That in the State sometimes a Man paid for what he really had; as for example, when a Country Squire paid for his Land, or his Money; and sometimes for what he really had not, as when a Cit that is twice dubb'd, Knight by the King, and Cuckold by his Wife, pays for his Honour and his Children. The first of which is but as it were his, for it is really the King's; and the second of which are but as it were his, for they are really the Courtier's who help'd him to his Title. In the State too a Man is made to pay for something which he does, or for something which he does not: As a Jacobite pays so much for swearing when he's drunk, and so much more for not swearing when he's sober. But that in our Case, if we would be exactly just, we should make People pay neither for what they have, nor for what they have not; nor for what they do, nor for what they do not; but should oblige them to pay only for pretending to have what they really have not, or for offering to do what they are utterly incapable of doing. That thus the Tax would certainly fall upon the most solvent Part of the Body. For how ridiculous

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culous would it be, to tax a Man for having Poetry and Wit, when they are almost always Signs that he has not a Farthing to pay? On the other side, how absurd would it be to tax him for a bare want of those Qualities? since when a Man is dull without pretending, 'tis ten to one but he is poor; for Riches make Men vain, and Vanity makes them affected. But he who is not much at his ease, is hardly at leisure for Affectation; and I have often seen, that when Vanity has thrown a Fop out of Nature, Necessity has brought him back again: but a rich Rogue will be sure to be always pretending. Fortune takes pleasure in making those vain, whom Nature before made impotent, and both of them often conspire to finish a Coxcomb. Thus I would have none pay, but they who put Gravity upon us for Wisdom, Visions for Politicks, and Quibbles for Wit; and I would have no Man at any expence for being call'd a Poet, a Wit, or a Critick, unless it be by himself. It would be equally hard to lay a Tax upon any one for his ill Fortune or for his ill Nature, since they are things of which no Man is Master. But what! A Sot cannot help his Vanity. Agreed. But then it makes him so much happier than he deserves to be, that he may well be contented to pay for it. I am

From Will's that was,
Novemb. 5. 1695.

Your most humble Servant,

John Dennis.

To Mr. Wycherly at Cleve near Shrewsbury.

S I R,

WHILE I venture to write these Lines to you, I take it to be my Interest not to consider you, as I hitherto always have done, and as for the future I always shall, viz. as Mr. *Wycherly*, as a Man sent purposely into the World to charm the Ears

Ears of the wittiest Men, and to ravish the Hearts of the most beautiful Women. No, Sir, that in writing to you I may assume some Spirit, I shall at present only consider you as the humble Hermit at *Cleve*; humble even in the full possession of all those extraordinary Qualities, the Knowledge of which has made me proud. I must confess that I have no great Opinion of that which Men generally call Humility: Humility in most Men is want of Heat; 'tis Phlegm, 'tis Impotence, 'tis a wretched Necessity, of which they who lie under it vainly endeavour to make a Virtue. But in a Man of Mr. *Wycherly's* Make, 'tis Choice, 'tis Force of Mind, 'tis a good, 'tis a generous Condescension. And what Force of Mind is there not requisite to bend back a Soul by perpetual Reflection, which would be always rising, and eternally aspiring by virtue of its inborn Fire? Yet yours, notwithstanding all its Power, cannot wholly depress it self, nor descend in every part of it. At the time that your Will vouchsafes to stoop, your Understanding soars, your Writings are as bold as your Conversation is modest (tho those are bold, as this is modest with Judgment) and he who would do you Justice, must needs confess that you are a very ambitious Writer, tho a very humble Man. Yet your very Ambition has oblig'd Mankind: It has exalted human Nature, in raising your own by its most noble Efforts, and that without boasting Preheminence. And surely it must be for this very reason that we feel a secret Pride, when we but read the Discoveries which you have made. Thus I cannot say that you are without Vanity, for never was Man exempt from it; but I can say, that you have made use even of Vanity to humble you by way of Reflection, and that you have avoided that dangerous Effect of it, Vain-Glory, the Rock upon which several great Wits before you have been seen to split: For you have always wisely consider'd,

consider'd, that Vain-Glory in the Vulgar may be supportable, nay may be diverting; but that in Great Men it must be intolerable. That whereas in the first 'tis want of Discernment, 'tis Folly, 'tis the extravagant Blindness of Self-Love; in the last, 'tis Crime, 'tis Malice, 'tis a secret and proud Design to mortify and insult over the rest of Men, over whom they have so much Advantage, that it is for this very Reason that we so deeply resent, and so severely revenge the mortal Affronts we receive from it. Great Wits were by Heaven predestin'd to rule, to rule the Minds of others, the noblest Empire; but when they grow outwardly vain, they grow Tyrants, and then their discontented Subjects rebel, and then they depose those Kings as Usurpers, whom before they obey'd as their lawful Monarchs: But a moderate, a good, and a gracious Prince, like you, commands their Hearts as well as their Understandings; and under one, whom they love so well, they grow as proud as they are pleas'd to obey. Our violent Inclinations make us belong to you, and therefore 'tis the Interest even of our Pride, that you should long continue in the place which your extraordinary Desert has attain'd. Did we nothing but esteem you as much as we do, we should certainly envy you, if we did not hate you; for bare Esteem is always forc'd upon us, whereas Inclination is much more voluntary: Besides, as a judicious *Frenchman* observes, Esteem is foreign, and comes from abroad, and is therefore receiv'd with Grumbling; but Inclination is our own, and borne in our Breasts, and is therefore caress'd and cherish'd. I might add that, upon this account, it is hard to wish well to those whom we very much esteem, if they have not likewise the Skill to make themselves be belov'd; because barely to esteem depresses the Spirits, as much as to love very much exalts them: it brings the Soul to a languid Temper, and gives it

at once ^{too} horrid Views of another's Excellencies, and of its own Infirmities; but Affection gives it Agitation and Warmth: and in the view of a Friend's Desert, it takes too much pleasure, and too much pride, to consider its own Defects. 'Tis true, that you are esteem'd at this high rate, you owe to your Wit and your Penetration; but that you are esteem'd without Envy, that you are with Joy and Gladness esteem'd, you owe to this, That while the Force of your Fancy and Judgment makes all the World admire you, you remain your self unmov'd by it; that while your Excellence fills all mouths but yours, you alone appear to be unacquainted with it. Thus while by the Merit of your extraordinary Qualities, you are known to surpass all others, it plainly appears that you have beyond all this a Greatness of Soul, from whence you look down on your own Merit: An infallible sign that the Talents which we admire in you are no Illusions, but real things; things that were born with you, and have been improv'd by you, and which you have not acquir'd. For Men are found to be vainer, upon the account of those Qualities which they fondly believe they have, than of those which they really have; and Hereditary Greatness gives Men leave to be humble, whereas Preferment occasions Pride. None but such real Greatness as yours can capacitate a Man to be truly humble; for the Soul which by Nature is not seated high, can hardly be said to descend. If I have insisted too long on this shining Subject, a Subject which is so conspicuous in you; if you look upon this tedious Letter, as one of those various Persecutions which every eminent Virtue provokes; I desire you to consider, that I have so many Obligations to this very Humility, that I look'd upon my self as oblig'd by Gratitude to say as much as I have done. For to that I owe the Happiness which I have frequently receiv'd in your
Con-

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Conversation; to that I owe the present Satisfaction, which your Permission to write to you gives me; and to that I am indebted, for the Hopes of your Answers: when I have receiv'd them, I shall then believe what you were pleas'd to tell me when I saw you last, that you are much more humble in the clear Air on your Mountain of *Cleeve*, than when you are in Fog and sulphurous Smoke in *Bowstreet*. But at the same time, the Satisfaction of thinking that Distance does not make you forget me, will render him very proud, who is at present,

London, Jan.
19. 169 $\frac{1}{4}$.

Sir, Your very Humble Servant,
John Dennis.

Mr. Wycherly's Answer to Mr. Dennis,

Dear Sir,

YOU have found a way to make me satisfy'd with my Absence from *London*, nay, what is more, with the distance which is now betwixt you and me. That indeed uses to lessen Friendship, but gives me the greater Mark of yours, by your kind Letter, which I had mis'd if I had been nearer to you: So that I, who receive no Rents here, yet must own if I did I could not receive greater Satisfaction than I had from yours, worth even a Letter of Exchange, or Letters-Patent; for I value your Friendship more than Money, and am prouder of your Approbation than I should be of Titles. For the having the good Opinion of one who knows Mankind so well, argues some Merit in me, upon which every Man ought to consider himself more than upon the Goods of Fortune. I had rather be thought your Friend in proof of my Judgment and good Sense, than a Friend to the Muses; and had rather have you, than them, thought mine. If I am, as you say, at once proud and humble, 'tis
since

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since I have known I have had the honour to please you ; tho your Praise rather humbles than makes me (tho a damn'd Poet) more vain. For it is so great, that it rather seems the Raillery of a witty Man, than the Sincerity of a Friend ; and rather proves the Copiousness of your own Invention, than justifies the Fertility of mine. But I fear I am forfeiting the Character of the Plain-dealer with you ; and seem like vain Women or vainer Men, to refuse Praise but to get more ; and so by returning your Compliments, shew my self grateful out of Interest, as Knaves are punctual in some Payments, but to augment their Credit. And for your Praise of my Humility, (the only Mark of my Knowledge, since it is a Mark of my knowing my self) you have prais'd that to its destruction, and have given me so much, you have left me none. Like those Admirers, who praise a young Maid's Modesty till they deprive her of it. But let me tell you, 'tis not to my Humility that you owe my Friendship, but to my Ambition ; since I can have no greater, than to be esteem'd by you, and the World, your Friend, and to be known to all Mankind for,

Dear Sir, Your Humble Servant,

W. Wycherly.

Postscript.

My dear Friend, I have no way to show my Love to you in my absence, but by my Jealousy. I would not have my Rivals in your Friendship, the *Cheeks*, the *D'urfey's*, the *Wymerfells*, and the rest of your Tavern Friends, enjoy your Conversation while I cannot : tho I confess, 'tis to their Interest to make you dumb with Wine, that they may be heard in your Company ; tho it were more the Demonstration of their Wit to hear you, than to be heard by you. For my own part, I am ambitious of your
Com-

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Company alone in some Solitude, where you and I might be all one. For I am sure, if I can pretend to any Sense, I can have no Instruction or Satisfaction of Life, better than your Example and your Society.

My Service pray, to all my Friends, that is, to all yours whom I know ; and be charitable (as often as you can) to the absent, which your good Wits seldom are ; I mean, be charitable with your Letters to

Your Humble Servants.

Postscript.

Pray let me have more of your Letters, tho they should rally me with Compliments undeserv'd, as your last has done ; for like a Country Esquire I am in love with a Town-Wit's Conversation, tho it be but at a distance that I am forced to have it, and tho it abuses me while I enjoy it.

*From Cleve near Shrewsbury,
Febr. 4. 1694.*

Mr. Dennis to Mr. Wycherly.

Dear Sir,

A Man who has the Vanity of pretending to write, must certainly love you extremely well, if he does not hate you after he has receiv'd from you such a Letter as yours : And he must undoubtedly shew a great deal of Friendship, when he assures you he does not envy you the very Lines by which you commend him. A Man had need be very well acquainted with the Goodness of your Nature, to be satisfy'd that you do not praise with a wicked Design to mortify. There are few Writers so humble, whom Mr. *Wycherly's* Commendation would not render vain ; but then there are few Writers so proud, whom the Wit that Mr. *Wycherly* shews in commend-
ing

ing them would not humble. So that a Man who did not know you, would be apt to believe that whenever you write to praise, you do but like a Wrestler, who lifts People up, on purpose to throw them down ; and the higher he raises them, makes their Fall the greater. Your Commendation is to a modest Man, what the second Bottle is to a sober Man : it raises his Vigour while he is swallowing it ; but the Wit is as sure to make the one melancholy upon mature Reflection, as the Wine is certain to leave the other spiritless after the third Concoction. But our Infirmary cannot be your fault, to whom we are oblig'd for your generous Intentions, which give you such a peculiar Distinction from ordinary Men of Wit. Indeed, by a just and a noble Confidence, which you may repose in your self, you may always very safely commend ; because you may be always sure to surpass. 'Tis prudent and noble at once in a Conqueror to extol the Conquered. To praise the Excellence which he o'ercomes, is but to commend himself. Besides, it wins the very Heart and Soul of him that is overcome, if he has but Virtue enough to be so subdu'd ; and makes him willing to leave his last Retrenchment. It would long since have had that effect upon me, if the rest of your good Qualities had not prevented it ; which have so closely and so intirely ty'd me to you, that whenever I receive a Letter from you, my Vanity is sure to gain on the one side, what it is certain to lose on the other : For if I am mortify'd as to my own Wit, I do not fail to value my self upon yours.

London, Sept. 10. 95.

I am, &c.

To Mr. Wycherly.

Dear Sir,

THE last time I was at *Will's*, I had the mortification to hear, that our Friend Mr. — had met with a Disappointment in —; at which, some who were present were glad, affirming, that Success would have thrown him out of his Element; for that a Man of Wit is not qualify'd for Business so well as a Blockhead. I have since had some Thoughts concerning that matter, which I here send you, and of which I desire your Opinion.

Upon Reflection, I have found out the following Reasons, why Blockheads are thought to be fittest for Business, and why they really succeed in it.

First, As their Brains are a great deal colder than those are of Men of Wit, they must have but very strait Imaginations, and very barren Inventions; from whence it follows, that they have but few Thoughts, and that a few Objects fill their Capacities.

Secondly, It is reasonable enough to believe, that since they are incapable of many Thoughts, those few which they have, are determin'd by their Necessities, their Appetites, and their Desires, to what they call their Fortunes and their Establishments.

Thirdly, It is not very hard to conceive, that since a Blockhead has but a few Thoughts, and perhaps but one all his Life-time, which is his Interest; he should have it more perfect, and better digested, than Men of Wit have the same Thought, who perhaps have a thousand every hour.

Fourthly, It is easy to comprehend, that since such a one has but a few Thoughts, or perhaps but one, which by often revolving in his Mind, he has digested, and brought to perfection, he should readily pass

pass from Thought to Action. For he must grow weary of thinking so often of one and the same thing; and since the Nature of the Soul requires Agitation, as soon as his little Speculation ceases, he must of necessity act to divert himself.

Fifthly, It will be certainly found, that as a little Thought often makes a Man active in Business, so a little Judgment often makes him diligent; for he may well be eager in the Pursuit of those things, on which, seduced by Passion and vulgar Opinion, he sets an exorbitant Value; and concerning whose Natures and Incertainty, he is not very capable of making solid Reflections. For tho Prudence may oblige a Man to secure a Competency, yet never was any one by right Reason induced to seek Superfluities.

Sixthly, Penury of Thought supposes Littleness of Soul, which is often requisite for the succeeding in Business: For a Blockhead is sordid enough to descend to Trick and Artifice, which in Business are often necessary to procure Success, unless they are more than supply'd by a Prudence deriv'd from a consummate Experience, or from a great Capacity.

Thus have I endeavour'd to give the reason, why a Fool succeeds better in Business than a Man of Wit, who has a multitude of Thoughts, and which fly at the noblest Objects; and who finds that there is something so pleasing, and so noble, in thinking rightly, and more especially in the sublime Speculations of exalted Reason, that he finds it intolerably irksome to descend to Action, and abhors the very Thought of being diligent in things, for which he has an extreme Contempt.

Thus you see, that in some measure a Fool may be said to be better fitted out for Business, than a Man of Wit. But it is high time to distinguish. For first, when I say that a Blockhead is fitted for Business, I mean only for little Business: for to affirm, that he is qualify'd for Affairs that require

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Extent of Capacity, would be a Contradiction in Terms. Secondly, when I affirm, that a Man of Wit is less capacitated for Business, I mean that he is less so, as long as he keeps in his natural Temper, and remains in a State of Tranquillity. But if once he comes to be thrown out of that by the Force of a violent Passion, and fir'd with Zeal for his Country's Service, or inflam'd by Ambition, and Business can be made subservient to the gratifying of those Passions; then I dare boldly affirm, that one Man of Wit will go further than a thousand of those who want it: of which it would be easy to give more than one Instance amongst our present Ministers. But I will be contented with putting you in mind, that none of the *Romans* had more Wit than *Cæsar*, and none of the *French* than *Richelieu*.

Before I conclude, I must give you a Caution; which is, that by the word Blockhead, I do not mean one that is stupid, but that I apply that word according to the Language of you Men of Wit, to one who thinks but a little: And that on the other side, by a Man of Wit I do not mean every Coxcomb whose Imagination has got the ascendant of his little Reason; but a Man like you, Sir, or our most ingenious Friend, in whom Fancy and Judgment are like a well-match'd Pair: the first like an extraordinary Wife, that appears always beautiful, and always charming, yet is at all times decent, and at all times chaste; the second like a prudent and well-bred Husband, whose very Sway shews his Complaisance, and whose very Indulgence shows his Authority.

Octob. 30.

*I am, Dear Sir, your most
Humble Servant,*

John Dennis.

To Mr. Dryden,

S I R,

THO no Man writes to his Friends with greater Ease, or with more Chearfulness, than my self; and tho I have lately had the Presumption to place you at the head of that small Party, nevertheless I have experienc'd with grief, that in writing to you I have not found my old Facility.

Since I came to this place, I have taken up my Pen several times in order to write to you, but have constantly at the very beginning found my self damp'd and disabled; upon which I have been apt to believe, that extraordinary Esteem may sometimes make the Mind as impotent as a violent Love does the Body, and that the vehement Desire we have to exert it, extremely decays our Ability. I have heard of more than one lusty Gallant, who, tho he could at any time with Readiness and Vigour possess the Woman whom he lov'd but moderately, yet when he has been about to give his darling Mistress, whom he has vehemently and long desir'd, the first last Proof of his Passion, has found on a sudden that his Body has jaded and grown resty under his Soul, and gone backward the faster, the more he has spurr'd it forward. Esteem has wrrought a like effect upon my Mind. My extraordinary Inclination to shew that I honour you at an extraordinary rate, and to shew it in words that might not be altogether unworthy Mr. Dryden's Perusal, incapacitates me to perform the very Action to which it incites me, and Nature sinks in me under the fierce Effort: But I hope you will have the goodness to pardon a Weakness that proceeds from a Cause like this, and to consider that I had pleas'd you more if I had honour'd you less. Who knows but that yet I

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may please you, if you encourage me to mend my Fault? To which, if you knew but the place I am in, Charity would engage you, tho Justice could not oblige you. For I am here in a Desert, depriv'd of Company, and depriv'd of News; in a place where I can hear nothing at all of the Publick, and what proves it ten times more a Desert, nothing at all of you: For all who are at present concern'd for their Country's Honour, hearken more after your Preparatives, than those for the next Campaign. These last may possibly turn to our Confusion, so uncertain are the Events of War; but we know that whatever you undertake must prove glorious to *England*, and tho the *French* may meet with Success in the Field, by you we are sure to conquer them. In War there are a thousand unlook'd-for Accidents, which happen every day, and Fortune appears no where more like her self; but in a Combat of Wit, the more humane Contention, and the more glorious Quarrel, Merit will be always sure to prevail: And therefore tho I can but hope that the Confederate Forces will give chase to *De Lorges* and *Luxemburgh*, I am very confident that *Boileau* and *Racine* will be forced to submit to you. Judge therefore if I, who very much love my Country, and who so much esteem you, must not with a great deal of impatience expect to hear from you.

Bushy-Heath,
Jan. 169 $\frac{1}{2}$.

I am, Sir, your most Humble Servant.

Mr. Dryden to Mr. Dennis.

My Dear Mr. Dennis,

WHEN I read a Letter so full of my Commendations as your last, I cannot but consider you as the Master of a vast Treasure, who having more than enough for your self, are forc'd to

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ebb out upon your Friends. You have indeed the best Right to give them, since you have them in Propriety; but they are no more mine when I receive them, than the Light of the Moon can be allow'd to be her own, who shines but by the Reflection of her Brother. Your own Poetry is a more powerful Example, to prove that the Modern Writers may enter into comparison with the Antients, than any which *Perault* could produce in *France*; yet neither he, nor you who are a better Critick, can persuade me that there is any room left for a solid Commendation at this time of day, at least for me. If I undertake the Translation of *Virgil*, the little which I can perform, will shew at least, that no Man is fit to write after him, in a barbarous modern Tongue. Neither will his Machines be of any service to a Christian Poet. We see how ineffectually they have been try'd by *Tasso*, and by *Ariosto*. 'Tis using them too dully, if we only make Devils of his Gods: As if, for example, I would raise a Storm, and make use of *Æolus*, with this only difference, of calling him Prince of the Air; what Invention of mine would there be in this, or who would not see *Virgil* throw me; only the same Trick play'd over again by a bungling Juggler? *Boileau* has well observ'd, that it is an easy matter in a Christian Poem for God to bring the Devil to Reason. I think I have given a better Hint for new Machines in my Preface to *Juvenal*; where I have particularly recommended two Subjects, one of King *Arthur's* Conquest of the *Saxons*, and the other of the *Black Prince* in his Conquest of *Spain*. But the Guardian Angels of Monarchies and Kingdoms are not to be touch'd by every Hand. A Man must be deeply conversant in the Platonick Philosophy to deal with them: And therefore I may reasonably expect, that no Poet of our Age will presume to handle those Machines, for fear of discovering his

own Ignorance; or if he should, he might perhaps be ingrateful enough not to own me for his Benefactor. After I have confess'd thus much of our modern Heroick Poetry, I cannot but conclude with Mr. Rymer, that our *English* Comedy is far beyond any thing of the Antients. And notwithstanding our Irregularities, so is our Tragedy. *Shakespear* had a Genius for it; and we know, in spite of Mr. Rymer, that Genius alone is a greater Virtue (if I may so call it) than all other Qualifications put together. You see what Success this learned Critick has found in the World, after his blaspheming *Shakespear*. Almost all the Faults which he has discover'd are truly there; yet who will read Mr. Rymer, or not read *Shakespear*? For my own part, I reverence Mr. Rymer's Learning, but I detest his Ill-Nature and his Arrogance. I indeed, and such as I, have reason to be afraid of him, but *Shakespear* has not. There is another part of Poetry, in which the *English* stand almost upon an equal foot with the Antients; and 'tis that which we call Pindarick, introduced, but not perfected, by our famous Mr. Cowley: and of this, Sir, you are certainly one of the greatest Masters. You have the Sublimity of Sense as well as Sound, and know how far the Boldness of a Poet may lawfully extend. I could wish you would cultivate this kind of Ode, and reduce it either to the same Measures which *Pindar* us'd, or give new Measures of your own. For as it is, it looks like a vast Tract of Land newly discover'd. The Soil is wonderfully fruitful, but unmanur'd; overstock'd with Inhabitants, but almost all Salvages, without Laws, Arts, Arms, or Policy. I remember poor *Nat. Lee*, who was then upon the Verge of Madness, yet made a sober and a witty Answer to a bad Poet, who told him, *It was an easy thing to write like a Madman*: No, said he, 'tis very difficult to write like a Madman, but 'tis a very easy matter to write

write like a Fool. Orway and he are safe by Death from all Attacks, but we, poor Poets Militant (to use Mr. Cowley's Expression) are at the mercy of wretched Scriblers: And when they cannot fasten upon our Verses, they fall upon our Morals, our Principles of State and Religion. For my Principles of Religion, I will not justify them to you; I know yours are far different. For the same reason, I shall say nothing of my Principles of State. I believe you in yours follow the Dictates of your Reason, as I in mine do those of my Conscience. If I thought my self in an Error, I would retract it; I am sure that I suffer for them: and *Milton* makes even the Devil say, That no Creature is in love with Pain. For my Morals, betwixt Man and Man, I am not to be my own Judge. I appeal to the World if I have deceived or defrauded any Man: And for my private Conversation, they who see me every day can be the best Witnesses, whether or no it be blameless and inoffensive. Hitherto I have no reason to complain that Men of either Party shun my Company. I have never been an impudent Beggar at the Doors of Noblemen: My Visits have indeed been too rare to be unacceptable; and but just enough to testify my Gratitude for their Bounty, which I have frequently receiv'd, but always unask'd, as themselves will witness. I have written more than I needed to you on this Subject: For I dare say you justify me to your self. As for that which I first intended for the principal Subject of this Letter, which is my Friend's Passion, and his Design of Marriage, on better Consideration I have chang'd my Mind; for having had the Honour to see my dear Friend *Wycherly's* Letter to him on that occasion, I find nothing to be added or amended. But as well as I love Mr. *Wycherly*, I confess I love my self so well, that I will not shew how much I am inferior to him in Wit and Judgment, by undertaking

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dertaking any thing after him. There is *Moses* and the Prophets in his Counsel. *Jupiter* and *Juno*, as the Poets tell us, made *Tiresias* their Umpire, in a certain merry Dispute, which fell out in Heaven betwixt them. *Tiresias*, you know, had been of both Sexes, and therefore was a proper Judge; our Friend Mr. *Wycherly* is full as competent an Arbitrator. He has been a Batchelor, and marry'd Man, and is now a Widower. *Virgil* says of *Ceneus*,

*Nunc Vir nunc Famina Ceneus,
Rursus & in veterem fato revoluta figuram.*

Yet I suppose he will not give any large Commendations to his middle State: nor, as the Sailor said, will be fond after a Shipwreck to put to Sea again. If my Friend will adventure after this, I can but wish him a good Wind, as being his, and,

*My Dear Mr. Dennis,
Your most Affectionate
and most Faithful Servant,
John Dryden.*

*Written for my Lady C. to her Cousin W—
of the Temple. By Mr. Dennis.*

*After having received from him a Copy of Verses on her
Beauty.*

Cousin,

I Received yours with the Verses inclos'd, and here return you my hearty Thanks for the Face, the Shape, the Mien, which you have so generously bestow'd upon me. From looking upon your Verses, I went to my Glass. But, Jesu! The difference! Tho I bought it to flatter me, yet compar'd to you, I found it a Plain-dealer. It show'd me immediately, that I have been a great deal more beholden

Beholden to you, than I have been to Nature; for she only form'd me not frightful, but you have made me divine. But as you have been a great deal kinder than Nature has been to me, I think my self oblig'd, in requital, to be a good deal more liberal than Heaven has been to you, and to allow you as large a Stock of Wit as you have given me of Beauty. Since so honest a Gentleman, as your self, has stretch'd his Conscience to commend my Person, I am bound in Gratitude to do violence to my Reason, to extol your Verses. When I left the Town, I desir'd you to furnish me with the News of the Place, and the first thing I have receiv'd from you, is a Copy of Verses on my Beauty: By which you dexterously infer, that the most extraordinary Piece of News you can send me, is to tell me that I am handsome. By which ingenious Inference, you had infallibly brought the Scandal of a Wit upon you, if your Verses had not stood up in your Justification.

But tell me truly, Cousin, could you think that I should prove so easy a Creature, as to believe all that you have said of me? How could you find in your heart to make such a Fool of me, and such a Cheat of your self? To intoxicate me with Flattery, and draw me in to truck my little Stock of Wit and Judgment, for a mere Imagination of Beauty; when the real thing too falls so infinitely short of what you would make me exchange for the very Fancy of it. For, Cousin, there is this considerable Difference between the Merit of Wit and Beauty, That Men are never violently influenc'd by Beauty, unless it has weaken'd their Reason; and never feel half the force of Wit, unless their Judgments are sound. The principal time in which those of your Sex admire Beauty in ours, is between Seventeen and Thirty, that is, after they are past their Innocence, and before they are come to their Judgments. And now, Cousin, have not you been commending

mending a pretty Quality in me, to admire which, as I have just shewn you, supposes not only a corrupted Will, but a raw Understanding? Besides, how frail, how transitory is it! Nature deprives us of it at Thirty, if Diseases spare it till then. By which constant Proceeding she seems to imply, that she gives it us as a Gugaw to please us in the Childhood of our Reasons; and takes it from us as a thing below us, when we come to Years of Discretion. Thus, Cousin, have you been commending a Quality in me, which has nothing of true Merit in it, and of which I have no greater a share, than to keep me from being scandalous. So that all I could have got by your Kindness, if I had parted with my Judgment, in order to reap the Benefit of it, had been nothing but wretched Conceit and ridiculous Affectation. If I thought you had enough of the gallant Man in you, to take what I say in good part, I would advise you to engage no further in Pöetry. Be rul'd by a Woman for once, and mind your *Cook upon Littleton*. Rather pettifog than flatter: For if you are resolv'd to be a Cheat, you will show at least some Conscience, in resolving rather to chouse People of their Money, than to bubble them of their Understandings. Besides, Cousin, you have not a Genius which will make a great Poet; and be pleas'd to consider, that a small Poet is a scandalous Wight; that indifferent Verses are very bad ones, and that an insipid Panegyrick upon another is a severe Libel upon your self. Besides, there will start up a Satire one day, and then Woe be to cold Rhymers. *Old England* is not yet so barren, but there will arise some generous Spirit, who, besides a Stock of Wit and good Sense, which are no very common Qualities, will not only be furnish'd with a sound Judgment, which is an extraordinary Talent; but with a true Taste for Eloquence and Wit, which is scarce any where to be found,
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and which comprehends not only a just Discernment, but a fine Penetration, and a delicate Criticism. Such a Satirist as this, Cousin, must arise; and therefore you had best take care, by a judicious Silence, that whenever he appears, he may be sure to divert you, and not afflict you. I am, &c.

To Mr. Wycherly, at Will's Coffee-house in
Covent-Garden.

I Receiv'd your Panegyrick upon Puns, which I so approve of, that I am resolv'd to get it printed, and bound up with *Erasmus's* Praise of Folly. Yet to confess a Truth, I was something dissatisfy'd to see Quibbling commended with so much Wit: For nothing can be writ with more Wit than your Letter, to the Reserve of the Quibbles; which I suppose you inserted amongst so many things which are so finely said, lest these should have render'd you too vain, or too much have mortify'd me: But pray, after this Panegyrick upon Quibbles, give me leave to ask you the same Question that the *Lacedemonians* ask'd the Sophister, who harangu'd in the Praise of *Hercules*. By the way, did you ever expect to hear a Quibble compar'd to *Hercules*? There's a Simile for you. I think, as *Novel* says, that's new. You, who are cry'd up for so great a Wit, tell me, without Envy, could you ever have thought upon that? But to return to my Question. Here you have spent a great deal of time in the defence of Quibbles. Who said a word against them? The Devil a Syllable did I mention of them in mine. It is true, I cited honest Mr. *Swan*; but it is a hard Case, if the quoting an Author must be constru'd the condemning his Works. I have a great Respect and Kindness for Mr. *Swan*, as I have for all who have any Excellence. And truly, I think that for the Management of
Quibbles

Quibbles and Dice, there is no Man alive comes near him. And let me tell you, Sir, for all your new Emulation, he is a better Quibbler than you. But it is high time to give over Raillery: For if you were my Father a thousand times, let me die if I would not rigorously examine that part of your Letter which pretends to defend Quibbling. You say that I am too nice, and that my Aversion has something in it that is very like Affectation. But here you must give me leave to turn your own Simile upon you: Can a Man be justly accus'd of Niceness or Affectation, because he appears offended at a Stink? When I tell you that Quibbling is extremely foolish; you know it is foolish enough, you reply, but it is a foolish thing that diverts. And do you think this Knowledge of it will excuse the Folly? Give me leave to resume the aforementioned Simile: Suppose a Fellow, who breaks Wind, should say to the Company, while they are cajoling their offended Noses with Snuff; Look you, Gentlemen, I know I am a brutal Dog for this, this is very nasty, but Begad it is very diverting: Would the Excuse think you be current? A Quibble diverts: Right; and so does a Hobby-Horse, which in my mind, for those who can be diverted without Reason, is the better Bawble of the two. A Quibble diverts! Jesu! That this should be spoken at *Will's*? Can there be a more damnable Satire upon Wit, than that so many Gentlemen, who have so very much of it, should be forc'd to play the Fool to divert one another? But, for God's sake, what do you mean when you say a Quibble diverts you? It makes you laugh, I warrant. Why the greatest Coxcomb about the Town shall outdo you in laughing at any time. Nature, who has dealt impartially with her Children, and who has given them but two Distinctions from Beasts, Reason and Laughter, has, where she has bestow'd the more of the one, conferr'd

terr'd the less of the other; and therefore a Coxcomb will laugh at nothing. Ay, that indeed, say you, is a Sign of a Fool. Well! my dear Friend, I have so much Kindness for thee, that out of thy own Mouth thou shalt not be judg'd: For if a Quibble is not Wit, it is nothing. But it is at as great a distance from Wit, as an Idol is from the Deity; and I will no more believe nauseous Equivocals to be Wit, because some Sots have admir'd them, than I will believe Garlick to be God, because the *Egyptians* ador'd it. Nay, it is a more damnable Sign of Stupidity in an *Englishman* to make Wit of a Quibble, than it was in the *Egyptians* to make a God of their Garlick. But to return from whence I digress'd; I have never appear'd so much a Stoick, but that I have been as much for Diversion as any of you. But then am I for the Diversion of reasonable Men and of Gentlemen. If there be any Diversion in Quibbling, it is a Diversion of which a Fool and a Porter is as capable as is the best of you. And therefore *Ben. Johnson*, who writ every thing with Judgment, and who knew the Scum of the People, whenever he brings in a Porter or Tankard-Bearer, is sure to introduce him quibbling: But if Punning be a Diversion, it is a very strange one. There is as much Difference between the silly Satisfaction which we have from a Quibble, and the ravishing Pleasure which we receive from a beautiful Thought, as there is betwixt a faint Salute and Fruition. But what would you have us do, you cry? Men of the greatest Parts are no more to be found with Wit always about them, than rich Rogues with always the Ready. Why, look you, Sir, as the first Step to Wisdom is to be freed from Folly, so the first Approach to Wit is a Contempt of Quibbling. If it happens at any time that you have not your Wit about you, we will either have Patience till such a time as you have, or take
good

good Sense in the lieu of it : If you are not in a Condition to delight us, we will be contented to be instructed ; we will make your 'Instruction nourish our Vanity, so turn even that to Delight. Nay, there is something noble in right Reason, and consequently something delightful. Truth is so divinely beautiful, that it must please eternally ; but Falshood is base, and must shock all generous Minds, and every Equivocal is but ambiguous Falshood ; that is, the pitifullest, the basest of Falshoods.

To Walter Moyle Esq;

Dear Sir,

THO you are already indebted a Letter to me, yet I think fit to give you Credit for another, tho perhaps you may little desire to run into Debt this way. But it is for two Reasons that I give you the Trouble of this : For, in the first place, I am taking a Turn for a little time into the Country, and I design that the Prevention of this should make some Amends for the Delay of my next. In the second place, I have made some Provision of Scandal, which I am willing to make use of before it grows stale upon my hands. Just after I writ my last, I threw my self into a detach'd Party, which march'd from *Will's* to * *Namur*, with the same Design that the Volunteers went to *Brest*, to keep out of the Fray, and be Spectators of the Action. However, before they were come to Blows, I went amongst the Tents, and had some Discourse with Major-General *Ramsay*, whom I found to be Father to Mr. *Bays's* *Parthenope*. For the Major-General is a very honest Fellow, who sells Ale by the Town-Wall : We had the Satisfaction to see that the Town was taken, and the whole Siege was carry'd on as

* *A Droll at Bartholomew-Fair.*

Sieges generally are, with a great deal more Noise than Mischief. On Monday last, which was the second of *September*, I travell'd into the City, where I had the Satisfaction to see two very ridiculous Sights. The first was a Bawd-carted for an Action, which had some relation to that memorable Day; for she was convicted of being an Accomplice in setting fire to an antient and venerable Pile of the City, that is, she was found guilty of being instrumental in the clapping an Alderman. I stood in a Bookseller's Shop to see her pass, which Bookseller was packing up some scoundrel Authors to send them away to the Plantations. These Authors are Criminals, which being sentenc'd to be burnt here, have at last found Grace, and got off with Transportation. You remember the terrible News that we heard at P—, which, as it sprung from a ridiculous Occasion, that is, my Lady Mayorefs's Gossiping, has had a comical Consequence. For the Common-Council have made an Order, by which my Lady Mayorefs is dispens'd during the Wars, from seeing those Children born in the City which are got in the Suburbs; that is, from being present at one of their Wife's Labours. But 'tis time to return to the Fair. Last night I took a Turn in the Cloisters, where I was entertain'd with a great many Dialogues between Vizour and Vallancy Wig; upon which I leave you to be Judge, whether my Eyes or my Ears were the better entertain'd of the two. For I heard a great deal of unintelligible Language, address'd to a great many invisible Faces: As if because the Women had resolv'd not to be seen, the Men had determin'd not to be understood, and had in revenge eclips'd the Light of their Understanding by Fustian, as the others had obscur'd the Lustre of their Eyes by Velvet. Formerly the Ladies made use of White and Red to attract, but within these thirty

Years Black has succeeded, and the Devil is found more tempting in his proper Colour. I have neither Time nor Place for any more. You shall have the rest by the first Opportunity.

Yours, &c.

Mr. Congreve to Mr. Dennis.

Concerning Humour in Comedy.

Dear Sir,

YOU write to me, that you have entertain'd your self two or three days, with reading several Comedies of several Authors; and your Observation is, that there is more of *Humour* in our *English* Writers, than in any of the other Comick Poets, Antient or Modern. You desire to know my Opinion, and at the same time my Thought of that which is generally call'd *Humour* in Comedy.

I agree with you, in an impartial Preference of our *English* Writers, in that Particular. But if I tell you my Thoughts of *Humour*, I must at the same time confess, that what I take for true *Humour*, has not been so often written even by them, as is generally believ'd: And some who have valu'd themselves, and have been esteem'd by others, for that kind of Writing, have seldom touch'd upon it. To make this appear to the World, would require a long and labour'd Discourse, and such as I neither am able nor willing to undertake. But such little Remarks, as may be contain'd within the Compass of a Letter, and such unpremeditated Thoughts, as may be communicated between Friend and Friend, without incurring the Censure of the World, or setting up for a Dictator, you shall have from me, since you have enjoin'd it.

To define *Humour*, perhaps, were as difficult as to define *Wit*; for, like that, it is of infinite Variety.

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To enumerate the several *Humours* of Men, were a Work as endless, as to sum up their several Opinions. And in my mind the *Quot Homines tot Sententia*, might have been more properly interpreted of *Humour*; since there are many Men, of the same Opinion in many things, who are yet quite different in *Humours*. But tho we cannot certainly tell what *Wit* is, or what *Humour* is, yet we may go near to shew something, which is not *Wit*, or not *Humour*; and yet often mistaken for both. And since I have mention'd *Wit* and *Humour* together, let me make the first Distinction between them, and observe to you that *Wit is often mistaken for Humour*.

I have observ'd, that when a few things have been wittily and pleasantly spoken by any Character in a Comedy; it has been very usual for those, who make their Remarks on a Play while it is acting, to say, *Such a thing is very humorously spoken; There is a great deal of Humour in that Part*. Thus the Character of the Person speaking, it may be surprizingly and pleasantly, is mistaken for a Character of *Humour*; which indeed is a Character of *Wit*. But there is a great difference between a Comedy, wherein there are many things *Humorously*, as they call it, which is *Pleasantly* spoken; and one, where there are several Characters of *Humour*, distinguish'd by the particular and different *Humours* appropriated to the several Persons represented, and which naturally arise from the different Constitutions, Complexions, and Dispositions of Men. The saying of humorous things does not distinguish Characters; for every Person in a Comedy may be allow'd to speak them. From a witty Man they are expected; and even a Fool may be permitted to stumble on 'em by chance. Tho I make a difference betwixt *Wit* and *Humour*; yet I do not think that humorous Characters exclude *Wit*: No, but the Manner of *Wit* should be adapted to the *Humour*. As for instance, a Character of a

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^splenetick and peevish *Humour* should have a satirical Wit. A jolly and sanguine *Humour* should have a facetious Wit. The former should speak positively, the latter carelessly: for the former observes, and shews things as they are; the latter, rather overlooks Nature, and speaks things as he would have them; and his *Wit* and *Humour* have both of them a less Alloy of Judgment than the others.

As *Wit*, so its Opposite, *Folly*, is sometimes mistaken for *Humour*.

When a Poet brings a *Character* on the Stage, committing a thousand Absurdities, and talking Impertinencies, roaring aloud, and laughing immoderately, on every, or rather upon no occasion; this is a *Character* of *Humour*.

Is any thing more common, than to have a pretended Comedy stuff'd with such Grotesque Figures, and Farce Fools? Things that either are not in Nature, or if they are, are Monsters, and Births of Mischance; and consequently, as such, should be stifled, and huddled out of the way, like *Sooterkins*; that Mankind may not be shock'd with an appearing Possibility of the Degeneration of a Godlike *Species*. For my part, I am as willing to laugh as any body, and as easily diverted with an Object truly ridiculous: but at the same time, I can never care for seeing things, that force me to entertain low Thoughts of my Nature. I don't know how it is with others, but I confess freely to you, I could never look long upon a Monkey, without very mortifying Reflections; tho I never heard any thing to the contrary, why that Creature is not originally of a distinct *Species*. As I don't think *Humour* exclusive of *Wit*, neither do I think it inconsistent with *Folly*; but I think the Follies should be only such, as Mens Humours may incline 'em to; and not Follies intirely abstracted from *Humour* and Nature.

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Sometimes *Personal Defects* are misrepresented for *Humours*.

I mean, sometimes Characters are barbarously expos'd on the Stage, ridiculing natural Deformities, casual Defects in the Senses, and Infirmities of Age. Sure the Poet must both be very ill-natur'd himself, and think his Audience so, when he proposes by shewing a Man deform'd, or deaf, or blind, to give them an agreeable Entertainment; and hopes to raise their Mirth, by what is truly an Object of Compassion. But much need not be said upon this Head to any body, especially to you, who in one of your Letters to me concerning Mr. *Johnson's Fox*, have justly excepted against this immoral part of *Ridicule* in *Corbaccio's* Character; and there I must agree with you to blame him, whom otherwise I cannot enough admire, for his great Mastery of true Humour in Comedy.

External Habit of Body is often mistaken for Humour.

By *External Habit* I do not mean the ridiculous Dress or Clothing of a Character, tho that goes a good way in some receiv'd Characters. (But undoubtedly a Man's Humour may incline him to dress differently from other People.) But I mean a Singularity of Manners, Speech, and Behaviour, peculiar to all, or most of the same Country, Trade, Profession, or Education. I cannot think that a *Humour*, which is only a Habit, or Disposition contracted by Use or Custom; for by a Disuse, or Compliance with other Customs, it may be worn off, or diversify'd.

Affectation is generally mistaken for Humour.

These are indeed so much alike, that at a distance they may be mistaken one for the other. For what is *Humour* in one, may be *Affectation* in another; and nothing is more common, than for some to affect particular ways of saying and doing things peculiar to others, whom they admire and would imitate.

tate. *Humour* is the Life, *Affectation* the Picture. He that draws a Character of *Affectation*, shews *Humour* at the second hand; he at best but publishes a Translation, and his Pictures are but Copies.

But as these two last Distinctions are the nicest, so it may be most proper to explain them by particular Instances from some Author of Reputation. *Humour* I take either to be born with us, and so of a natural Growth; or else to be grafted into us, by some accidental Change in the Constitution, or Revolution of the internal Habit of Body; by which it becomes, if I may so call it, naturaliz'd.

Humour is from Nature, *Habit* from Custom, and *Affectation* from Industry.

Humour shews us as we are.

Habit shews us as we appear, under a forcible Impression:

Affectation shews what we would be, under a voluntary Disguise.

Tho here I would observe by the way, that a continu'd *Affectation* may in time become a *Habit*.

The Character of *Morose* in the *Silent Woman*, I take to be a Character of *Humour*. And I chuse to instance this Character to you, from many others of the same Author, because I know it has been condemn'd by many as Unnatural and Farce; and you have your self hinted some dislike of it, for the same reason, in a Letter to me, concerning some of *Johnson's* Plays.

Let us suppose *Morose* to be a Man naturally sple-netick and melancholy; is there any thing more offensive to one of such a Disposition, than Noise and Clamour? Let any Man that has the Spleen, (and there are enough in *England*) be Judge. We see common Examples of, this *Humour* in little every day. 'Tis ten to one, but three parts in four of the Company that you dine with, are discompos'd and startled at the cutting of a Cork, or scatching a Plate

Plate with a Knife: it is a proportion of the same Humour, that makes such or any other Noise offensive to the Person that hears it; for there are others who will not be disturb'd at all by it. Well; but *Morose*, you will say, is so extravagant, he cannot bear any Discourse or Conversation above a Whisper. Why, it is his Excess of this Humour, that makes him become ridiculous, and qualifies his Character for Comedy. If the Poet had given him but a moderate proportion of that Humour, 'tis odds but half the Audience would have sided with the Character, and have condemn'd the Author, for exposing a Humour which was neither remarkable nor ridiculous. Besides, the Distance of the Stage requires the Figure represented to be something larger than the Life; and sure a Picture may have Features larger in proportion, and yet be very like the Original. If this Exactness of Quantity were to be observ'd in Wit, as some would have it in Humour; what would become of those Characters that are design'd for Men of Wit? I believe if a Poet should steal a Dialogue of any length, from the *Extempore* Discourse of the two wittiest Men upon Earth, he would find the Scene but coldly receiv'd by the Town. But to the purpose.

The Character of Sir *John Daw* in the same Play, is a Character of Affectation. He every where discovers an Affectation of Learning; when he is not only conscious to himself, but the Audience also plainly perceives that he is ignorant. Of this kind are the Characters of *Thrasa* in the *Eunuch*, of *Terence*, and *Pyrgopolinices* in the *Miles Gloriosus* of *Plautus*. They affect to be thought valiant, when both themselves and the Audience know they are not. Now such a boasting Valour in Men who were really valiant, would undoubtedly be a Humour; for a fiery Disposition might naturally throw a Man into the

same Extravagance, which is only affected in the Characters I have mention'd.

The Character of *Cob* in *Every Man in his Humour*, and most of the Under-Characters in *Bartholomew-Fair*, discover only a Singularity of Manners, appropriated to the several Educations and Professions of the Persons represented. They are not Humours, but Habits contracted by Custom. Under this Head may be rang'd all Country-Clowns, Sailors, Tradesmen, Jockeys, Gamesters, and such-like, who make use of *Cants* or peculiar *Dialects* in their several Arts and Vocations. One may almost give a Receipt for the Composition of such a Character: for the Poet has nothing to do, but to collect a few proper Phrases and Terms of Art, and to make the Person apply them by ridiculous Metaphors in his Conversation, with Characters of different Natures. Some late Characters of this kind have been very successful; but in my mind they may be painted without much Art or Labour, since they require little more than a good Memory and superficial Observation. But true *Humour* cannot be shewn, without a Dissection of Nature, and a narrow Search to discover the first Seeds, from whence it has its Root and Growth.

If I were to write to the World, I should be obliged to dwell longer upon each of these Distinctions and Examples; for I know that they would not be plain enough to all Readers. But a bare Hint is sufficient to inform you of the Notions which I have on this Subject: and I hope by this time you are of my opinion, that Humour is neither Wit, nor Folly, nor personal Defect, nor Affectation, nor Habit; and yet that each, and all of these, have been both written and received for Humour.

I should be unwilling to venture even on a bare Description of Humour, much more to make a Definition of it; but now my hand is in, I'll tell you what serves me instead of either. I take it to be,

A singular and unavoidable Manner of doing or saying any thing, peculiar and natural to one Man only; by which his Speech and Actions are distinguish'd from those of other Men.

Our *Humour* has relation to us, and to what proceeds from us, as the Accidents have to a Substance; it is a Colour, Taste, and Smell, diffused through all: tho our Actions are ever so many and different in form, they are all Splinters of the same Wood, and have naturally one Complexion; which tho it may be disguised by Art, yet cannot be wholly chang'd: we may paint it with other Colours, but we cannot change the Grain. So the natural Sound of an Instrument will be distinguish'd, tho the Notes express'd by it are ever so various, and the Divisions ever so many. Dissimulation may by degrees become more easy to our Practice, but it can never absolutely transubstantiate us into what we would seem: it would always be in some proportion a Violence upon Nature.

A Man may change his Opinion, but I believe he will find it a difficulty to part with his *Humour*; and there is nothing more provoking, than the being made sensible of that difficulty. Sometimes one shall meet with those, who perhaps innocently enough, but at the same time impertinently, will ask the Question, *Why are you not merry? Why are you not gay, pleasant, and cheerful?* Then instead of answering, could I ask such one, *Why are you not handsome? Why have you not black Eyes, and a better Complexion?* Nature abhors to be forced.

The two famous Philosophers of *Ephesus* and *Abdera*, have their different Sects at this day. Some weep, and others laugh at one and the same thing.

I don't doubt, but you have observ'd several Men laugh when they are angry, others who are silent, some that are loud: yet I cannot suppose that it is
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the Passion of *Anger* which is in it self different, or more or less in one than t'other; but that it is the *Humour* of the Man that is predominant, and urges him to express it in that manner. Demonstrations of Pleasure are as various; one Man has a Humour of retiring from all Company, when any thing has happen'd to please him beyond expectation; he hugs himself alone, and thinks it an Addition to the Pleasure to keep it secret. Another is upon Thorns till he has made Proclamation of it; and must make other People sensible of his Happiness, before he can be so himself. So it is in Grief and other Passions. Demonstrations of Love, and the Effects of that Passion upon several Humours, are infinitely different; but here the Ladies who abound in Servants are the best Judges. Talking of the Ladies, methinks something should be observed of the Humour of the Fair Sex, since they are sometimes so kind as to furnish out a Character for Comedy. But I must confess I have never made any Observation of what I apprehend to be true Humour in Women. Perhaps Passions are too powerful in that Sex, to let Humour have its Course; or may be by reason of their natural Coldness, Humour cannot exert it self to that extravagant degree, which it often does in the Male Sex. For if ever any thing does appear comical or ridiculous in a Woman, I think it is little more than an acquir'd Folly, or an Affectation. We may call them the weaker Sex, but I think the true reason is, because our Follies are stronger, and our Faults are more prevailing.

One might think that the Diversity of Humour, which must be allowed to be diffused throughout Mankind, might afford endless Matter for the Support of Comedies. But when we come closely to consider that Point, and nicely to distinguish the difference of Humours, I believe we shall find the contrary.

contrary. For tho we allow every Man something of his own, and a peculiar Humour, yet every Man has it not in quantity to become remarkable by it; or if many do become remarkable by their Humours, yet all those Humours may not be diverting. Nor is it only requisite to distinguish what Humour will be diverting, but also how much of it, what part of it to shew in Light, and what to cast in Shades; how to set it off by preparatory Scenes, and by opposing other Humours to it in the same Scene. Thro a wrong Judgment sometimes Mens Humours may be opposed, when there is really no specific Difference between them; only a greater proportion of the same in one than t'other, occasion'd by his having more Flegm, or Choler, or whatever the Constitution is, from whence their Humours derive their Source.

There is infinitely more to be said on this Subject, tho perhaps I have already said too much; but I have said it to a Friend, who I am sure will not expose it, if he does not approve of it. I believe the Subject is intirely new, and was never touch'd upon before; and if I would have any one to see this private Essay, it should be some one, who might be provoked by my Errors in it to publish a more judicious Treatise on the Subject. Indeed I wish it were done, that the World being a little acquainted with the Scarcity of true Humour, and the Difficulty of finding and shewing it, might look a little more favourably on the Labours of them, who endeavour to search into Nature for it, and lay it open to the publick View.

I don't say but that very entertaining and useful Characters, and proper for Comedy, may be drawn from Affectations, and those other Qualities, which I have endeavour'd to distinguish from Humour: but I would not have such imposed on the World
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for Humour, nor esteemed of equal Value with it. It were perhaps the Work of a long Life to make one Comedy true in all its Parts, and to give every Character in it a true and distinct Humour. Therefore every Poet must be beholden to other Helps, to make out his Number of ridiculous Characters. But I think such a one deserves to be broke, who makes all false Musters; who does not shew one true Humour in a Comedy, but entertains his Audience to the end of the Play with every thing out of Nature.

I will make but one Observation to you more, and have done; and that is grounded upon an Observation of your own, and which I mention'd at the beginning of my Letter, *viz.* That there is more of Humour in our *English* Comick Writers than in any others. I do not at all wonder at it, for I look upon Humour to be almost of *English* Growth; at least, it does not seem to have found such Increase on any other Soil. And what appears to me to be the reason of it, is the great Freedom, Privilege, and Liberty which the common People of *England* enjoy. Any Man that has a Humour, is under no Restraint or Fear of giving it vent; they have a Proverb among them, which, may be, will shew the Bent and Genius of the People, as well as a longer Discourse: *He that will have a Maypole, shall have a Maypole.* This is a Maxim with them, and their Practice is agreeable to it. I believe something considerable too may be ascrib'd to their feeding so much on Flesh, and the Grossness of their Diet in general. But I have done, let the Physicians agree that. Thus you have my Thoughts of *Humour*, to my power of expressing them in so little time and compass. You will be kind to shew me wherein I have err'd; and as you are very capable of giving me Instruction, so I think I have a
very

very just Title to demand it from you, being without Reserve,

July 10. 1695.

*Your Real Friend,
and Humble Servant,
W. Congreve.*

To Mr. Congreve at Tunbridge.

Dear Sir,

MR. Moyle and I have impatiently expected to hear from you. But if the Well which you drink of had sprung up from *Lethe*, you could not have been more forgetful of us. Indeed, as the *Tunbridge* Water is good for the Spleen, it may be said in some manner to cause Oblivion. But I will yet a while hope that Mr. Moyle and I are not of the number of things that plague you. However I am so sensible of your being mindful of me in Town, that I should be ungrateful, if I should complain that you do not remember me where you are. Mr. Moyle tells me, that you have made a favourable mention of me to a certain Lady of your Acquaintance, whom he calls ——— But then to mortify the old Man in me, or indeed rather the young, he assur'd me, that you had given a much better Character of him. However, for that which you gave of me, I cannot but own my self obliged to you; and I look upon your Kindness as so much the greater, because I am sensible that I do not deserve it. And I could almost wish that your good Qualities were not quite so numerous, that I might be able to make you some Return *in specie*. For commending you now, I do you but justice, which a Man of Honour will do to his Enemy; whereas you, by partial Praise, have treated me like a Friend. I make no doubt, but that you do me the justice to believe

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believe that I am perfectly yours ; and that your Merit has engaged me, and your Favours obliged me to be all my Life-time,

London, Aug. 8. 95.

*Dear Sir,
Your most Humble Servant,
John Dennis.*

Mr. Congreve to Mr. Dennis.

Dear Sir,

IT is not more to keep my Word, than to gratify my Inclination, that I write to you ; and tho I have thus long defer'd it, I was never forgetful of you, nor of my Promise. Indeed I waited in expectation of something that might enable me to return the Entertainment I received from your Letters ; but you represent the Town so agreeable to me, that you quite put me out of conceit with the Country, and my Designs of making Observations from it.

Before I came to *Tunbridge*, I propos'd to my self the Satisfaction of communicating the Pleasures of the Place to you : But if I keep my Resolution, I must transcribe, and return you your own Letters ; since I must own I have met with nothing else so truly delightful. When you suppose the Country agreeable to me, you suppose such Reasons why it should be so, that while I read your Letter, I am of your mind ; but when I look off, I find I am only charm'd with the Landskip which you have drawn. So that if I would see a fine Prospect of the Country, I must desire you to send it me from the Town ; as if I would eat good Fruit here, perhaps the best way were to beg a Basket from my Friends in *Covent-Garden*. After all this, I must tell you, there is a great deal of Company at *Tunbridge*, and some very agreeable ; but the greater part is of that sort, who at home converse only with their
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own Relations; and consequently when they come abroad, have few Acquaintance but such as they bring with them. But were the Company better or worse, I would have you expect no Characters from me; for I profess my self an Enemy to Detraction; and who is there that can justly merit Commendation? I have a mind to write to you, without the pretence of any manner of News, as I might drink to you without naming a Health; for I intend only my Service to you. I wish for you very often, that I might recommend you to some new Acquaintance that I have made here, and think very well worth the keeping; I mean, Idleness and a good Stomach. You would not think how People eat here; every body has the Appetite of an *Ostrich*, and as they drink Steel in the morning, so I believe at noon they could digest Iron. But sure you will laugh at me for calling Idleness a new Acquaintance, when, to your knowledge, the greatest part of my Business is little better. Ay, but here's the Comfort of the Change; I am idle now, without taking pains to be so, or to make other People so; for Poetry is neither in my Head, nor in my Heart. I know not whether these Waters may have any Communication with *Lethe*, but sure I am, they have none with the Streams of *Helicon*. I have often wonder'd how those wicked Writers of Lampoons could crowd together such Quantities of execrable Verses, tagg'd with bad Rhymes, as I have formerly seen sent from this place: but I am half of opinion now, that this Well is an *Anti-Hypocrene*. What if we should get a Quantity of the Water privately convey'd into the Cistern at *Will's* Coffee-house for an Experiment? But I am extravagant——Tho I remember *Ben. Johnson*, in his Comedy of *Cynthia's* Revels, makes a Well, which he there calls the Fountain of Self-Love, to be the Source of many entertaining and ridiculous Humours. I am of opinion, that something

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thing very comical and new might be brought upon the Stage, from a Fiction of the like nature. But now I talk of the Stage, pray if any thing new should appear there, let me have an account of it; for tho Plays are a kind of Winter-Fruit, yet I know there are now and then some Windfalls at this time of year, which must be presently served up, lest they should not keep till the proper Season of Entertainment. 'Tis now the time when the Sun breeds Insects, and you must expect to have the Hum and Buz about your Ears, of Summer Flies and small Poets. Cuckows have this time allow'd them to sing, tho they are damn'd to Silence all the rest of the Year. Besides, the approaching Feast of *St. Bartholomew* both creates an Expectation, and bespeaks an Allowance of unnatural Productions and monstrous Births: Methinks the Days of *Bartholomew-Fair* are like so many Sabbaths, or Days of Privilege, wherein Criminals and Malefactors in Poetry are permitted to creep abroad. They put me in mind (tho at a different time of the Year) of the *Roman Saturnalia*, when all the Scum, and Rabble, and Slaves of *Rome*, by a kind of annual and limited Manumission, were suffer'd to make abominable Mirth, and profane the Days of *Jubilee* with vile Buffoonry by Authority. But I forget that I am writing a Post-Letter, and run into Length like a Poet in a Dedication, when he forgets his Patron to talk of himself. But I will take care to make no Apology for it, lest my Excuse (as Excuses generally do) should add to the Fault. Besides, I would have no Appearance of Formality, when I am to tell you, that I am

Tunbridge-Wells,
Aug. 11. 95.

Your Real Friend,
and Humble Servant,

W. Congreve.

To Mr. ———

S I R,

I Received yours, which was the more welcome, because it came without Invitation. I take it very kindly that you would write to me, more kindly than if you had made me a Present; for we certainly shew most Kindness for any one, in that which we do for him contrary to the Bent of our natural Tempers. Now I have observed that you have been constantly less inclin'd to shew your Parts than your Generosity. At the very time that you have been prodigal of Pelf, you have been a Niggard of Wit. By a Greatness of Mind you have squander'd the first, as a very worthless thing; and by a just Discernment been thrifty of the last, as a very valuable Treasure. But your Letter has given me some hopes, that you begin to take the Advice which I have so often given you; and that is, that for the Conveniency of Life, you would grow a little more frugal of Gold, and a little more free of your Sense. And I begin to imagine that you have till now been covetous of the latter, only because you were laying in a Stock, that for the time to come you may be never without the Ready. I was sorry to hear my Friend—— quibble, tho, to give the Devil his due, it was not the worst that ever I heard. But I was in hopes that Quibbles and Puns might have been cry'd down with the white Farthings. And I have been credibly inform'd, that *Will. Erwin* has refus'd to take *Cannudrums* of *Swan* for *Usquebaugh* any longer; tho one would swear that *Irish* Wit might go for *Irish* Liquor. I wish you had sent me some more News, tho I can make you but small Return *in specie*. My humble Service to Mr. *Congreve*, tell him that I wish him good
Vol. II. L I luck,

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luck, and expect that he should reconcile Fortune to Merit.

Dec. 6. 1694.

I am yours, &c.

To Mr. Balaam.

Dear —

THOU, it seems, hast a mind to pass for a Wit, by the very same means that *Esop's* Jack-Daw thought fit to set up for a Beau. (By the way I must tell you, that the Transformation of Beau to Wit, has something more of the Miracle in it than the Change of Jack-Daw to Beau :) Yes, *B——*, with borrow'd Plumes hast thou imp'd thy Wings. But I took more particular notice of a Couple that were plucked from a certain Bird of Night ; which if we give credit to *W——* the Knower, is a very filthy obscene Animal : from which ominous Creature may Heaven defend us. Mortals, that is, we in the Country here, call him *Beß* ; but the Gods, that is, those in *Covent-Garden*, have named him *Break-a-day*. But it is time to begin to speak plain *English* ; for you, if I am not mistaken, pretend to no other Language. But then, as you have writ for the witty Club, the witty Club may understand for you. I look upon your last to be the Act and Deed of them all. And you shall henceforward be Secretary to them, as *Julian* was to their Mistresses. Tho I must tell you by the way, that the Affection which some of them show for the Muses, is not unlike that merry Passion, which put the little *French* Parson into an amorous Fit for the Queen. Return them all thanks in my name for the Honour they have done me, in offering to admit me in my absence a Member of their noble Society. But, *Domine, non sum dignus*. However, I think my self obliged to make them as extraordinary a Compliment,

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as the *Morocco* Ambassador would have thought himself engaged to return the University of *Oxford*, if in the midst of their extreme Civility they had offer'd to make him D. D. But to speak to that part of your Letter which concerns your self: I do not wonder that you go to the Play-house only for the sake of your Mistress; but methinks, at the Musick-meeting the *Italian's* Voice might have Charms for you. But as you go thither too, you say, only for the sake of your Mistress, I will believe, to oblige you, that she does not go for the Eunuch's. Now I go to your Comedy here, purely for the Comedy sake, which is a politick Country Club; and partly for the Musick-sake I go to our Musick-Meeting, which is a pack of shrill-mouth'd Beagles for Trebles, and a pack of deep-mouth'd Bumkins for Bases. And whenever our Consort begins, half the Men in *Bucks*, in spite of their Souls, are our Audience. Once more I salute the witty Club. Tell them, that they little deserve that Name, if they have not more Wit, than to take any thing ill I have said. Assure them, that I know how to respect their good Qualities, and that I shall endeavour to set off their bad, which is a Friend's part. I am,

Dear ——— yours, &c.

Postscript.

In your first Letter you gave me notice of some Gentlemen who design'd to write to me. The Post before that, I had a very witty Letter from one of them. It is no hard matter to guess that it was from Mr. *Wycherly*. But *Cheek's* Wit, if he sent any, either went astray, or came short. Who should wonder at either?

To Walter Moyle Esq; at Bake in Cornwall.

Dear Sir,

YOUR long Silence made me conjecture, that you are so intent upon being Burgefs of *Bodmyn*, that you had forgot the Citizens of *Covent-Garden*. At last I received an agreeable Letter from you. You had best have a care of talking in *Cornwall* at the rate that you write to your Friends. If you do, the *Cornish-men* may not think you rightly qualify'd to represent them. When you left the Town, you talk'd of a Critical Correspondence between us. But Idleness on your side, and Ill-Humour on mine, have baulked a very hopeful Design. But an Accident has lately happen'd, which obliges me to provoke you: For there has just been a Play acted, call'd, *The Mock Marriage*, the Author of which, whose Name I have forgot, asserts dogmatically in his Preface, that he who writes by Rule shall only have his Labour for his Pains. I know not what this Author can mean by this. For, whom does he pretend to persuade by this fine Assertion? Not Mr. *Moyle*, and me at least. We know indeed very well, that a Man may write regularly, and yet fail of pleasing; and that a Poet may please in a Play that is not regular. But this is eternally true, that he who writes regularly, *ceteris paribus*, must always please more than he who transgresses the Rules. Nothing can please in a Play but Nature, no not in a Play which is written against the Rules; and the more there is of Nature in any Play, the more that Play must delight. Now the Rules are nothing but an Observation of Nature. For Nature is Rule and Order it self: There is not one of the Rules but what might be us'd to evince this. But I shall be contented with showing some Instances of it,
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even in the Mechanical Rules of the Unities. And first for that of Place; it is certain that it is in Nature impossible, for a Man who is in the Square in *Covent-Garden*, to see the things that at the same time are transacted at *Westminster*. And then for that of Time; a reasonable Man may delude himself so far, as to fancy that he sits for the space of twelve Hours without removing, eating or sleeping, but he must be a Devil that can fancy he does it for a Week. What I have said may evince a Necessity of observing the Unities of Time and of Place, if a Poet would thorowly write up to Nature. And then the Unity of Action follows of course. For that two Actions that are entire and independent, should happen in the same short space of Time, in the same little compass of Place, begin together, go on together, and end together, without obstructing or confounding one another; this indeed may be done upon the Stage, but in Nature it is highly improbable. Well then, since the Rules are nothing but Nature it self, and nothing but Nature can please; and since the more that any Play has of Nature, the more that Play must delight; it follows, that a Play which is regularly written, *ceteris paribus*, must please more than a Play which is written against the Rules, which is a Demonstration. Rule may be said to be to a Play, what Symmetry of Parts is known to be to a Face. The Features may be regular, and yet a great or a delicate Air may be wanting. And there may be a commanding or engaging Air, in a Face whose Features are not regular. But this all the World must allow of; that there can never be seen any sovereign Beauty, where Air and Regularity of Features are not united. Thus is Reason against this Author, but the mischief is, that Experience is against him too. For all your Dramatick Poets must confess, that the Plays which they have writ

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with most Regularity, have been they which have pleas'd most. I must trouble you with another Dramatical Criticism, but not till the next Opportunity.

London, Oct. 26. 95.

I am Yours, &c.

Mr. Moyle to Mr. Congreve:

Dear Sir,

I Came home from the *Land's-End* yesterday, where I found three Letters from Mr. *Dennis*, and one from you, with a humorous Description of *John Abassus**: since the dubbing of *Don Quixote*, and the Coronation of *Petrarch* in the Capitol, there has not been so great a Solemnity as the Consecration of *John Abassus*. In all the Pagan Ritual, I never met with the Form of Poetical Orders; but I believe the Ceremony of consecrating a Man to *Apollo*, is the same with devoting a Man to the *Dii Manes*, for both are Martyrs to Fame. I believe not a Man of the Grave Club durst assist at this ridiculous Scene, for fear of laughing outright. *W.* was in his Kingdom, and for my part I would have rather sat there than in the House of Commons. Would to God I could laugh with you, for one hour or two, at all the ridiculous things that have happen'd at *Will's* Coffee-house since I left it, 'tis the merriest place in the World. Like *Africa*, every day it produces a Monster; and they are got there just as *Pliny* says they are in *Africa*, Beasts of different kinds come to drink, mingle with one another, and beget Monsters. Present my humble Duty to my new Lord, and tell him, that I am preparing an Address to congratulate his Accession to the Throne of the Rabble. Tell the Lady, who

* *A Country Poet.*

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was the Author of the *Hue and Cry* after me, she might have sent out a hundred Hues and Cries before she would have found a Poet. I took an effectual Course not to be apprehended for a Poet, for I went down clad like a Soldier, with a new Suit of Clothes on; and, I think, there could not have been a better Disguise for a Poet. Mr. Dennis sent me down *Peter Motteux's Parodie*. I can say very little of the Poem, but as for the Dialogue, I think 'twas the first time that *Motteux* suffer'd any body to talk with him, tho indeed here he interrupts Mr. *Boileau* in the midst of the first word. My humble Service to Mr. *Wycherly*, I desire you would write me some News of the Stage, and what Progress you have made in your Tragedy. I am,

Oct. 7. 95. *Your affectionate Friend and Servant,*

Mr. Congreve to Mr. Moyle,

Dear Sir,

I Can't but think that a Letter from me in *London*, to you in *Cornwal*, is like some antient Correspondence between an Inhabitant of *Rome* and a *Cimmerian*. May be my way of Writing may not be so modestly compar'd with *Roman* Epistles, but the resemblance of the Place will justify the other part of the Parallel. The subterraneous Habitations of the Miners, and the Proximity of the *Baia*, help a little; and while you are at *B——*, let *B——* be *Cuma*, and do you supply the Place of *Sybilæ*. You may look on this as Raillery; but I can assure you, nothing less than Oracles are expected from you in the next Parliament, if you succeed in your Election, as we are pretty well assur'd you will. You wish your self with us at *Will's* Coffee-house; and all here wish for you, from the President of the

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Grave Club, to the most puny Member of the Rabble; they who can think, think of you, and the rest talk of you. There is no such Monster in this *Africa*, that is not sensible of your Absence; even the worst-natur'd People, and those of least Wit lament it, I mean, Half-Criticks and Quibblers. To tell you all that want you, I should name all the Creatures of *Covent-Garden*, which like those of *Eden-Garden*, would want some *Adam* to be a God-father, and give them Names. I can't tell whether I may justly compare our *Covent-Garden* to that of *Eden*, or no; for tho I believe we may have variety of strange Animals equal to *Paradise*, yet I fear we have not amongst us the *Tree of Knowledge*. It had been much to the disadvantage of *Pliny*, had the Coffee-house been in his days; for sure he would have describ'd some who frequent it, which would have given him the Reputation of a more fabulous Writer than he has now. But being in our Age, it does him a Service, for we who know it can give Faith to all his Monsters. You who took care to go down into the Country unlike a Poet, I hope will take care not to come up again like a Politician; for then you will add a new Monster to the Coffee-house, that was never seen there before. So you may come back again in your Soldier's Coat, for in that you will no more be suspected for a Politician than a Poet. Pray come upon any Terms, for you are wish'd for by every body, but most wanted by your

Will's Coffee-house,
August 13. 1695.

Affectionate Friend
and Servant,
W. Congreve.

To

To Mr. Check.

Dear Tom,

I Receiv'd your Letter, and give you Thanks for your News. In requital I shall send you some concerning our Friend; in doing which, I comply both with his Desire and yours. He has been sick almost ever since he came hither, tho, excepting once, he has liv'd with exact Regularity. He says, he believes the Devil restrain'd his Surfeit from breaking out till he was reconcil'd to Sobriety, to render it odious, and set them afresh at variance. I remember when I was at *Paris* there was a young Nun, whose Circumstances in some measure resembled our Friend's; she had a Pox broke out upon her immediately after she had taken her Vow of Chastity. He bids me tell you, that he has been once drunk since he came to this Place, and once witty, and a damnable Sot ever since. Our Friend, I suppose, rallies: But one thing is certain, that Wine is as sure to exalt Wit, as Paint is to heighten Beauty; but then as the Devil will have it (hearken to this and tremble, *Tom*) they both decay the very things they embellish, even while they are giving them Lustre. But, *Tom*, he bids me tell you, you must not believe him vain, because he says he was witty: For he says it was amongst such prodigious Squires, that none but a Sot would have been witty in such Company. Our Friend, methinks, has Reason: For it is as much more scandalous to be witty with Fools, than it is to be dull amongst Men of Wit, as an Error in Judgment is more ridiculous than a Defect in Fancy. He says, he has a hundred times, since he came to this Place, regretted the Rabble, nay he has regretted the *Grave Club*; nay, has wish'd himself even in the *Witty Club*, which he believes

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believes is by this time erected. He begins to look upon *Ball*— as a great Man, upon *Jack G*— as a Prodigy, and upon *W*— as a Demi-God. Indeed a days we do well enough here; for a days we converse with the Living-dead, that is, with those who being dead yet speak: but the Night, *Tom*, the Night, in which we are doom'd to the Dead-living, that is, to those who being alive say nothing, is insupportably irksome; Darkness in *Greenland* is not more grievous to the Wretch that is left there, than it is dismal to us in *Bucks*.

Jan. 10. 93.

I am Yours.

To Mr. Gabriel Balaam.

Dear Gabriel,

WHEN thy last was written, thou hadst put on the Lion's Skin, and mad'st a wonderful comical Figure in it. But I did not think to incense thee, nor the rest of the Rabble; quite contrary, I thought to divert you. You say, you take it ill, that I should upbraid you with understanding no Language but *English*. Why, what a Pagan Apprehension hast thou, *Gabriel*? The Devil a jot did I upbraid thee. Quite contrary, I commended thee for being willing to understand no Language but plain *English*. And that, as I take it, has a quite different meaning. With what unreasonable Wights have I had to do? who are offended at my Endeavour to please them, and take my Commendations for Injuries. I am accus'd, you say, of Ill-breeding for that Letter. Why prithee, *Gabriel*, every Man has not had the Breeding that thou hast. I wish you had sent me the Names of the Sparks who would reconcile Punctilio to Satire. It has been a damn'd inveterate Quarrel, and requires wise Mediators. But now I talk of Satire, that you say is the Dis-

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ease of some Peoples Minds. Alas, poor Devil, thou dost not know that it is a Maxim in Physick, that some Diseases shew the Health, and Strength, and Vigour of the Party affected. If we believe *Hippocrates*, Hunger is a Disease; nay, Reason tells us the same thing: for, like other Distempers, it shews a Defect in Nature. But where it shews a Defect, it shews a Force too; and when that Disease is pretty acute, the Patient is sure to do well: I will let the Application alone. For in writing to one of thy communicative Spirit, a Man is sure to write to somebody who can understand. But this I will say, that if Satire be a Disease, the acuter it is, the better. But why do I talk of Diseases to thee? For indeed, *Gabriel* (without Satire) thou art no Physician. I am, &c.

To Mr. Congreve at Tunbridge.

Dear Sir,

MY Business and my Thanks for your Kindness, you will find in the inclos'd, which I had sent by the last Post, had not an Accident hinder'd it. All the Return that I can make you at present, is, to acquaint you with such News as we have. Our Friend Mr. — went last Friday to the *Bath*. He promis'd to write to me from that Place, but it would be unreasonable indeed to expect it. For *W* — takes up his Afternoons, and his Mornings, I suppose, are spent in Contemplation at the *Cross-Bath*. Most of your Friends of the Coffee-house are dispers'd; some are retreated into the Country, in hopes of some Favours which they expect from the Muses; two or three of them are retir'd in Town, to ruminate on some Favours which they have receiv'd from their Mistresses.

So

So that the Coffee-house is like to grow into Reputation again; for if any one gives it the scandalous Denomination of the *Wits Coffee-House*, he must call it so by Antiphrasis, because there comes no Wit there. Here are two or three indeed, who set up for Wits at home, and endeavour to pass for wits at the Coffee-House; for they hold their tongues there. Indeed the Coffee-House is generally the Exchange for Wit, where the Merchants meet without bringing the Commodity with them, which they leave at home in their Ware-houses, *alias* their Closets, while they go abroad to take a prudent care for the vending it. But you are of the number of those happy few, who so abound in hereditary Possessions, and in rich Returns from *Greece* and from *Italy*, that you always carry some of it about you, to be liberal to your Friends of that which you sell to Strangers. Mr. — babbles eternally, according to his old rate, and as extravagantly as if he talk'd to himself; which he certainly does, if no body minds him any more than I do. He has been just now inquiring of me, what sort of Distemper the Spleen is; an infallible sign that he is the only Man in *Covent-Garden*, who does not know he is an Ass. To make him sensible what the Spleen is, I could find in my heart to shew him himself, and give it him. If any thing restrains me from being reveng'd of his Impertinence this way, 'tis the Consideration that it will make him wiser. This Coxcomb naturally puts me in mind of the Stage, where they have lately acted some new Plays: but had there been more of them, I would not scruple to affirm, that the Stage is at present a Desert and a barren Place, as some part of *Africa* is said to be, tho it abounds in Monsters. And yet those prodigious things have met with success: for a Fool is naturally fond of a Monster, because he is incapable of knowing a Man. While you drink Steel for your Spleen at

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Tunbridge, I partake of the Benefit of the Course: for the Gaiety of your Letters relieves me considerably. Then what must your Conversation do? Come up and make the experiment; and impart that Vigour to me, which *Tunbridge* has restor'd to you.

I am your most Humble Servant,

John Dennis.

Mr. ——— to Mr. Dennis.

N*Amur* taken, and a Letter from *Mr. Dennis*, were two of the most agreeable Surprizes I ever met with. And nothing but the Reflection, how dear the Conquest will cost us, I mean, the innumerable ill Poems it will produce, could allay the Pleasure. *A——* has watch'd for a Victory a long time, and will not miss this opportunity to mortify the Day of Thanksgiving, and scribble away the publick Joy. The Devil take *Will's* Coffee-house. I could be the easiest Man in the World under my Calamity, if it were not for some of the Company there; who are now the greatest Enemies I have in the World, worse than the Company from which I am just now stoln to write this Letter. Among the rest, is a Country Gentleman, who dictates Politicks abundantly; for with us, as well as at old *Rome*, we take Dictators from the Plough: but ours are such, as ought never to remove their hands from it.

I am yours, &c.

Mr.

Mr. ——— to Mr. Dennis.

WHILE you are happy in the Politicks of the Grave Club, * and the Puns of the Rabble, you have no regard to the forlorn State of your poor Friend. Before I left *London*, I feign'd a hundred agreeable melancholy Pleasures, with which I might fool away a Retirement; but now I detest being alone, and question whether Mankind or Solitude be the fitter Subject for a Satire. Of this I am sure, that God Almighty, rather than be alone, created the Devil; and Man, rather than be alone, chose a Wife. Whatever advantage I have lost by my Country-Life, I believe I have gain'd the Gift of Prophecy in the Wilderness, for I foretold the Poem with which *A——* has visited us.

*I am yours, &c.**Mr. ——— to Mr. Dennis.*

TO your Business hereafter, but first let's have a Dance, as *Mr. Bays* says. When I came home from the West, where I had pass'd a Fortnight, I found your three Letters full of Wit and Humour. I was charm'd with the Scandal you writ in the first, and inclos'd in the last, viz. *A's Poem*. I found the Preamble before the Poem to be like a Suterkin before a *Dutch Child*. I read it over in great haste, in hopes to be pleas'd at last with the end of it, but this is the first time I ever dislik'd his Conclusion. For he threatens strange things: I hope 'tis only *in terrorem*; if not, I hope God in his goodness will send us a Peace, and prevent his Songs of Triumph. Certainly, since the Devil was dumb there never was such a Poet.

* *Two Covent-Garden Clubs.*

*L**Mr.*

*Mr. Maynwaring to Mr. Dennis, sent with the
Manuscript of Appius and Virginia.*

S I R,

I Am very much ashamed that you have been so often at my Lodgings to call for your Play, which I would have sent to you long since, if I had known where you liv'd. I read it over with a great deal of Pleasure, and am of opinion it will be the best Tragedy that has appear'd these many Years. I am,

April 7. 1708.

Sir, Your Humble Servant,

Arthur Maynwaring.

F I N I S.



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